

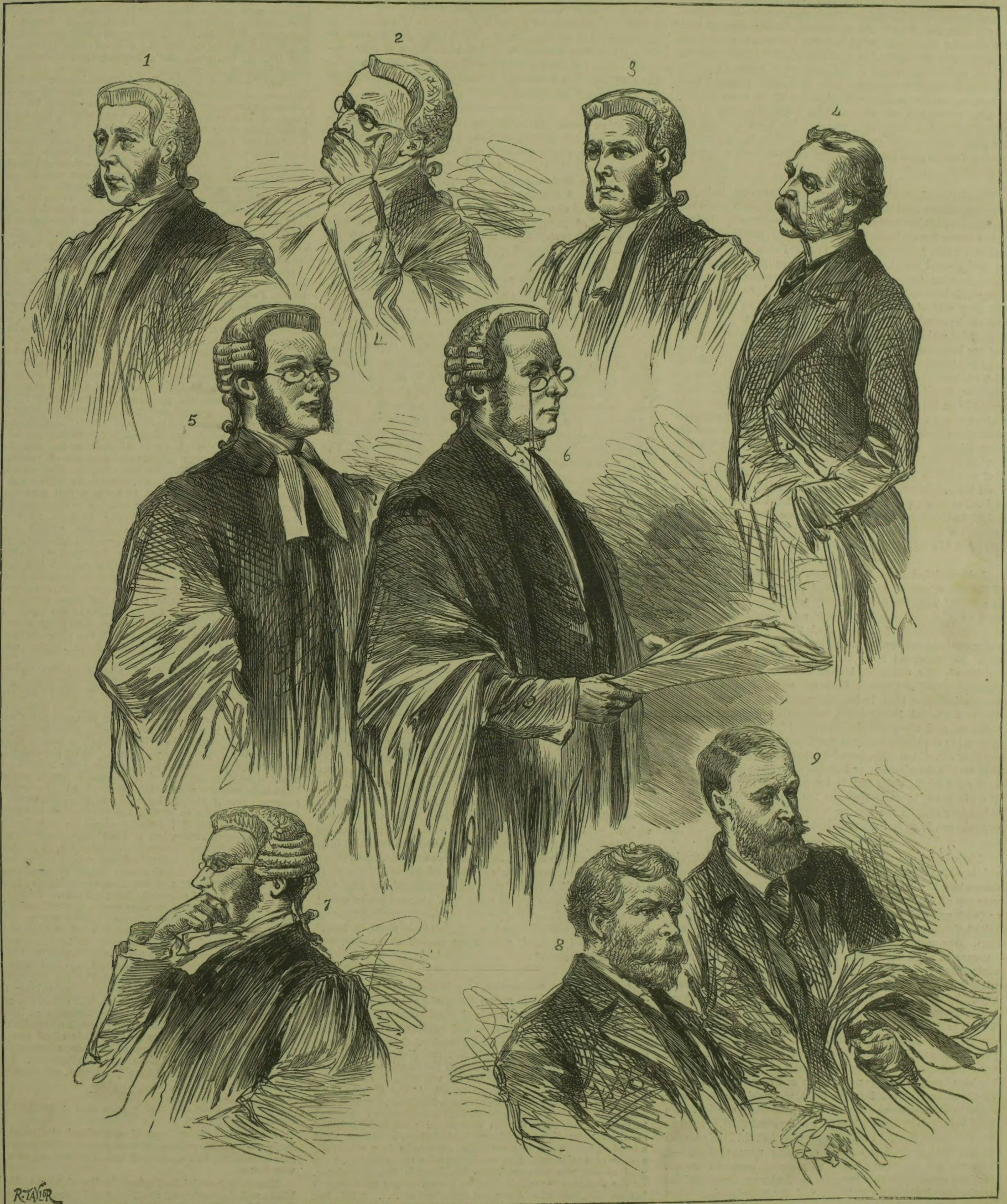
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2579.—VOL. XXIII.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1888.

TWO SIXPENCE.  
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6½d.



1. Mr. Justice Day.  
2. The President, Sir James Hannen.  
3. Mr. Justice A. L. Smith.

4. Mr. George Lewis, Solicitor to Mr. Parnell.  
5. Mr. W. Graham, Counsel for the *Times*.  
6. Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., Counsel for Mr. Parnell.

7. Mr. Cunynghame, Secretary to the Commission.  
8. Mr. T. Quinn, M.P.  
9. Mr. C. S. Parnell, M.P.

THE OPENING OF THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Some purists (who live in the West-End of London) have expressed their contempt for the panic in Whitechapel, and their indignation at the interest that is excited there by half a dozen murders, committed by some uncultured person. They are confident that an essay by Ruskin, or a poem by Browning, would not be received just now by an East-End public with half the satisfaction it would derive from some information about this malefactor. Of course these highly-educated and elegant-minded individuals are quite right. But it sometimes strikes one that there are people in the world who have not enough of human nature about them. This is especially noticeable in small literary folk, and still more so in amateur artistic circles. They are full of sympathy, but with only printed matter, chiefly in verse, and with doubtful works on canvas, on which they will dilate by the hour. They have apparently had no experience of life as it is whatever, and only a nodding acquaintance even with vice. Their language is like a prolonged stammer, which the sanguine listener expects will culminate in something worth hearing, but which never does. Humour, the disinfectant of Coarseness, they do not possess, so that everything which is not delicate is coarse to them; while their nervous organisation is so "highly strung" that everything which is tragic is morbid. There are moments ("when we've had our wine, and say d—canters") in which one is tempted to think that the dreadful person who reads the police reports with gusto and says, "Well, for my part, I confess I like a good murder," is preferable to these ornaments of society.

The device adopted of late by a negro minister of introducing dramatic effects into his discourse has, as one would naturally expect, more of the "revival" in it than of novelty; it is, in fact, only another form of the old "miracle play," but it doubtless makes a great impression. The Prodigal Son appearing *in propria persona* out of the forest must have given a point to a discourse upon that parable beyond the reach of eloquence, though his indecent clamour for the fatted calf (before a word had been said about it in his hearing) might, to less simple natures, have suggested collusion. Unhappily, this is a sort of surprise which will not bear repetition: "What would you say, my brethren, if at this very moment there should emerge from yonder forest, spiritless, ragged, and emaciated from his diet of husks, the Prodigal Son himself? Why, goodness, gracious, there he is!" may do for once and away, but it would be on his first appearance only that the performer could make a success. In the case under consideration the experiment was rather expensive, for the Prodigal's hunger was far from feigned. We have had nothing so realistic in Church services in England for many a day; the last instance of the kind was one in which a Methodist minister, wishing to convince his congregation of the actual personality of the Father of Evil, suddenly produced a black man from the pulpit, like a Jack-in-the-Box. The effect was tremendous, but unsatisfactory: a few hardened sceptics laughed, while the others, and all the faithful, went into fits.

Is it possible what the *Railway Press* has been telling us of the cost of getting a railway Bill through Parliament can be correct? That the Parliamentary costs of the Brighton line were £4806 a mile, the Manchester and Birmingham £5190, and the Blackwall £14,414! And this, when many lines, under favourable circumstances, themselves cost but £10,000 a mile. To whom do these immense sums go? Is it to the solicitors? The solicitor's bill of one line mentioned by the paper in question (though I do not name it here, because, though doubtless true, it has the appearance of a monstrous libel) "contained 10,000 folios, occupying twelve months in taxation, and amounted to £248,000!" The solicitors, of course, lay the blame upon the barristers. "You have no idea, my dear Sir, of the fees exacted by counsel in these cases"; but it is for the shareholders, and eventually the public, who have to pay for it all. John Bull is known to be the most patient of all beasts of burthen—next to the ass; but when one considers how long he has put up with this wasteful and useless expenditure, it strikes one that he is the ass itself.

There is no one who has fallen so much of late years in public estimation as "the Noble Savage." I can remember the time when, thanks mainly to Fenimore Cooper, he was at the very top of the tree. Our philosophers used to point to him as (with some trifling drawbacks, such as his fancy for wearing false hair with the scalp attached to it) a model for civilised man. Our poets idolised him; at the least cross (such as a decrease in their circulation), they threatened to exchange their furnished lodgings in Mayfair for a wigwam in the wilderness: "I will wed some savage woman; she shall rear my dusky race!" Even from the pulpit we were told that we might learn much from the simple virtues of the savage! Then the Red Man, as the Laureate tells us, laughed and danced about his tree; now, he is "the Red Man and still"—played out, exploded; those who know most about him even use the expression "bust up." The bull's-eye of the explorer has been brought to bear upon him; and those who imagined that, whatever record leapt to light, the noble savage never could be shamed, have had reason to alter their opinion. We have long, in fact, known him for a lying cruel thief, much less fitted to point a moral than adorn a tale; but till lately we did believe that he had the merit of being unconventional—a virtue which, since very few of us possess it ourselves, we are inclined to estimate at a fancy price. And now, from the joint testimony of Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Tyler we learn that the N. S. is a martyr to convention, swathed in it as his squaw swathes his infant, so that he can move neither hand nor foot. "When wild in woods the noble savage ran" is a time, it seems, that, socially speaking, had no existence. He never did run alone, untrammelled by his mother's apron-string or his wife's. For when he was married, he was less his own

master than even an Englishman. Until a son was born to him, his mother-in-law—though he had to live in her house—never spoke to him. No wonder the savage tribes are dying out! Of course he remained childless. If we had this system here, half the letters in the *Daily Telegraph* about the results of matrimony would never have been written. Then again, if he was so imprudent as to have children, he was not allowed to claim relationship to them; his heirs were his nephews and nieces. The attention shown to married uncles under these circumstances must have been much greater than is experienced among ourselves. To myself, who once believed in the N. S., it is painful to pursue these revelations of the professors of anthropology concerning him. I would rather have learnt that my old friend with the philosophic air and the expressive "ugh," had had no existence than that he was fettered with the same bonds as we are, with even less opportunities of escaping from them. A chief might leave his wigwam occasionally on pretence of going to a "palaver," but it could never have been so good as a club; while for the inferior "braves" there does not appear to have been even the refuge of a public-house; they had "fire-water" (which it is no wonder they cottoned to, as a relief from the conventionalities), but they must have drunk it at home or (very uncomfortably) on the war-path; no light from the hospitable windows of "The Stake and Scalping-knife" ever tempted them to spend their evenings "out."

"Odd and even" is not a game to which the energies of even our sporting population have been much directed, but under the name of "Fantan" it has so taken the fancy—and more than "the Fancy," for it pervades all classes—of the Chinese nation that it is prohibited by the Government under pain of death. A double handful of copper coins under a bowl, with a couple of chopsticks to rake them out four at a time, are the simple ingredients of this gambling game. The only peculiarity of it is that the bankers are always "naked to the waist"—which is unusual in financial establishments in this country. At this "amusement," we are told, the losers stake their homes, their wives, their children, and eventually themselves—with a spit or a small-sword.

The method of this madness seems childish in the extreme, but your true gambler in all countries thinks the simplest and quickest way to wealth the best. He prefers poker to whist, and baccarat to poker, and "the putting the pot on" some insignificant event, to be settled instantly, to anything. The backing one drop of rain upon the window at "White's" to reach the bottom of it before another for a thousand pounds, and the same sum laid against the recovery of the man in the fit—with the stipulation that no doctor should be sent for—fall under this head. Some people seem to live only to bet. The Lord Mountford who blew out what he called his brains (doubtless for a bet) in 1755, was said "to have reduced his natural affections to the doctrine of chances." When asked, after his daughter's marriage, whether an heir to the estate was not expected, he replied, "I really don't know; I have no bet upon it." The most humorous story, perhaps, next to that of "the Jumping Frog," and one which has the advantage of being a true one, is that of the caterpillar owned by a nobleman of the Regency, which, placed in the centre of a soup-plate, he backed at odds to make its way off it more quickly than any other caterpillar. It had not more legs than its fellows, but somehow it always ran faster, and was the cheapest racer that ever man kept. It was not until his Lordship had won many thousand pounds that it was discovered that he used to warm the plate.

In the end, however, even that sagacious nobleman did not come out of his gambling transactions with anything to the good; and it is very, very seldom that such people do. When luck is with them on the green baize they flourish, of course, like green bays; but when they come to grief, they do so utterly. It is only a Marshal Blücher who—if all stories of the Occupation are true—can lose at *rouge-et-noir* with the serene security of having the Bank of Paris behind him; and it is but a very few who retire upon their laurels, or the fruit of them. Colonel Panton, whose name is still borne by a rather unfashionable London street, was one of these exceptions. He was the proprietor of the gaming-house called Piccadilly Hall at the time of the Restoration, and in one night won as many thousands as purchased him an estate of above £1500 a year. "After this good fortune," says an annalist of the day, "he had such an aversion to all manner of games that he would never handle cards or dice again, but lived very handsomely on his winnings to his dying day, which took place in 1681." The incident is headed, with some stretch of charity, "A Reformed Gamester."

It is always a satisfaction to a journalist to know that a word he has dropped in season (or even "out of the season") has done good. He may be mistaken, of course, in supposing that what he has written has had anything to do with the matter; but if so he errs in good company. I notice that even the *Little Pedlington Chronicle* and the *Eatonswill Gazette* always attribute whatever happens on the Continent, and even in Central Asia, to "the advice we ventured to offer to the Powers" (to my mind a charming word, "the Powers") "a week or two ago." I may be excused, therefore, for modestly drawing attention to the fact that the remonstrance I addressed to suicides the other day in connection with their habit of anathematising those they leave behind them has already had a good effect. A young gentleman, crossed in love, who took a dose of oxalic acid last week, but who subsequently, I am glad to say, was recovered, like Mr. Jingle's Spanish adorer, by the stomach-pump, left this last testament (as he thought) behind him, instead of the usual malediction. . . . "Tell her I thought of her to the last. . . . She was quite right in giving me up, for I was not good enough for her. Tell her from me that I hope she will get some real good young man who is worthy of her." He has been remanded "for the Chaplain's advice"; but he doesn't seem to need it. I hope he will find some real good young woman—with no acid about her—and be worthy of her.

## OPENING OF THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

The Special Commission of judicial inquiry, created by the Act of Parliament last Session, to investigate and report upon the charges and allegations made against Mr. Parnell and certain other members of Parliament, and other persons, in the trial of an action for libel brought by Mr. Frank O'Donnell against the proprietors of the *Times*, was opened at the Royal Courts of Justice, in the Strand, on Monday, Sept. 17. The Commissioners, the Right Hon. Sir James Hannen, Judge of the Divorce Court, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice A. L. Smith, three Judges of the High Court of Justice, were present, with the secretary, Mr. Cunynghame, sitting in the Probate Court. The counsel engaged in the case sat in two rows of seats, while the rest of the floor was occupied by newspaper reporters; and persons admitted only by ticket formed the general audience, in the jury-box and in the galleries, so that there was no crowding. Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. Asquith were counsel for Mr. Parnell and many other Irish members of Parliament, whose solicitor was Mr. George Lewis. In the absence of the Attorney-General, Mr. W. Graham appeared as counsel for Mr. J. Walter, M.P., chief proprietor of the *Times*, and for Mr. Wright, printer of the *Times*, instructed by Mr. J. Soames, solicitor. Mr. G. Kebbel, solicitor, watched the case on behalf of Mr. Moser, late Inspector of the Criminal Investigation Department of the Metropolitan Police. Mr. C. S. Parnell, M.P., Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., Mr. Quinn, M.P., Mr. T. Gill, M.P., Dr. Fox, M.P., Mr. Arthur O'Connor, M.P., and Mr. H. Campbell, M.P., formerly Mr. Parnell's private secretary, were present.

The President of the Royal Commissioners, Sir James Hannen, briefly stated the authority and scope of the inquiry, observing that they had all the powers vested in the High Court of Justice for the trial of any action, and would call before them any persons whom they might think able to throw light on the truth or falsehood of the allegations that had been made; but they would hear that day such applications with regard to procedure, as might be submitted to them by the parties interested in this inquiry. The counsel then stated who were the parties for whom they appeared.

Sir Charles Russell first asked which party would be expected to begin opening the case; and Sir James Hannen said it was the opinion of the Court that the counsel for Mr. Walter and the *Times* should open the case, and should tender evidence in support of the charges that they had made, to which the counsel for Mr. Parnell and others should reply.

Sir Charles Russell then applied for an order to allow his side to inspect the original letters alleged to have been written by Mr. Parnell and by Mr. Patrick Egan, formerly treasurer of the Irish Land League, and to obtain photographs of those letters, which, as he was instructed, were forgeries. This was agreed to by Mr. Graham for the proprietors of the *Times*, having the letters in their possession.

The next application was for a general "order of discovery," compelling them to reveal by affidavit all the documents of which they were, or had been, in possession, bearing on the charges at issue. Mr. Graham contended that the Commissioners had no power, by the Act of Parliament, to make such a general order, as his clients were not litigant parties to an action in this case. Sir Charles Russell and Mr. Asquith, however, maintained the contrary, and quoted decisions of the High Court of Justice to show that the Judges had this power. Much was said also of notices which had been given to Mr. Parnell, Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., Mr. Biggar, Mr. Quinn, and others, that they would be required to make a full affidavit of all documents in their possession, "relating to the matters in this Commission," or belonging to the Irish Land League or National League. The Commissioners retired for three quarters of an hour to consult upon this question. On their return into court it was further discussed until luncheon-time; after which, the Judges having again taken their seats on the bench, Sir James Hannen announced their decision. They held that they had power to order the persons who now appeared at this inquiry to make a full discovery of all documents that might be of use in getting at the truth, and they would direct Mr. Graham's clients, the proprietors of the *Times*, to prepare a schedule of all the documents in their possession, and to present it before the inquiry was to be resumed.

Sir Charles Russell's third request of the Court was to order that the proprietors of the *Times* should set forth what were the charges and allegations, and against what persons, they intended to stand by, and of what they meant to bring evidence. Mr. Graham endeavoured to avoid this demand by pleading that it was the Land League organisation, not any particular persons, as individuals, against which the charges were made; and that it was the object of the Commission to discover the individuals who were personally implicated. After much debate on this point, Sir James Hannen said that Mr. Graham's clients would be expected to particularise the charges; but if they failed to do so it would be the duty of the Commissioners to gather the particulars for themselves. Mr. Graham said that his clients would do their best to carry out his Lordship's view, but it would necessarily be a work of great labour, involving much consideration, to frame specific charges against every individual who might be implicated.

It was arranged that the next sitting of the Court should be on Monday, Oct. 22, and that these particulars of the charges should be furnished a week before that date.

Two other applications were made by Sir Charles Russell; the first was to allow the evidence of Mr. Patrick Egan to be taken in America by commission, instead of obliging him to come to England. He is engaged in business as a corn-merchant at Lincoln, in the State of Nebraska, and is a State delegate for the Presidential election towards the close of this year. The application was considered premature, as the Court thought he might attend here in person at a later time. It was also requested that the Court should order the release of Mr. John Dillon, M.P., from his imprisonment at Dundalk, on his giving bail and promising not to speak at public meetings. The Court signified that an order to this effect, not insisting on bail, should be issued three or four days before Oct. 22, to which date the sitting of the Court is adjourned. Mr. Dillon has already been unconditionally released, on account of ill-health.

No fewer than 350 ladies entered for competition at a Beauty Show at Spa.

A fire broke out on Sept. 17 on a wharf at Cardiff, where a large quantity of petroleum was stored. The fire raged with great violence, and destroyed two landing-stages and three warehouses.

The quinquennial festival of the Royal Albert Asylum for Idiots and Imbeciles of the Northern Counties was held on Sept. 17 at Lancaster. The occasion was utilised for the opening of the Wimarleigh Recreation-hall. A recreation-hall for large assemblies of the patients, combining a suitable and commodious hall for the associated entertainments as well as a spacious play-room for the use of the girls and junior boys in inclement weather, had long been regarded as essential to the smooth and efficient working of the institution.

## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Sept. 18.

The Republicans are rejoicing over the success of the journey of M. Carnot in Normandy, which is all the more important as the Normans are prudent and conservative people, who do not give themselves away readily. From the many speeches made by the local authorities in presence of M. Carnot it is to be gathered that the Normans demand concentration of the Republican forces against the attacks of Caesarism and Dictatorship and the maintenance in France of a strong practical Government. The re-opening of Parliament is fixed for the beginning of October, and the idea is that M. Carnot will hope to see the Floquet Cabinet overthrown early in the Session, whereupon he will form an Opportunist Ministry, obtain the dissolution of the Chamber and get the general elections over well before the opening of the Universal Exhibition. M. Floquet, it appears, is rapidly approaching the end of his tether, for, in matters of Ministers as in matters of rulers, the French nation resembles a servant who is always wanting to change masters, and no sooner has it a new master than it begins to criticise, find fault, and finally ridicule. M. Floquet has entered upon the phase of ridicule, and then, as people say, "Il est si peu Parisien." And to be a Minister in France a man must be a "Parisian." What all this means it would be hard to say; but it is so, and probably will always remain so. France is an easy prey—if there were only a man strong enough to seize her.

In spite of the warm summer weather the theatres are all reopening their doors, and the critics are being summoned to judge the new pieces. The Odéon has opened with an adaptation of Dostoevsky's famous novel, "Crime et Châtiment." In this long book Dostoevsky presents with prodigious subtlety the sentiments and sufferings of Russian souls ravaged by Nihilist doctrines, and with minute psychological analysis dissects the slender and manifold threads by which these seeming madmen are still connected with ordinary life and humanity. Unfortunately, it is impossible to retain on the stage the many details of the novel, and the consequence is that the characters appear wild, improbable, and, therefore, uninteresting. The seven tableaux of this sombre melodrama are curious; they provoke the same sensations as a lugubrious waxwork show; but we do not feel any interest in the half-crazy student Rodion, who preaches the doctrine of justifiable assassination, carries out his doctrines on the person of an old money-lender, apes Hamlet, feels remorse, and finally gives himself up for punishment. M. Paul Mounet, however, has made an admirable creation out of the student Rodion; his acting is very fine, and suffices to classify him amongst the remarkable contemporary French actors.

The French follow with great interest the news from Africa concerning Stanley, Emin Pasha, and the various schemes of European occupation, the more so on account of Cardinal Lavergie's anti-slavery campaign. At the request of the Cardinal and of M. Goblet, the Minister of Marine has ordered all French war-ships in African waters to chase the slave-ships, especially if they carry the French flag. There is talk of organising a big volunteer military force, with a view to a humanitarian expedition in Central Africa, and several ardent Churchmen are trying to induce Cardinal Lavergie to issue an appeal for men and arms. Meanwhile, a Société Française Anti-Esclavagiste has been formed, with a number of eminent public men as members of the council.

Germany, Denmark, Montenegro, Sweden, and Turkey are at present the only European countries not represented at the Universal Exhibition. According to the definitive calculations now made, foreign countries will occupy at the Exhibition of 1889 more than 100,000 square metres of space—a larger area than in 1878. The preparations are advancing rapidly, and all kinds of marvels are being prepared to attract all the world to this World's Fair next year. The Eiffel tower has now reached more than half its projected elevation. A curious detail: a manufactory has been established specially in order to make paper-weights, candlesticks, medals, penholders, and various "souvenirs" out of the waste bolts and fragments of iron that are picked up at the base of the tower.

Last week Paris boasted seven centenarians, five women and two men. By the death of Mlle. Flore le Thuillier, in her hundred and first year, this number is reduced to six. This lady, who has been living for the last thirty years in the Rue Charlot, was a favourite pupil of the botanist Linnæus, had lived in interesting literary and political society under the Consulate, the Empire, and the Restoration, and was altogether a cultivated and distinguished person. In her younger days she placed a sum of 6000*fr.* in a tontine of two thousand subscribers, and being the sole survivor during the past twenty-five years, Mlle. le Thuillier was in receipt of an income of more than £12 a day. For a long time this old lady had suffered from heart disease.

M. Isidor, the Grand Rabbi of France, died last week at the age of seventy-five. An Alsacian, a strong orator, a man of great authority, and universally respected in France, M. Isidor was officer of the Legion of Honour. He will be succeeded by M. Zadok Kahn, Grand Rabbi of Paris.

On the occasion of the anniversary of the battle of Valmy, M. Paul Déroulède, and about a thousand members of the Patriots' League, placed wreaths around the pedestal of the Belfort lion at Paris. The patriots summed up their demands in two phrases: "Revision of the Treaty of Frankfurt" and "Revision of the Constitution of Versailles"; and gave their creed in three cries, "Vive l'Alsace Lorraine!" "Vive la France!" "Vive la République!"

Two congresses were opened simultaneously at Venice on Sept. 15—one of literary men and artists, and the other of meteorologists. Speeches of welcome were delivered by the local authorities, and it was announced that King Humbert had consented to become the patron of the congress.

The Queen-Regent of Spain has signed a decree granting the Golden Fleece to the Duke of Edinburgh. The decree delegates the Prince of Wales to invest the Duke with the collar of the Order.

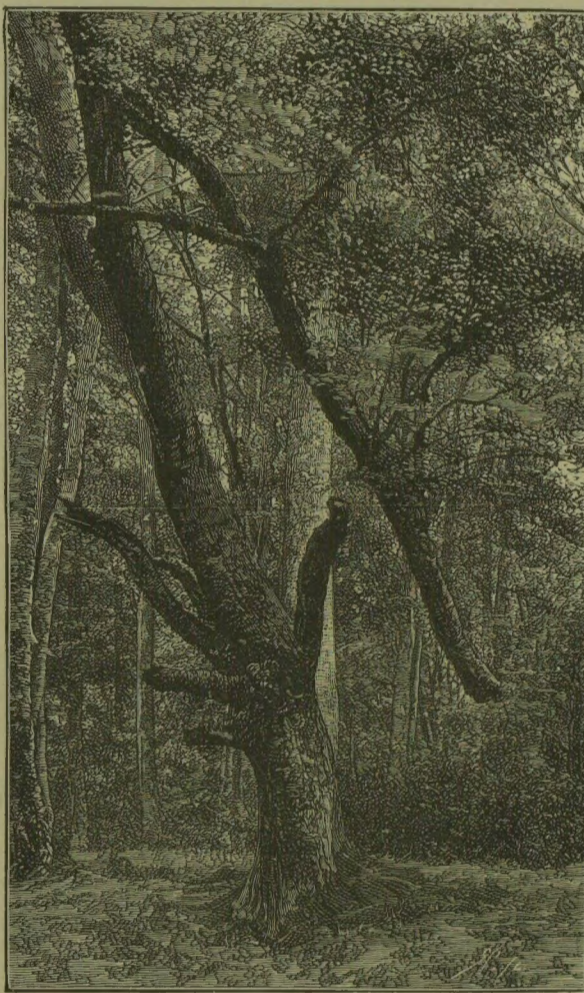
In the absence of the King, who was not well enough to be present, the Session of the Netherlands States-General was opened by the Prime Minister, Baron Mackay. The speech from the Throne, after announcing that the relations of the Netherlands with foreign countries were of the most friendly character, proceeded to state that the condition of the national finances was fairly satisfactory, and that no increase of taxation would be necessary.

On Sept. 17 began the German field-manceuvres of the corps of the Guards and Third Army Corps, following up the exercises of the past week. The Third Army Corps made an advance towards Berlin with the object of attacking the capital, the defending force being the Regiments of the Guard. After a hot engagement the attack was repulsed, the Emperor in person commanding the retreating troops. Favoured by a continuance of the splendid weather, the sham-fighting was resumed on Sept. 18. The Emperor himself commanded the

Third Corps, and entrusted the conduct of the manoeuvres in general to Field-Marshal Moltke's successor, Count Waldersee.—The sixty-first annual meeting of German scientists and surgeons—an institution corresponding in some degree to the British Association—met on Sept. 18 at Cologne.

The Emperor of Austria called upon the Prince of Wales on Sept. 12. In the afternoon his Royal Highness, accompanied by the Crown Prince Rudolph and the Archduke Otto, witnessed the public festivities in honour of the Imperial visit. A Court banquet was given in the evening at which the Prince of Wales, the Archdukes Charles Louis and Otto, the principal military officers, and a number of other distinguished personages were present. On the 13th the Emperor, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince, Archduke Otto, and their suites, rode out to the manoeuvres. The troops had been on the ground since six o'clock. The General in command of the 13th Army Corps, Baron Ramberg, is conducting the manoeuvres. The Prince of Wales rode beside the Emperor from place to place all the morning. The Prince of Wales arrived at Gödöllő on the 15th with the Emperor, and went out deer-stalking. Sunday was spent quietly. The Prince of Wales, having abandoned his original intention of attending the review near Gödöllő, left Pesth on Sunday, late in the afternoon, for Keszthely, on a visit to Count and Countess Tassilo Festetics. His Royal Highness took part on the 17th in a great hunt that his host had arranged in his honour. The Prince had a splendid reception at Keszthely, the whole town being gaily flagged, and the newly-built castle of Count Festetics brilliantly illuminated for his Royal Highness's arrival, which took place at night.—The Princess of Wales is still at Gmünden. On the 13th the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland gave a *soirée dansante* at the Villa Cumberland. Among the brilliant company present were the Princess of Wales and her three daughters, the Queen of Hanover, the Archdukes and Archduchesses Rainers and Karl Salvator, and the Duke and Duchess of Württemberg.

The Czar and Czarina, accompanied by the Czarewitch and Grand Dukes George Alexandrovitch, Vladimir Alexandrovitch,



SELF-GRAFTED TREE IN THE NEW FOREST.

and Nicholas Nicolaievitch, left Novaja Praga on Sept. 13 for Spala, in Russian Poland. The official announcement of the betrothal of the Grand Duke Paul, who is the youngest brother of the Czar, to the eldest daughter of the King of Greece, will be made during the stay of his Imperial Highness at Athens. A Russian Imperial ukase, dated in July, has been promulgated on the 12th by which the Minister of Finance is empowered to authorise the Imperial Bank of Russia to issue credit notes as the necessities of the currency may require.

At Copenhagen on Sunday, Sept. 16, the christening took place, according to the Lutheran rite, of the infant son of Prince Waldemar and Princess Marie, daughter of the Duc de Chartres. The child was born on Aug. 13. The scene of the ceremony was the Amalienborg Palace, and among the distinguished people present were the King and Queen of Denmark, the King of the Hellenes, and other members of the Danish Royal family.

A telegram from St. Paul de Loanda states that Major Bartelot was shot dead by his Manyema carriers on July 19. Mr. Jameson is said to be at Stanley Falls arranging with Tippoo Tib for a fresh expedition. Mr. Rose Troup, who, in consequence of ill-health, had left Major Bartelot before the latter was killed, expresses no uneasiness whatever as to the success of Mr. Stanley. He rejects the suggestion of treason on the part of Tippoo Tib.

On the reassembling of the Democratic State Convention of Colorado in Denver, on Sept. 12, Mr. T. M. Patterson was nominated Governor by acclamation. The New York Democratic State Convention met on the same day at Buffalo. Governor David Bennett Hill was renominated by acclamation. The Republican State Convention of Massachusetts, held at Boston, renominated Governor Ames. The national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, in session at Columbus, Ohio, have elected the Hon. William Warner, of Missouri, Commander-in-Chief for the ensuing year.

The Ameer has reported to the Indian Government that his troops have captured the Kancard Fort and many prisoners, among whom is the father-in-law of Ishak Khan.

By a proclamation, dated Sept. 4, published in the *Brisbane Gazette*, Queen Victoria's sovereignty has been declared formally over British New Guinea.

## TWO AUSTRALIAN GOVERNORS.

The Right Hon. Lord Carrington, G.C.M.G., Governor of the Colony of New South Wales, is Charles Robert Carrington, third Baron Carrington, who was born in 1843, was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, held a Captain's commission in the Royal Horse Guards, was M.P. for Wycombe from 1865 to 1868, and succeeded to his father's peerage in the year last mentioned. The first Peer of this family was Mr. Robert Smith, M.P., who was created Baron Carrington, of Upton, Notts, in 1797; his son, the second Baron, in 1839, assumed the name of Carrington, by Royal license, instead of Smith, and married a daughter of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby. Lord Carrington is Joint Hereditary Lord Chamberlain, and was aide-de-camp to the Prince of Wales during his visit to India, and has been a Captain in the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. He married, in 1878, Cecilia, daughter of Lord Suffield. In 1885, his Lordship was appointed Governor of New South Wales.

The Right Hon. Sir Henry Brougham Loch, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., Governor of the Colony of Victoria, was born in 1827, son of Mr. James Loch, M.P., of Drylaw, Midlothian, and began life as a midshipman in the Royal Navy, but soon entered the military service of the East India Company, in the Bengal Cavalry, became aide-de-camp to Lord Gough in the Sikh War, and was Adjutant of Skinner's Horse. In 1854, he was sent, with the local rank of Major, on special service to Turkey. He entered the Diplomatic Service, and accompanied Lord Elgin's Mission to China, where he was employed from 1857 to 1860; he was treacherously captured and cruelly ill-treated by the Chinese, but performed important services in negotiating the treaty of Peking. He was private secretary to Sir George Grey as Secretary of State for the Home Department in 1861. From 1863 to 1882 he was Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man, and in 1884 was appointed Governor of Victoria. Sir Henry Loch married, in 1862, a daughter of the Hon. Edward Ernest Villiers, a relative of the Earl of Clarendon.

## THE MAORI COLLEGE, NEW ZEALAND.

The Te Aute Maori College is located thirty miles south of Napier, Hawke's Bay, on the east coast of the North Island of New Zealand. It is an endowed institution, and consists of a handsome and well-appointed block of buildings. During the last few years the school has made great strides, and now ranks, according to the reports of the Government Inspector, amongst the best secondary schools of New Zealand. Its pupils are drawn from all parts of the country, the number now in residence amounting to sixty-one. It educates up to the standard of the matriculation examination of the New Zealand University. A considerable number of "old boys" have taken good positions, and are proving that the Maori is not only capable of receiving a high educational and social culture, but that he can settle down to steady work, even of a decidedly sedentary character. Three, at least, of the team of Maori footballers now in our midst received their education at the College, and their memory is still green on its football ground. Mr. J. Thornton is the head-master of the Te Aute College.

## EXTRAORDINARY TREE, NEW FOREST.

A correspondent tells us that in the past summer, while on a visit to Mr. W. Everett, J.P., near Lyndhurst, he was taken for a walk into the depths of the New Forest, between Lyndhurst and Boldre Wood, and was shown there a singular curiosity, in the shape of an accidental tree graft; of which, having a photographic apparatus with him, he got a photograph, and it is represented in our Illustration. It is said that a gale or cyclone must have torn away a very large branch; when, in falling, the broken and smaller end of this branch had evidently struck against the parent tree, had lacerated the bark, and had so grafted itself again to the trunk, once more to be nourished and kept alive by the sap of this tree, which is a fine beech. The self-grafted offspring, reunited, is now in full leaf and flourishing growth. To all appearance the healed bark at the graft has been many years in this remarkable position. Our correspondent is a medical gentleman, Mr. T. W. Blake, of Bournemouth.

## TECHNICAL INSTITUTES FOR NORTH LONDON.

A meeting was held at the Hackney Townhall on Sept. 17 for the purpose of promoting a scheme for providing North London with technical and recreative institutes. It is proposed to appeal for £200,000, the Charity Commissioners promising a similar amount, provided that this sum is raised, to erect an institute in each of the divisions of Finsbury, Hackney, Islington, and St. Pancras. Sir Charles Russell said that the object that they had met to promote was an eminently desirable one. While a great deal had been done in this country in recent years in the direction of helping elementary education, practically nothing had been done by the State in aid of technical education. All that had been left almost entirely to private effort; and when he recollected the contrast which that state of things presented when compared with many Continental countries, he was bound to confess that there remained a great deal to be done. The time was when England, engaged in productive commercial pursuits, could afford to neglect the aids which modern times required, and when, from her position, and from her command over certain markets, she might be said to be without a rival in productive enterprise. But these conditions had greatly changed in modern days, and if England was to maintain her productive position in the world she must follow the rest of the world in the matter of technical and scientific training. Such institutions as those referred to were greatly needed in the four North London districts, which had a population of one and a half millions, with a rateable value of five millions, and he hoped that they would unite and work till they had succeeded, as South London had succeeded, in establishing their technical schools. Resolutions were adopted approving of the scheme and appointing local committees to put it into operation.

A geodetic conference was opened at Salzburg on Sept. 17 for the purpose of discussing the adoption of an international system of longitudinal measurement. Among the twenty-five members present were representatives of Germany, England, France, and other European nations.

Sir Thomas McIlwraith, the Premier and Colonial Treasurer of Queensland, made his annual Budget statement in the Legislative Assembly on Sept. 12. The Minister announced that he expected a deficit of £135,000, but declared that it was not the intention of the Government to introduce a land or income tax, since the proposed changes in the Customs' tariff would, he expected, remove the deficit and leave a surplus of £72,000. Fixed duties would be imposed whenever practicable, and the *ad valorem* duties would be raised to 15 per cent. The Minister, in conclusion, declared that he looked to future years to alleviate other taxation by means of an amended Land Act, and expressed the belief that the finances of the colony would shortly be in a sound condition.



SIR H. B. LOCH, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.,  
GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.



LORD CARRINGTON,  
GOVERNOR OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

#### THE NEW ITALIAN AMBASSADOR.

In selecting Count Di Robilant, a former Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Kingdom of Italy, late Ambassador to Vienna, and a member of the Italian Senate, to be the Ambassador of King Humbert at the Court of Queen Victoria, the Italian Government has paid a high compliment to Great Britain; for he is a statesman and a soldier, and one of the most distinguished public men belonging to Italy. Carlo Felice, Count Di Robilant, a Lieutenant-General of the Italian Army, is a Piedmontese, having been born at Turin in August, 1826. At the age of thirteen, he entered the Royal Military College, and obtained his commission as sub-lieutenant six years later. He fought in all the wars of Italian independence against Austria, first in 1848, and in the following year; when, at the battle of Novara, he had his left hand shot off by a cannon-ball. In 1853 he attained the rank of Captain of Artillery. Having served with great distinction in the campaign of 1859, he was gazetted a Major in the following year. In 1860 he took part in the campaigns of Ancona and Central Italy; and he was also in the Austrian war of 1866. He was President of the Commission for the delimitation of the Austro-Italian frontier in 1867, and was then appointed Commandant of the Superior Military College, a position he held till 1870. In 1871, Count Di Robilant was sent as Special Envoy to the Court of Austria, and was Ambassador there during many years. The Count was nominated a member of the Italian Senate for life in 1883. He became Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1885, an office which he retained two years. Count Di Robilant has received every distinction his country could bestow, such as the silver medals "for valour" of Sommacampagna (1848), Novara (1849), the Cross of Savoy, the Grand Cross of the Crown of Italy, and the Grand Cross of SS. Maurice and Lazarus, besides many decorations conferred by foreign Sovereigns. His wife, Countess Di Robilant, is a daughter of Prince Edmond Clary-Aldringen, by his wife, Princess Elizabeth, née Countess Fiquelmont.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Montabone, of Turin.

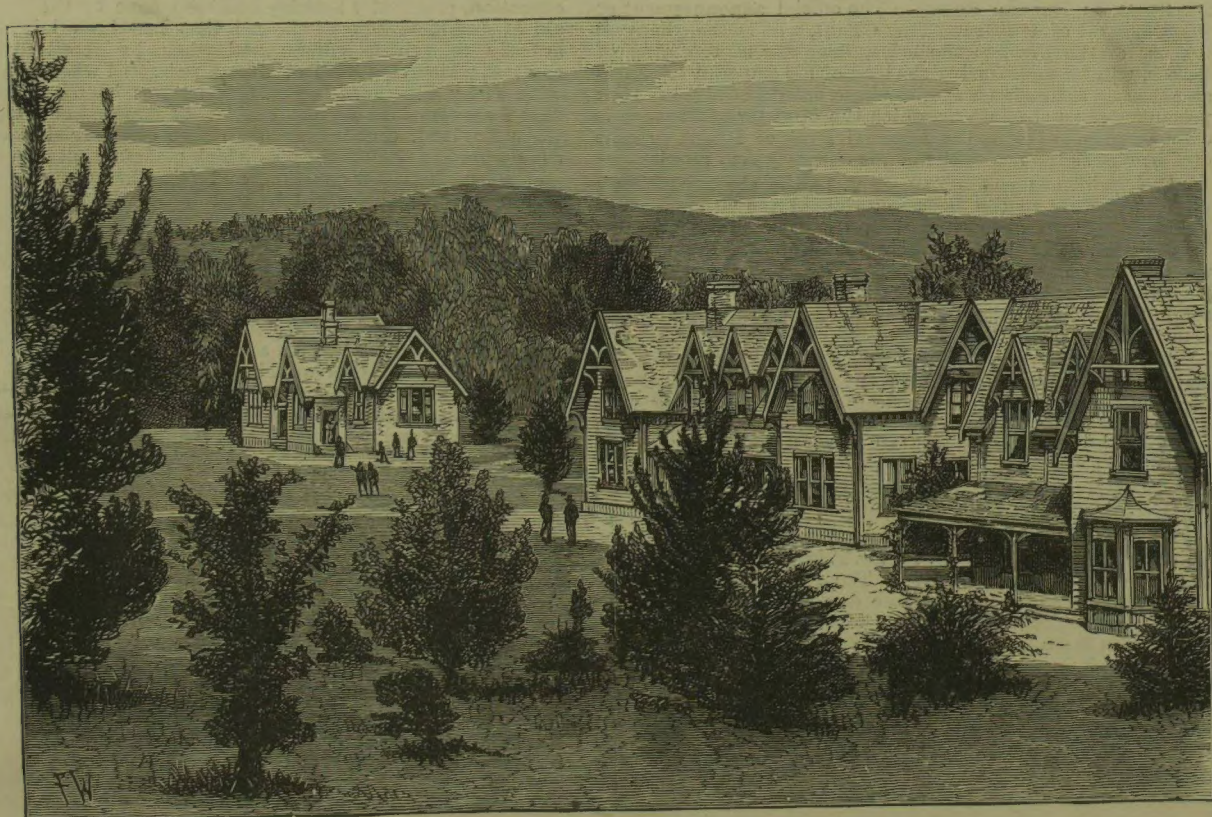


COUNT DI ROBILANT,  
THE NEW ITALIAN AMBASSADOR.

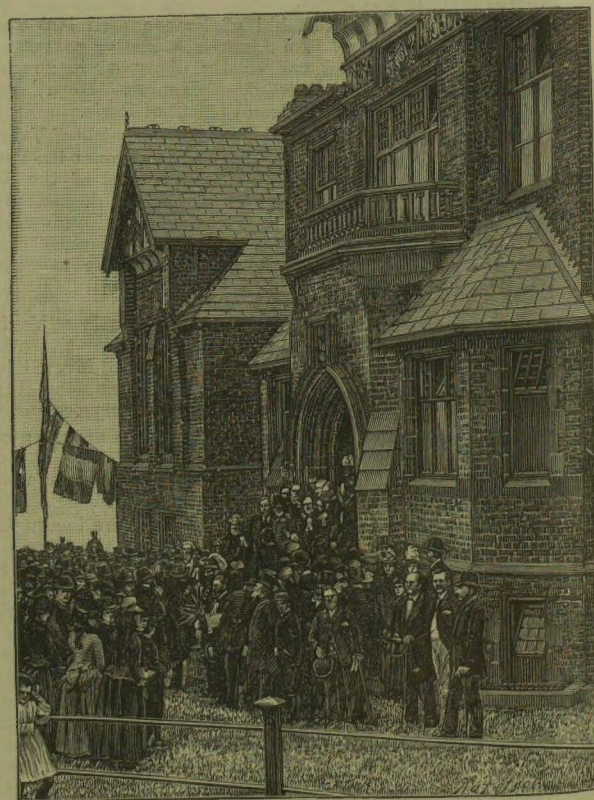
#### NOBLE'S HOSPITAL, ISLE OF MAN.

At Douglas, Isle of Man, on Sept. 4, the hospital erected by Mr. H. B. Noble and his late wife, as a gift of public charity, was formally delivered to the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Spencer Walpole, as representing the island community. The building, of which an Illustration is presented, has been constructed at a cost of about £5000, from the designs of Messrs. Bleakley and Cubbon, architects, of Birkenhead and Douglas. It is situated in Windsor-road, an elevated position overlooking the sea. Its external face is of red pressed brick with terra-cotta dressings and half-timbered gables. The plan of the building is that of two projecting pavilions, one to the right, the other to the left, of the central block. This central block contains the administrative offices, the medical and surgical officers', matrons and nurses' apartments, the committee-room, and the operating theatre. The wards for male patients are in one of the side pavilions, and the female wards in the other, giving accommodation for nearly thirty patients altogether. The central hall and staircase are handsome. Those who attended the ceremony, headed by the Right Rev. Dr. Bardsley, Bishop of Sodor and Man, with the Vicar-General, Deemster Drinkwater, and members of the committee, walked in procession from Villa Marina, Mr. Noble's residence, to the hospital, where that gentleman received them and the Lieutenant-Governor, who was accompanied by Mrs. Walpole. After the singing of a hymn, reading a Psalm, and offering prayer, the Bishop dedicated the new hospital to the glory of God, for the relief of the sick poor; Mr. Noble handed over the key, and a deed of conveyance of the building, to Governor Walpole, who responded in a short speech, followed by the Deemster (Judge of the Isle of Man) and the Vicar-General. The building was afterwards opened for public inspection.

Mr. James L. Bowes, of the well-known firm of Messrs. J. L. Bowes Brothers, has been appointed honorary Consul for Japan at Liverpool.



TE AUTE MAORI COLLEGE, NEW ZEALAND.



PRESENTATION OF NOBLE'S HOSPITAL, ISLE OF MAN.



ACROSS TWO OCEANS: NEWCASTLE, JAMAICA, FROM THE MORTON D'ORSAY BRIDLE-PATH.  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

## MUSIC.

## THE HEREFORD FESTIVAL.

Our previous notices of the one hundred and sixty-fifth meeting of the cathedral choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester, have to be supplemented by remarks on performances which occurred too late for record until now. The specialties of the occasion were: Mr. Cowen's "Song of Thanksgiving," produced at the recent opening of the Melbourne Centennial Exhibition, and Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley's oratorio, "The Martyrdom of St. Polycarp."

Mr. Cowen's work is a setting of words taken from the Psalms, appropriate to the occasion. The music is scored for chorus and orchestra, and consists of three movements, one of which is entirely choral, and affords a good contrast to the other two, in which somewhat excessive use is made of the more demonstrative instruments. The general style is well suited to the festive and jubilant purposes for which the work was produced.

Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley's composition is the work of the occupier of the chair of music at the University of Oxford. His knowledge of the art, theoretical and practical, has been successfully manifested on many occasions by didactic writings, lectures, and musical compositions. That now referred to was produced as the exercise for his degree some thirty odd years ago. It is a scholarly work, both scientific and interesting in style, contrapuntal learning being successfully manifested without pedantry. Several portions proved highly effective, particularly the march, the tenor and baritone duet—finely sung by Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Santley—"Polycarp's Prayer"; a very pleasing trio—excellently rendered by Misses Anna Williams, Ambler, and H. Wilson—the double chorus of Christians and Pagans; and the final "Amen," also a double chorus. In addition to the vocalists already specified, Mr. C. Banks contributed some incidental passages. The two works just referred to were performed on the third day of the festival, Sept. 13; the previous morning having been occupied by a selection from Handel's "Samson," with additional accompaniments by Mr. E. Prout; and the late Sir Sterndale Bennett's sacred cantata, "The Woman of Samaria." The selection from Handel's noble work was not judiciously made, and the performance was far from satisfactory, with the exception of that of the solo vocalists—Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Madame Enriquez, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Brereton. "The Woman of Samaria" (originally produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1867) is replete with grace and charm, if not altogether reaching the height of the sublime style. Its great and undoubted merits should have secured for it more frequent hearing than it has received, and its revival at the Hereford Festival was a welcome feature of the programme. It received a far better rendering on the occasion now referred to than the mutilated selection from "Samson." The solo vocalists in Bennett's work were Misses Anna Williams and H. Wilson, Mr. C. Banks, and Mr. Brereton. The sacred performances in the cathedral, on the evening of Sept. 12, included the first and second parts of Haydn's "Creation" (with Madame Albani, Mr. C. Banks, and Mr. Santley as solo vocalists), followed by Spohr's cantata, "God, Thou art great" (soloists, Misses Anna Williams and H. Wilson, Mr. C. Banks and Mr. Brereton); Schubert's "Song of Miriam" (soloist, Miss Anna Williams) having completed the evening's programme.

Cherubini's Mass in D minor (one of the grandest of his many grand productions) was given on Thursday morning, Sept. 13, when the compositions of Mr. Cowen and Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley (above referred to) were produced; between these latter having been placed Dr. C. H. H. Parry's effective setting (for chorus and orchestra) of Milton's ode, "Blest pair of Sirens," the composer having conducted. The soloists in the mass were—Madame Albani, Miss Ambler, Madame Enriquez, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. C. Banks, and Mr. Santley.

The closing oratorio performance, the "Messiah," in the cathedral, on Sept. 14, calls for only brief record. The soloists named in the programme were Madame Albani, Misses Anna Williams and H. Wilson, Mr. C. Banks, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Brereton.

The miscellaneous concerts in the Shirehall on Sept. 11 and 13 included, on the first occasion, a performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata, "The Golden Legend" (as already recorded by us). The composer conducted, and he and his work were enthusiastically received. The second concert comprised a varied selection of orchestral and vocal music, to which some of the principal solo singers contributed, special features having been the fine singing of the Leeds chorists in several instances. A graceful gavotte and minuet, for strings, by Mr. C. Lee Williams, was much appreciated. A chamber concert on Friday evening, Sept. 14, closed the proceedings of the festival week.

The general duties of conductor have been fulfilled by Dr. Langdon Colborne, organist of Hereford Cathedral, Mr. Done, of Worcester, having rendered good service at the organ, as did Mr. C. L. Williams (of Gloucester), as pianoforte accompanist, and organist at the evening performance in the cathedral. The co-operation of the excellent Leeds chorists was a valuable feature on several occasions.

The Covent-Garden Promenade Concerts have now completed five weeks of their seventh season under the lesseeship of Mr. W. Freeman Thomas, whose arrangements this year are of unprecedented interest, and are being attended with a corresponding amount of success. It is stated that the present season of these concerts will terminate on Oct. 1; a series of performances of Italian opera (under Signor Lamperti's management) being arranged to begin on Oct. 13, closing on Nov. 10; after which, the theatre will be required for the preparation of Mr. Freeman Thomas's Christmas pantomime.

In London 2488 births and 1331 deaths were registered in the week ending Sept. 15. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 217, and the deaths 77, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 27 from measles, 24 from scarlet fever, 18 from diphtheria, 31 from whooping-cough, 12 from enteric fever, 1 from an undefined form of continued fever, 122 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and 1 from choleraic diarrhoea. No death from smallpox was registered. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs were 184, exceeding the corrected average by 2. Different forms of violence caused 61 deaths; 45 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 18 from fractures and contusions, 7 from burns and scalds, 5 from drowning, and 12 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Fifteen cases of suicide were registered.

## NEWCASTLE, JAMAICA.

When Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist, was in the West Indies, on his way from London to Melbourne "Across Two Oceans," he visited Jamaica, and went up to look at Newcastle, the head-quarters of the British troops, which is about thirteen miles from Kingston, up a high mountain. He writes the following account of this trip:—"I had to take an hour and a half's drive to Gordon-town, where a mountain pony is provided for the rest of the ascent. The barracks and officers' quarters are built on a lofty spur of the Blue Mountains. The site is undoubtedly healthy; and the wife of Major Garnett, whose guest I was, informed me that she quite liked the place, and much preferred it to living in Kingston. It is well that the British soldier was sent up to this salubrious height, but they say that some great personage made a very large fortune by the purchase in one instance, and the sale of it in the second, to the British Government. After passing Gordon-town, the way up is by a bridle-path, so narrow in parts that a pony making a false step would quietly topple you over into a mountain torrent many hundred feet below. There is luxuriant foliage on all sides, and occasionally, through gaps in the trees, you obtain a view of Newcastle, perched up on high, even in the clouds, or so it appears. There is a magnificent view of the surrounding country from Major Garnett's house and the officers' mess. All species of flowers grow here—violets and forget-me-nots, as well as the geranium and rose, in all their beauty. New potatoes and vegetables of all kinds are brought to perfection. The Blue Mountain trout abounds in the streams, and is one of the great delicacies of Jamaica. I should like to thank the officers of the garrison of Newcastle for the hospitality with which they treated me; and I was glad to see one of the finest sights of this island."

## REFRESHMENT PAVILION, KEW GARDENS.

The propriety of allowing refreshments to be supplied to the public in Kew Gardens has been debated for some years past, and has been discussed in all the papers as a matter of public interest and convenience. Recently official permission was obtained by Mr. G. Ewens, of the Royal Albert Hall, for the erection of a refreshment pavilion, and probably other pavilions will shortly be erected in other parts of the gardens. The structure, of which we give an illustration, was designed



NEW REFRESHMENT PAVILION, KEW GARDENS.

by Messrs. Gordon and Lowther, architects, of Finsbury-circus, who have also instructions for a proposed building under the trees, near the Diana pond in Bushey Park.

## CONFERENCE OF GEOLOGISTS.

The fourth triennial Congress of geologists began its sittings on Sept. 17 at the London University. In the evening, the president, Professor Prestwich, of Oxford, gave an address in French. He expressed sincere regret that Professor Huxley, the honorary president, was, through ill-health, unable to welcome the foreign visitors, representing more than twenty different countries. He proceeded to a critical review of the work done at former congresses, and to suggest the paths which should immediately be followed. At the first congress, at Paris, in 1878, the fundamental questions of nomenclature and classification of rocks were taken up, and the suggestion of applying the solar spectrum as the basis of colouring geological maps was accepted. But the scale of red, blue, and yellow was found to be too limited, and the scale had to be very largely increased. One result of the Bologna congress had been the giving of practical illustrations of the seventy-six signs and engravings of different colours by a map of the Swiss mountains; and on it was also inserted the conventional sign for indicating the inclinations of the strata, the faults, the fossiliferous regions, the water-springs—cold, thermal, and mineral—the quarries and mines, &c.; the result being a veritable hieroglyphic chapter of universal significance. It had been decided to publish a geological map of Europe, in like manner, upon a scale of 1-1,500,000th; and the execution was far advanced, under the direction of the committee elected at the Berlin congress. The unification of geological terms was in the hands of nine national committees, eleven individual geologists of eminence also rendering assistance. The object of their deliberations was to reduce the various terms to be used to the expression of definite objects. This group would be applied to the great rock divisions—primary, secondary, tertiary. The sub-divisions would be called systems, as the Silurian system. The minor divisions would be series, as the Oolitic series, the terms *étage* and *assise* being introduced for the smaller sub-divisions. In like manner, in regard to time, the terms recognised would be era, period, epoch, and age. In regard to the nomenclature of fossil organic remains, the name which would be retained for each species would be that under which it was first known, on condition that it was then properly described; but no date before the twelfth edition of Linnaeus, 1766, would be recognised as to priority. The President and Mrs. Prestwich afterwards held a reception in the library of the University.

The meetings follow each other daily, and afterwards a series of excursions will be made to North Wales, West Yorkshire, the Isle of Wight, Bridlington, and other places. There will also be receptions at Eton, Kew, the Natural History Museum, the Geological, and other learned and scientific societies.

## THE COURT.

The Queen went out on the morning of Sept. 13, attended by the Hon. Harriet Phipps; and in the afternoon her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Frederica and attended by Miss Phipps, drove through Braemar and down by the Lion's Face. Princess Beatrice and Princess Alice of Hesse drove to Loch Callater. The Earl of Fife arrived at the castle, and, as well as Viscount Cranbrook, had the honour of dining with the Queen. On the morning of Sept. 14 the Queen went out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Alice of Hesse; and in the afternoon her Majesty drove with Princess Beatrice and Princess Alice. Prince Albert Victor of Wales went out deer-stalking. The Queen went out on Saturday morning, Sept. 15, accompanied by Princess Beatrice; and in the afternoon her Majesty drove out with Princess Alice of Hesse. Princess Beatrice, attended by Miss Cochrane, also drove. Sir Maurice and Lady Fitzgerald had luncheon at Balmoral Castle, and were afterwards received by her Majesty. The Rev. Dr. Macgregor arrived at the castle and had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. Divine service was performed at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, Sept. 16, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household. The Rev. Dr. Macgregor, Minister of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, officiated. The Duchess of Albany and Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein drove over from Birkhall and attended Divine service at the castle and remained to luncheon. The Rev. Dr. Macgregor had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. On the morning of Sept. 17 the Queen went out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Princess Alice of Hesse, and Prince Albert Victor of Wales; and in the afternoon her Majesty drove with Princess Frederica, attended by the Dowager Lady Churchill, through Ballater. Princess Beatrice, Princess Alice of Hesse, and Prince Albert Victor, attended by Miss Minnie Cochrane, drove to the Falls of Corriemulzie. The Duchess Dowager of Marlborough and Lady Sarah Spencer Churchill lunched at the castle, and afterwards had the honour of being received by her Majesty. Earl Cadogan arrived as Minister in attendance, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family.

## THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT AND POLISH INDUSTRY.

In the course of a recent report on the trade of Warsaw, Mr. Grant, the British Consul-General there, refers to certain measures of the Russian Government which will tell seriously against Polish industry. Ever since 1815 the immigration of foreigners to Poland for commercial and industrial purposes has been greatly favoured by the Government. Various ukases granted subsidies to immigrants, gave them grants of public land selected by themselves, supplied timber for building gratis, exempted them perpetually from military service and from the payment of taxes, and sometimes even ordered grants of money to be made them. The rising industries were also fostered by the establishment of chambers of industry and a bank. The industrial development of Poland was, in consequence, very remarkable, especially in the districts nearest to Germany. Suddenly, in 1887, the policy of seventy-three years was reversed; foreigners were prohibited from acquiring land in any way, in Poland and the Baltic provinces, and immigration was thus stopped. Building, except by peasants, within a mile and a quarter of the frontier is also prohibited, and the owners are not allowed to repair the existing buildings. In two governments alone, this order affects 193 factories. Polish industries will also suffer by the application of an old law which has never before been enforced in Poland—viz., that forbidding foreign Jews to engage in trade without the consent of three Ministers, and as this permission is being systematically refused, foreign Jews are virtually excluded from taking part in the trade and industry of Poland. A still greater danger threatens in the proposed measures for protecting Russian industries against those of Poland. If these are carried the protective system will be applied, probably for the first time, to the internal industry of the same State, for the purpose of protecting one province against another. Polish cotton-mills are already handicapped in their competition with Moscow by imposing a higher duty on raw cotton imported by sea to that imported by land. The effect has been to increase the cost of raw material for the Polish spinners and to decrease it for the Moscow ones, for the former must either pay the higher freight or the higher duty. If they import by Germany they must pay the higher freight, if by sea to Riga or Libau they must pay the higher duty, the Moscow spinners being clear gainers by the arrangement. These and other measures in contemplation are attributed to the jealousy of the Moscow manufacturers, who, at the last fair of Nijni Novgorod, addressed a memorial to the Government asking for protection against the Polish industries. The Polish cotton-spinners petitioned against the differential duties, showing the disadvantages under which it places them, but in vain.

## FRENCH CENTENARIANS.

A paper was recently read before the French Academy of Sciences by M. Emile Lavasseur on the "Centenarians now living in France." The first reports collected gave the number of persons who had attained one hundred years and upwards as 184, but on these being thoroughly sifted no less than 101 were struck out, leaving eighty-three; but even of these there were no fewer than sixty-seven who could not furnish adequate proof of their reputed age. In sixteen cases, however, authentic records of birth or baptism were found, including that of a man born in Spain, and baptised Aug. 20, 1770. His life was spent almost wholly in France. All the other centenarians were reputed to be between 100 and 105 years of age, with the exception of a widow claiming to be 112 years old. Of the eighty-three persons said to be centenarians women formed a large majority, the proportion being fifty-two women to 31 men. There were but few married couples, six male and sixteen female celibates, twenty-three widowers, and forty-one widows. One of the latter was Madame Rostkowski, 103 years of age. She enjoys a pension of 60*fr.* per month, allowed her by the French Government in consideration of her late husband's military services. More centenarians exist in the south-western Departments than in the rest of the Republic, while the basin of the Garonne—from the Pyrenees to the Puy-de-Dôme—contains as many as all the rest of France put together. M. Lavasseur finds that the chances of a person in the nineteenth century reaching 100 years of age are one in 18,800.

Another very important addition has been made to the Navy by the launching at Portsmouth of the powerful twin-screw cruiser Melpomene, six guns, 2350 tons, 9000-horse power, which was commenced in October last.

## FAINT-HEARTED READERS.

There was a time when men sat down to a book with the patience and courage needed to bombard a well-fortified town. They girded up their loins for the encounter, and read every



page of a black-letter folio without a moment's thought of the degenerate practice of skipping. To treat an author thus frivolously would be to show themselves unworthy scholars; and it never occurred to these patient plodders to ask whether in all instances the good gained was worth the hours consumed.

Charles Lamb, who dearly loved old books and old ways of study, wrote in one of his letters:—"I mean some day to attack Caryl on 'Job,' six folios. Whatever any man can write surely I may read!" This was the feeling of students in earlier days, when to gain learning at all it was necessary to dig deep, since there were no royal roads to knowledge, such as "coaches," classes, free libraries, and the school-books which, if we may credit the compilers, leave no difficulties unexplained. If the food then provided was a little tough, there was a compensatory power of digestion. Probably there is no man living courageous enough to attack the amazing works left behind him by "voluminous Prynne." But in his lifetime he had readers—that Peter Heylin was one of them Prynne found to his cost—and we know, too, that the public licenser, whose position must have been as painful as that of a cemetery chaplain, was forced to read his works. But now even the 1100 quarto pages of his "Histriomastix," the cream of his life's labours, will, as Carlyle says, "nevermore be read by mortal." A like comment may be passed on many a work over which long nights of toil have been spent. In the Puritan days, Englishmen appear to have been endowed with a patience wellnigh superhuman. How men endured seven hours, with a single break of one quarter, spent in preaching and praying—and this by John Howe's confession he sometimes inflicted upon his congregation—is inconceivable to us; but the same power of prolonged attention was demanded by the pious writers of the period, some of whose works are wellnigh interminable. There was Baxter, who wrote the narrative of his life in folio, and who published more than one hundred books; there was Thomas Fuller, the wittiest and most original of divines, and also one of the most voluminous authors in the language, whose works may be said to form a small library; there was our English Chrysostom, Jeremy Taylor, whose hospitable board, as Coleridge said, "groans under the weight and multitude of viands"; and there was Milton, whose prose works in English and Latin, weighty in bulk and power, contain passages unsurpassed for eloquence, and passages not a few in which language is abused and Christian charity forgotten. That there must have been in that age a good amount of iron in the constitution of authors, readers, and publishers, goes without saying.

Even the lighter literature then in vogue would be deemed by modern young ladies intolerably heavy. Is there one of them that would dare to read Sidney's "Arcadia," or the ten volumes of the "Grand Cyrus"; or Lord Broghill's "Parthenissa"; or even Spenser's incomparable "Faerie Queene"? Why, there are educated English women living—and, it may be feared, men too—who have never read "Paradise Lost," one of the world's greatest poems; and who, to descend considerably in the poetical scale, are ignorant of Thomson's "Seasons," than which few poems, if any, won so much admiration from youths and maidens in the last century; and how greatly they admired "Pamela" and "Clarissa Harlowe," and that exquisite prig "Sir Charles Grandison," is a fact of literary history. Never was novelist so surrounded by female flatterers and devotees as Richardson; but now young ladies



have not the patience to read him, and prefer the dainty, if somewhat slight, refection provided for them by Mr. Henry James.

Exactly in the middle of the last century, Miss Talbot, writing to Mrs. Carter, of blue-stocking renown, said that she had set her whole heart on the success of "The Rambler." An essay is, or ought to be, easy reading, if it is not easily written; but Dr. Johnson, the liveliest and wittiest of talkers, lost the

greater part, both of his wit and liveliness, when he took the pen in hand. There is meat in "The Rambler" both plentiful and wholesome, but it is not for babes, and it is to be feared that even a Newnham or Girton scholar would reject it also. Neither an essay nor a short sermon can always escape the charge of dullness. Rogers relates that when Legge was made Bishop of Oxford he had the folly to ask two wits, Canning and Frere, to be present at his first sermon. "Well," said he to Canning, "how did you like it?" "Why, I thought it rather short." "Oh, yes; I am aware that it was short; but I was afraid of being tedious." "You were tedious."

Is it the hurry and excitement of life, the variety of magazines and novels, and a growing love of amusement that make the modern reader so much less patient than his forefathers? or is it that he is generally content with being simply a reader and not a student? Literature, like tinned meats and soups, is now sold in the most portable form possible. A man will not read the greatest poets of his country or even the most popular of living poets unless in selections. In earlier days, when Young's "Night Thoughts" was read as a pastime, it would have needed little heroism to read the entire works of such fine poets as Lord Tennyson, Mr. Coventry Patmore, and Mr. Matthew Arnold; but now we profess to be satisfied with their "Beauties"; as if it were possible to understand a poet's full scope and charm by reading him in fragments! Such volumes may be serviceable to the traveller who has little space in his portmanteau, but the reader shows a strange lack of courage who dallies with selections when he has access to a library. Into all departments of literature the process of abridgment is carried. The late George Henry Lewes encouraged a young gentleman to attempt the astounding feat of reducing Boswell; and Lockhart's Scott has undergone the same treatment. Even the Waverley novels, works unsurpassed since Shakespeare for imaginative power, for elevation of tone, and for the sweetness and light that no English writer has possessed in a larger measure than Scott, have been considered too solid food for the fitful appetite of the modern novel-reader. He can swallow without much difficulty a "shilling dreadful"; he can read after dinner, and when supported in an easy-chair, the society papers; but a noble work of art, the interest of which is not due to thrilling incidents and impossible adventures in every page, is a weariness to the flesh.

The passion for strong sensations is a remarkable feature of the time, and of late a new danger has invaded England, against which Sir Theodore Martin has recently warned his countrymen. The grossest literature of France, which represents, as its chief exponent admits, the rottenness of Parisian society, is now translated and scattered broadcast over England. What toleration, Sir Theodore asks, should be shown to Englishmen who make a trade of translating and propagating this poisonous trash? and truly does he add that to keep works of fiction of this class out of the hands of their sons and daughters "must now cause many an anxious hour to English parents." Such fiction is easily read, but it is not easily forgotten; and the amusement of an hour may be the ruin of a life. A taste for what is noble and of good report in literature is, no doubt, the best antidote against this poison; but the faint-hearted reader has not enough energy of purpose to gain this taste. He reads simply to pass away the time, and, without any wish to go astray, is in danger of doing so from sheer love of excitement. Simple and wholesome food no longer suits him, and he longs for a new mental sensation, just as Keats, eager for a new bodily one, covered his tongue with cayenne pepper, in order, as he said, to appreciate "the delicious coolness of claret in all its glory." J. D.

## "CAPTAIN SWIFT" AT THE HAYMARKET.

The romantic play of "Captain Swift," by that clever young Australian writer, Mr. C. Haddon Chambers, has so quickly secured public favour at the Haymarket Theatre that the principal personages of this effective drama well merit portrayal. The central figure in our illustration is the supremely artistic actor-manager, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, as Mr. Wilding (the alias the quondam Australian bushranger, Captain Swift, bears in England), inflicting chastisement on the venomous servant, Marshall (Mr. Brookfield), for his insulting references to the past life of Wilding. Captain Swift, it will be remembered, is in a most trying position. Guest of his new friend, Mr. Seabrook, at Fernshaw Park, he has a double reason to banish his bushranging recollections. He is in love with the gentle niece of Mr. Seabrook, Stella Darbisher, who returns his affection; and he learns, to his amazement, that he is the natural son of his hostess, Mrs. Seabrook. The masterful way in which Wilding plucks this love from his heart, and, at the prayer of his agitated mother, quits the house, and all that makes life worth living, commands the warmest sympathy of the audience; and, when the troubled outcast at last shoots himself to save his mother's secret from being divulged, it is felt that the motto of the piece is realised, however painfully, and that "There is some soul of goodness in things evil." As that deeply-moved gentlewoman, Mrs. Seabrook, Lady Monckton acts with emotional power in every phase; her anguish for the sin of her young days being as eloquently expressed as her strong attachment for her fond husband (Mr. Kemble) is feelingly conveyed. Lady Monckton could not possibly have a better foil than Miss Rose Leclercq in the adroitly enacted part of the cold-blooded woman of the world, Lady Staunton, Mrs. Seabrook's sister. Mrs. Tree has rarely, if ever, been seen to such advantage. She is delightfully natural as Stella Darbisher, beloved at one and the same time by the two half-brothers, Captain Swift and Harry Seabrook, his jealous rival (Mr. Fuller Mellish). The influence of Mr. Tree's example has had an excellent effect on Mr. Macklin, who has never acted better than he does as the frank and good-hearted young Queenslander, Mr. Gardiner, who recognises Wilding as a bushranger assailant of his, Captain Swift, but is induced for a sentimental reason to refrain from unmasking him, as he indubitably would do in real life in common justice to his host and hostess, particularly as he is betrothed to pretty Mabel Seabrook (Miss Angela Cudmore). It remains to add that Mr. Charles Allan infuses individuality into the part of the Australian detective, Michael Ryan, who comes to England to arrest Captain Swift, and finds a ready confederate in the vindictive Marshall, of which rascally person Mr. Brookfield has made quite a character-study.

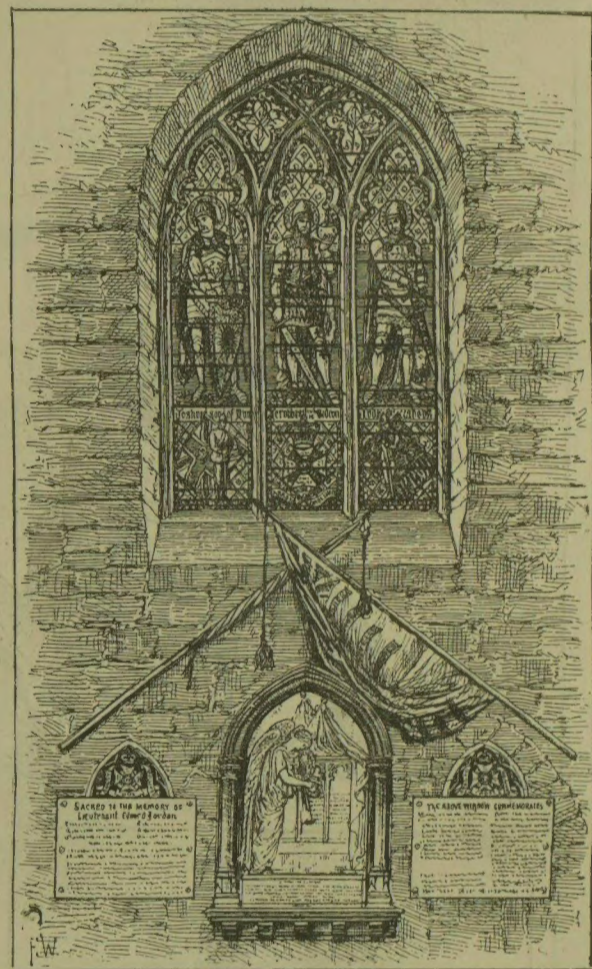
The Portrait of the Emperor of Brazil is from a photograph by M. Numa Blanc, of Paris; that of Lord Carrington, Governor of New South Wales, from one by Messrs. Charlemont and Co., of Sydney; and that of Sir H. B. Loch, Governor of Victoria, by Messrs. Foster and Martin, of Melbourne.

In the list of candidates for the vacant chair of chemistry at Aberdeen University are the names of Dr. Snape, Aberystwith; Professor Masson, Melbourne University; Professor Japp, South Kensington; Dr. Hartley, Dublin; Dr. Scott, Durham; and Dr. Senior, London. The salary attached to the office is £1000 per annum, and the candidates are very numerous.

## MEMORIALS OF 34TH CUMBERLAND REGIMENT, CARLISLE.

An incidental consequence of the localising of regiments of our army, by the territorial system, may be observed in Cathedral and county towns of England. It is the placing of regimental memorials in the Cathedrals, a very appropriate custom where the regiment historically belongs to the county. At Carlisle, now the home of the Border Regiment, comprising, in its 1st and 2nd or Line battalions, the 84th Cumberland and the 55th Westmorland Regiments, and embracing the whole of the fine auxiliary battalions of these counties, the Dean and Chapter have allotted a bay in the Cathedral, for the collection of the old 34th, Cumberland, regimental memorials.

After the Crimean war, the battalion was stationed in Edinburgh Castle, having halted, on its home journey up country, at Carlisle. In memory of its late comrades, the preparation of a beautiful marble monument was entrusted to Sir John Steell. But the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny, in 1857, and the sudden dispatch of the 34th, which was the first of those battalions specially sent to arrive in India, prevented their seeing its erection in Carlisle Cathedral; and its completion was kindly superintended by the late Sir George Scott-Douglas, of Springwood, one of their old Captains. The inscription beneath this graceful sculptured design records the names of Captains Shifner and Robinson, Lieutenants F. R. Hurt, Hector Lawrence, H. D. Alt, W. Jerdan, R. J. Brown Clayton, and Norman Ramsay, and enumerates thirteen sergeants, eleven corporals, four drummers, and 289 private soldiers, who were killed in action, or died from the effects of labour in the trenches, during the Crimean campaigns. The tablet was erected by General Sir Thomas Macdougall Brisbane, Bart, G.C.B., G.C.H., Colonel of the regiment, and the surviving comrades, in 1857. Two pairs of the regimental colours were subsequently received, with befitting ceremony, by Dean Close, to be deposited in the Cathedral. The death of General Lord Airey, who had served in the 34th Regiment, and had been its Colonel, was followed by that of their commanding officer, Colonel Trevor Chapman, from cholera, at Dum-dum; and Captain Archibald Balderson, Station Staff Officer, was killed about the same time, while endeavouring to rescue those buried



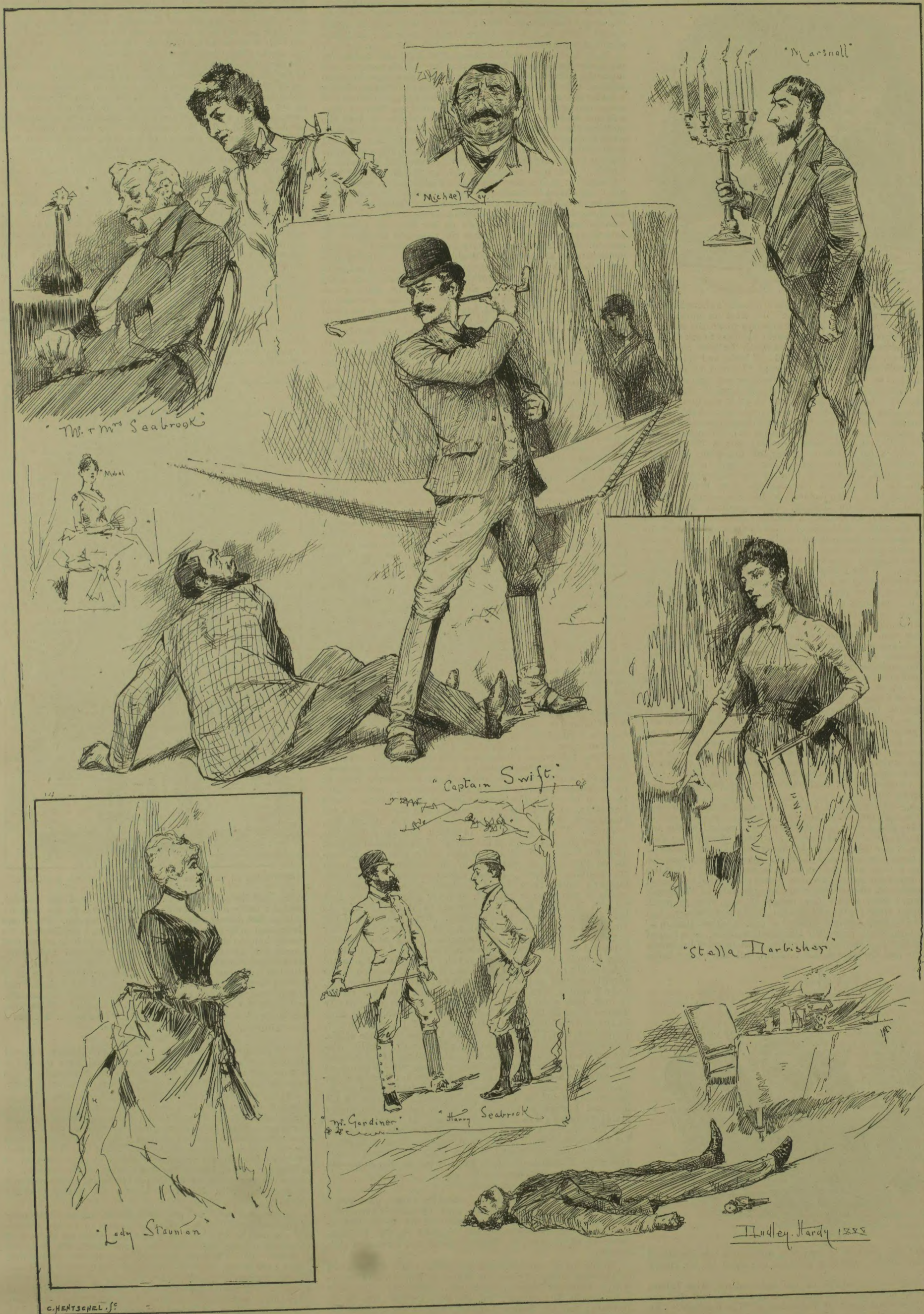
MEMORIALS IN CARLISLE CATHEDRAL TO THE 34TH REGIMENT.

in the landslip at Nynsee Tal. The officers, past and present, erected a noble window in Carlisle Cathedral to the memory of those lost during that tour of foreign service. They have also caused to be engraved, on a brass tablet, a duplicate of the inscription in the Cawnpore Memorial Church, in memory of Lieutenant Edward Jordan, Ensigns Applegate and Grier, several non-commissioned officers, and twenty-four privates, killed in action at Cawnpore in November, 1857. The set of colours borne by the regiment throughout the Crimean and Indian campaigns are crossed above the mural monuments, and, with the second pair, masking the front of the bay, the arrangement is highly effective. Our illustration is from a photograph by Messrs. Whaite, of Carlisle.

The miners and ironworkers in the Ebbw Vale have decided the compromise proposed by the masters, and have decided to remove their tools from the mines. It is estimated that upwards of £6000 in wages has already been lost to the district.

At a crowded Scottish Home-Rule demonstration in Glasgow on Sept. 18, Professor Hunter, M.P., the chairman, said whatever form Home Rule for Scotland took the Imperial Parliament would remain supreme. At present the Scottish members might as well be spending a holiday in Switzerland for all Scotch business they were doing in Westminster. Professor Blackie said he did not believe in centralisation or in Londonisation, but in the nationality of the Scotch. A resolution was passed urging the establishment of a Legislature in Scotland, with full control over all purely Scottish questions.

In furtherance of the movement to celebrate the bicentenary of the landing of Prince William of Orange in Torbay, a meeting was held on Sept. 18 at Brixham, Devon, for the purpose of obtaining support from that town to the fund being raised for a statue. Lord Churston presided, and it was stated that about £400 of the £1000 required had already been promised. Representatives of the Huguenot societies of London and the Protestants of Hull supported the object of the meeting, and a resolution was passed endorsing the action of the committee. The event will be celebrated on Nov. 5, and it is proposed to erect the statue on Brixham Beach, at the spot where the Prince landed.



SKETCHES OF "CAPTAIN SWIFT" AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

## WOOLWICH ARSENAL: THE SHELL FACTORY.

The Shell Factory at Woolwich Arsenal produces shells of thirty-seven different measures, from the smallest, one inch in diameter, used instead of a bullet in the Nordenfeldt machine-gun, up to the largest, of sixteen

a powder-cup at the base, the hinder end of the cylinder, with a separating diaphragm between the charge of gunpowder there and the middle length; a connecting-tube from the head of the shell to the powder-charge, descends through the centre of the cylinder, and the space all round this tube is filled with bullets; the upper end of the tube fits into a socket in the conical head of the shell, where it communicates

with a time-fuse; the head is made of Atlas metal, and is not designed to pierce the armour-plate of ships, but to pour out the multitude of bullets. The fire from the fuse, of course, is transmitted by the connecting tube to the gunpowder in the cup at the base of the shell, and the bullets are shot forward. A shrapnel shell of six and a half inches calibre will contain nearly 240 leaden bullets, each weighing above an ounce. The largest shrapnel shell, discharged by the Elswick 110-ton gun,

comes from the foundry, an apparatus is applied to its interior, as shown in one of our Illustrations, to find whether its sides are of perfectly uniform thickness; if it were faulty in this respect, it would twist irregularly, and might even break in the gun. Any shell not answering this requirement is at once condemned and returned to the foundry.

With reference to our description and Illustrations of the Torpedo Factory, which appeared last week, it should be observed that the man who was shown "gauging the tail of a torpedo" applies his measurement not to the propeller fanges, which are not yet fixed on, but to what may be called the tail fins, as we likened the torpedo to a mechanical swimming fish. In front of the double-screw propeller, which is the tail, are four well-proportioned tail fins, on one pair of which are to be fitted the vertical rudders, permanently adjusted to keep the torpedo in a straight course directed to its object; on the other pair are the horizontal rudders, acted on automatically by a secret contrivance, and serving, when adjusted, to keep the torpedo at the required depth below the surface of the water.

The cost of manufacturing a Whitehead torpedo is roughly estimated at about £300. It can travel through the water, by its own locomotive power, a distance of probably one mile; but its velocity would diminish after a run of six hundred yards. The maximum speed is twenty-seven knots or nautical miles an hour; and six hundred yards may be taken as the practical range, being the distance to which the torpedo would maintain sufficient velocity to explode its gun-cotton charge by the impact of its detonator against the side of a ship.

We shall give further Illustrations of the manufactures in the Royal Arsenal.

### LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.

A meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution was held on Sept. 13 at its house, John-street, Adelphi; Sir Edward Birkbeck, Bart., M.P., in the chair. Rewards amounting to £208 were granted to the crews of life-boats belonging to the institution for services rendered during the past month; also to the crews of shore-boats and others for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £3842 were ordered to be made on the 293 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £2000 from the trustees of the late Mr. Edward Boustead, of Clapham Park; £1700 from the residuary legatees of the late Sir Joseph Whitworth, being a further contribution towards providing and permanently maintaining a life-boat to be named the Joseph Whitworth; and £700 from Mrs. Martin, of Pershore, to defray the Rhyl new life-boat, to be named the Jane Martin. New life-boats were sent during the past month to Ramsey, Wells, Dover, Jersey, Guernsey, Berwick-on-Tweed, and New Brighton.

At the recent conference at Harrogate of the industrial department of the Girls' Friendly Society, under Mrs. Fawkes, of Farnley Hall, Otley; Lady Louisa Lascelles; and Mrs. Jerome Mercier, of Kemerton, it was decided to offer prizes at



PAINTING SHELLS.

and a quarter inches diameter, used for the great gun that weighs a hundred and ten tons. All these shells are of the cylindrical, conical-headed form; no spherical shells are now made at Woolwich, but the Arsenal will repair those of that pattern which may have been handed over to the Artillery Volunteers for their practice. A shell of the largest size contains 85lb. of gunpowder, which is calculated to burst its steel wall or case, two inches and a half thick; if the shell were made of iron, instead of steel, this charge would burst it four inches thick. The scattering of the fragments of the exploded shell is, of course, the mode of its destructive effect, not here considering the shrapnel shell, which contains a large number of bullets, to kill or wound many men at a time. The shell is discharged like a solid shot from a gun; the gun-charge to throw the largest shell that is made at the Arsenal would be 800 lb. of gunpowder, in the 110-ton great gun, which can throw such a projectile five miles. The apparatus for igniting the charge of gunpowder contained within the shell itself, and so causing it to burst when it has reached the enemy, is placed in the conical head of the shell. It may either be a detonating percussion cap, which acts by striking against the first obstacle in the flight of the shell, whether it be the side of a ship, the wall of a fort, or the hard ground; or it may be a "time fuse," which is ignited by the flame of the gun at its discharge, and which consists of a metal tube filled with a slowly-burning composition, the fire of which reaches the gunpowder charge of the shell in a certain time, not less than five seconds or more than fifteen seconds, according to the range of distance and other considerations. The fuses are readily put on the shells when required for service; in the head of every shell is a brass fuse-hole, with an internal conical screw, made so that the fuse can be quickly screwed into it; all the fuse-holes, of all kinds and sizes of shells, are exactly alike, so that any fuse can be applied to any shell, which is a great practical convenience, preventing the chance of any shells being rendered useless by a mistake in not having their proper fuses at hand. As the shell, discharged from a rifled gun, is to have a rotatory movement, like that of a rifle-bullet, the base or hinder end of the shell is surrounded with a ring of copper, a softer metal, which takes the groove from the rifled calibre of the gun. There are shells of the hardest steel, for penetrating iron or steel plate armour; but we believe these are not made in the Shell Factory at Woolwich. It may be observed that the inside surface of every shell is coated with a red lacquer, which is a composition of resin and other substances, and the utility of which is more important than one would suppose. When the projectile rushes forward through the gun, the powder within the shell has such violent friction with the inner surface of the shell that it might be prematurely ignited by the heating of the steel surface, and so the shell might burst even before leaving the gun, bursting the gun and all. Such accidents are known to have formerly happened with very disastrous effects. The inside coating of resinous lacquer tends to prevent this heating from the friction of the powder on the steel of the shell.

The shrapnel shell is of more complex construction. It has

having a diameter of sixteen and a quarter inches, contains 2330 iron bullets, each weighing four ounces, the effect of which must be terrible when poured amongst a body of men, or in the interior of an enemy's ship. A shrapnel shell made of cast iron will burst, like an ordinary shell, and scatter its fragments; but a shrapnel shell of steel will



FILLING SMALL SHRAPNEL SHELLS WITH BULLETS.

only project its contents through the head. The bullets are effective at a distance of from fifty to a hundred yards from the shell, spreading from 10 ft. to 15 ft.

The Woolwich Shell Factory, as well as the foundry of the Arsenal, is now working night and day, and issuing shells of all sizes at the rate of ten thousand a week; but at present, we understand, about four thousand of them weekly made are those of one-inch measure for the machine-guns. It will be understood that every shell has to be carefully tested; and, when it

diocesan and branch festivals, to members, for the best butter, cheese, and bread (plain and fancy), with the object of reviving that practical part of a country-girl's education which of late has been too much neglected, to the detriment of the farming interest.

Before summer can be said to have properly visited us, giving merely a side-smile in passing, behold we are favoured with Christmas and New-Year greetings, in the form of floral cards, from the Religious Tract Society.

## NOVELS.

*The Lindsays: A Romance of Scottish Life.* By John K. Leys. Three vols. (Chatto and Windus).—It would seem that the manners of rural life in Scotland, especially under the peculiar religious influences of the Kirk, or the Free Kirk, or the "U.P." Connexion, artistically contrasted with less sharply defined customs of the English middle classes, afford a field of social varieties in culture and growth suitable to the novelist's purpose. The family of Mr. Lindsay, of the Castle Farm, Muirburn, somewhere in Clydesdale, being visited by a gentleman from London, Mr. Hubert Blake, an amateur artist of roving disposition, exhibits three strong individual characters—the father, a strict Presbyterian of severe integrity, but cold and austere to his children; one of the sons, named Alec, who is ambitious of a liberal education and profession, but refuses to become a Minister of the Kirk; and the beautiful daughter, Margaret, whose romantic piety, nourished by tales of the Covenanters and Martyrs, rejects the offered love of a generous worldling too sceptical of the creed she has been taught. There are two other young ladies, who are English, and who have a fair share of mental accomplishments and fashionable experiences. One is Miss Laura Mowbray, a charming and rather daring flirt, who desires to marry somebody likely to be rich; the other is Hubert Blake's cousin, Sophy Meredith, who lives quietly with her old uncle at Highgate. When Alec Lindsay goes to Glasgow as a University student, which must have been some twenty years ago, the College being then in the old High-street buildings, he calls on a wealthy relative, a Mr. James Lindsay of Drumleck, the owner of valuable oil-works; is invited to dinner there, and meets Laura Mowbray, with whom he falls in love. In a summer holiday sojourn at Arrochar, on Loch Long, rowing her in a boat at evening, and assisting her in a perilous climbing adventure on the Cobbler mountain, the heart of the unsophisticated young man is irrecoverably lost. She, for her part, though liking Alec Lindsay, has a shrewd eye to his unworthy cousin, James Semple, who is a confidential clerk in the great oil-works business, expecting to succeed to its managing partnership with a large fortune. Alec therefore obtains no substantial encouragement, and, resolving to go to the Bar at the end of his University studies, is admitted into the office of a London firm of solicitors, Messrs. Hatchett, Small, and Hatchett, in the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn. The managing clerk of this firm is a Scotchman, a Mr. Beattie, of course some years older than Alec, plausible, crafty, and dishonest, who receives Alec with a show of friendly candour. The law affairs of old Mr. Lindsay of Drumleck, a demi-millionaire, are entrusted to these solicitors; that old gentleman, being in ill-health, coming to consult a London physician, is warned of approaching death. He has to make his will, and, not caring to bestow a great inheritance on any of his kindred, determines that the oil-works and all his business property shall be sold, and that the Free Kirk of Scotland shall be endowed with £500,000. There are legacies of £10,000 to his sister, Miss Joan Lindsay, and to Alec's father; small legacies to Margaret and to Laura Mowbray, who is living in his house with his sister; and only the residue, estimated at £10,000, is left to James Semple and Alec Lindsay, as residuary legatees and executors of this will. Alec is employed by Mr. Hatchett, at the testator's special request, to prepare the draft of the will, and performs his task with scrupulous fidelity; but the senior clerk, Beattie, had previously taken the testator's instructions, and this man, being an artful rogue, communicating with James Semple, who is equally dishonest, contrives an audacious though easy trick. He gets a drunken engrossing-clerk to make a false copy of the document for signature, omitting the word "hundred," so as to reduce the Free Kirk bequest to five thousand pounds. There is no violent improbability in the manner in which the fraudulent substitution of this copy for the true copy is effected by Semple, after the reading over of the correct will aloud by Alec to the bedridden and feeble testator, who is then induced to sign the false will in the presence of two witnesses, Alec's attention being called away by a pretended message from the office. Semple had also taken care to steal the draft prepared by Alec, which was in the old gentleman's bed-room; but in this he was obliged to ask the aid of Laura, who was ignorant of his nefarious purpose. The effect of the false will, obviously, would be to divide between James Semple and Alec Lindsay, as residuary legatees, nearly half a million of money, deducting the specified legacies and bequests. Its genuineness, however, is furiously denied, after the death of the testator, by the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, a Free Kirk minister, with whom the testator had conferred, and who had both seen the original draft and heard the true will read over before its signature. Alec Lindsay is therefore arrested on the charge of fraudulent conspiracy to falsify the will, and is presently brought to trial at the Central Criminal Court, where he is about to be found guilty, when Laura comes forward, of her own accord, to give evidence against Semple concerning the draft; and the sudden reappearance of MacGowan, the engrossing clerk, whom Beattie had shipped off, as he thought, to Australia, completes the proof of Alec's innocence. All this is very well told, with a natural and probable concatenation of circumstances; but, when the will is found to be invalid, and the property has to be distributed among the next of kin, it seems rather silly that Alec should decline his just and lawful share. Nevertheless, he marries Laura; while Hubert Blake, his generous friend, makes Sophy Meredith happy; Margaret chooses a single life, and James Semple comes to a miserable end.

*The Black Arrow, a Tale of the Two Roses.* By R. L. Stevenson. One vol. (Cassell and Co.).—Few of our popular writers of fiction have greater mastery of the mechanism of plot and incident, or a more concise and effective style of narrative, than the author of "Kidnapped" and "Treasure Island." In this historical romance, illustrating the troubled domestic condition of England during the civil wars between the rival factions of York and Lancaster, the main interest belongs to a band of desperate outlaws, men driven wild by the oppression of local tyrants, notably of a cruel and covetous Knight, Sir Daniel Brackley, infesting the Tunstall Woods in the East Riding of Yorkshire. The symbolic token of their conspiracy for vengeance is the "Black Arrow," with which they constantly threaten the lives of Sir Daniel and his accomplices in many wicked acts—Bennet Hatch, his right-hand man; Sir Oliver Oates, the parson, who is also a cunning lawyer; and old Appleyard, a soldier of Agincourt, over eighty years of age. Menacing papers signed "John Amendall" are found in the neighbourhood, but the actual ring-leader is Ellis Duckworth, who has been robbed of his home and property by Sir Daniel's unjust machinations. The former landlord, Sir Harry Shelton, died a violent death under mysterious circumstances, and Sir Daniel and the parson are suspected of having contrived his murder; but his only son, young Richard Shelton, now emerging from boyhood, has been made a ward of Sir Daniel, and has been kept ignorant of the dire injury that was done to him and to his parent. In those times, as we know, the wardship of an orphan heir or heiress, with the opportunity, sometimes, of appropriating

the revenue of an estate, was often purchased of the Crown by unscrupulous Court favourites; and Sir Daniel has likewise got hold of a young lady, Joanna Sedley, whom he has stolen, in the disguise of a boy, from the custody of Lord Foxham, her other guardian. There is no doubt that powerful men in the country, able to bring scores or hundreds of armed retainers to join either of the contending armies, could practise these and worse crimes with impunity during the Wars of the Roses; and the contemporary existence of freebooting foresters, at least in the North of England, not unlike the famous Robin Hood and his followers three centuries before, is also matter of history. The period to which this tale must be ascribed is in the winter preceding the battle of Towton, early in 1461; and Sir Daniel Brackley, being a shameless turn-coat, musters his force of men-at-arms, billmen, spearmen, and archers, in the village of Kettleby, with the base intention of joining whichever may prove to be the stronger party. While professedly an adherent of King Henry VI., he sends secret messages to the Yorkists, among whom the deformed but terrible figure of young Richard Plantagenet, shortly afterwards Duke of Gloucester, and ultimately King Richard III., with his characteristic valour in fight, his cunning, and his merciless cruelty, is forcibly portrayed. Young Richard Shelton, commonly called "Dick," presently discovering the villainy of Sir Daniel, assists Joanna, whom he mistakes at first for a boy like himself, to escape through the marshes and forests, seeking a refuge at Holywood Abbey; but she is recaptured and shut up in Sir Daniel's house. The outlaws welcome Dick Shelton as the son of their former popular landlord, and beleaguer the mansion for some days, in hopes of revenge and plunder. After much confused fighting and many incidental perilous adventures, dropping from walls into ditches, running away, losing the way, scrambling to and fro, putting on the dress of a friar to enter the house, finding Joanna there, failing to deliver the captive maid, stabbing a spy behind the arras, seizing a small vessel and conducting an attack from the sea, in all which an old sailor, soldier, and sometime friar named Lawless does useful service, Dick seems to be little nearer his object. Joanna, indeed, is about to be married, under compulsion, to Lord Shoreby, a hateful old profligate, when a black arrow strikes the bridegroom dead as the wedding procession enters the church. But a detachment of the Yorkist army, led by the fierce Richard of Gloucester, to whom Dick is sent by Lord Foxham with valuable military information, marches on the Lancastrian garrison of Shoreby-on-Till, where Sir Daniel, under the Earl of Risingham, is still obliged to be on service. Dick Shelton is put in command of an important post, fights with great skill and bravery, and earns the honour of knighthood. Joanna Sedley is set free, and her wedding with Sir Richard Shelton, by the consent of Lord Foxham, is joyfully solemnised in Holywood Abbey. Sir Daniel Brackley falls by the "black arrow" from the bow of Ellis Duckworth; and one would suppose that there was another black arrow reserved for the parson; but Dick intercedes for him, and the league of vengeance is dissolved. Homicide, of one kind and another, is frightfully abundant in this story; and Dick's ponyard is busily employed, on many occasions, without the slightest remorse, in perforating the breasts of vulgar clowns and serving-men who stand in his way. The amount of blood shed here, quite apart from the battles of "The Two Roses," exceeds that which is found in any of Mr. Rider Haggard's African romances. But there are readers, probably, who like plenty of that ingredient; stabbing, shooting, and splitting skulls are undeniable resources of literary sensation, and it is always entertaining to describe the various manners in which people are killed.

*Helen, the Novelist.* By J. W. Sherer, C.S.I. Two vols. (Chapman and Hall).—It will not be expected of any critic that the merits of Miss Helen Clare, as a "novelist," should be estimated in a review of these volumes. From them we indeed know nothing of the stories that she wrote and published. The present story, in which Helen figures less as an active or passive heroine than as a friendly spectator of the doings and sufferings of other persons, would lose nothing essential to its plot if she had never attempted to write a novel. It would be as complete, if she had contented herself with her first occupation of daily governess, until her rich uncle from Australia provided the means of comfort for his widowed sister and his

niece. Helen's two pupils, however, Julia and Margaret Rathbone, the daughters of a prosperous and ambitious barrister, undergo much more serious adventures than she does herself in the way of lovemaking and marriage. These are attended with disastrous results in the case of Julia, but in Margaret's case with a rather ludicrous escapade, while Helen's agency in these affairs is of no real importance. The most amusing episode is that of the Indian experiences of Arthur Geneste, the young artist, who was engaged as Court painter to the Maharajah of Madhopore. As the mutual affection between Arthur and Helen, when they lived with their two neighbourly mothers, respectively, at No. 9 and No. 13 in the same street at Kensington, and often met at supper-time, never expressly declared itself on either side, its apparent quality is scarcely vivid and intense enough to become a source of romantic interest. The only considerable endeavour to exhibit the sustained passion of love, as powerfully influencing the characters and conduct of any leading personages in this tale, is in the quickly interrupted relations between Harry Beaumont, or Lister, the rightful name which he resumes, and Julia Rathbone. That unfortunate young lady, being denied her father's consent to receive Harry as a suitor, because his stepfather had been hanged for poisoning his wife and child, forthwith allows herself to be disposed of to a drunken and reckless man of aristocratic family, Lord Gilbert Vandeleur,



TAKING THE THICKNESS OF A LARGE SHELL, AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

and then, having become his wife, listens to the seducing voice of a more vicious profligate, Sir Eric Campbell, with whom she agrees to elope from her husband. Harry Beaumont or Lister, a young gentleman of high principles, the soul of honour, generosity, and refined sensibility, ought, perhaps, to be congratulated on his failure to win the hand of Julia. The repulsive figure of Broughton Williams, a boorish blockhead and drunkard some degrees more odious than Lord Gilbert, but with large pecuniary expectations, occupies a small space; and there is a grotesque audacity in the notion that he and Margaret Rathbone, pretending to accept their marriage at the behest of their elders, contrive, each separately and independently, to run away on the wedding morning, and each to marry somebody else. Helen Clare, certainly, in her original function as governess of Julia and Margaret, could not be proud of her pupils; nor could she be very proud of either of her lovers; while the value of her novels is problematical, unless they are worth more than this one.

## OBITUARY.

SIR EDMUND LACON, BART.

Sir Edmund Henry Knowles Lacon, M.A., third Baronet, of Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, J.P. and D.L., died on Sept. 6, at Ormesby House. He was born Aug. 14, 1807, the eldest son of Sir Edmund Knowles Lacon, second Baronet, by Eliza Dixon, his wife, eldest daughter and co-heir of Mr. Thomas Beecroft, of Saxthorpe Hall, Norfolk, and grandson of Sir Edmund Lacon (created a Baronet in 1818), by Eliza, his wife, daughter and co-heir of the Rev. Thomas Knowles, D.D., Prebendary of Ely. He was educated at Eton and Emmanuel College, Cambridge; and served for a short time in the Diplomatic Service. He succeeded to the title in 1839, and in the following year married

Eliza Georgina, eldest daughter of Mr. James Esdaile Hammet, of Lawn Cottage, Battersea, and had four sons and two daughters. Sir Edmund sat in Parliament as M.P. for Great Yarmouth, 1852, 1859, and 1865; and for North Norfolk, 1868 to 1886. He was High Steward of Great Yarmouth, Hon. Colonel 4th Battalion Norfolk Regiment, and Norfolk Artillery Volunteers. His eldest son, now Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Edmund Broughton Knowles Lacon, fourth Baronet, married, in 1878, Florence Amelia, daughter of Morgan H. Foster, C.B., of Brickhill, Beds.

SIR C. R. ROWLEY, BART.

Sir Charles Robert Rowley, fourth Baronet of Tendring Hall, in the county of Suffolk, died on Sept. 8. He was born May 5, 1800, the third son of Sir William Rowley, second Baronet, by Susannah Edith, his wife, youngest daughter of Admiral Sir Robert Harland, and succeeded his brother as fourth Baronet on March 18, 1857. He was formerly a Captain in the Grenadier Guards, and was a Deputy-Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for Suffolk. He married, Sept. 14, 1830, the Hon. Maria Louisa Vanneck, only daughter of Joshua, second Lord Huntingfield, and by her (who died March 16, 1878) leaves, with other issue, a son, now Sir Joshua Thellusson Rowley, fifth Baronet, who married, in 1887, the Hon. Louisa Helena Brownlow, late Maid of Honour to the Queen, third daughter of Charles, second Lord Lurgan, K.P.

GENERAL WILLIAM INGLIS.

General William Inglis, C.B., late Royal Engineers, of Hildersham Hall and Rickling Hall, in the county of Cambridge, died at 1, Talbot-place, Blackheath, on Sept. 2, in his sixty-fourth year. He was the eldest son of General Sir William Inglis, K.C.B., by Margaret Mary, his wife, daughter of General Raymond, of The Lee, Essex; and entering the Army in 1840, became General in 1881. He served in the Crimean campaign in 1854-55, including the battles of Balaklava and Inkermann, the siege and fall of Sebastopol, the assault of the Redan, and the expedition to Kinbourn. For his services he received the Crimean and Turkish medals, and was made a Knight of the Legion of Honour and the Fifth Class of the Medjidieh. The decoration of C.B. was given to him in 1867. General Inglis married, in 1860, Mary, daughter of Mr. Hector William Bower Monro, of Edmondsham, Dorset, and Ewell Castle, Surrey, and leaves issue, a son and a daughter.

GENERAL MORDEN CARTHEW.

General Morden Carthew, C.B., late Madras Army, died at his residence, Denton Lodge, Harleston, Norfolk, on Sept. 4. He was born Oct. 25, 1804, the eldest son of the Rev. Morden Carthew, Vicar of Mattishall, Norfolk, by Emily, his wife, daughter of Mr. George Tweed Pyke, of Baythorn Park, Essex, and inherited the Woodbridge Abbey estates from his grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Carthew, M.A., F.S.A., of Woodbridge Abbey, which he subsequently sold to Mr. Peter Carthew, whose son now possesses that property. General Carthew entered the Indian Army in 1821, became Captain in 1836, Major in 1842, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1848, Colonel in 1854, Major-General in 1859, Lieutenant-General in 1870, and General in 1877. He served in the Goomsoor campaign in 1837 and in the Indian Mutiny campaign in 1857-58 (medal). He was made a C.B. in 1867. The deceased General married, firstly, in 1827, Jemima Borland, daughter of Mr. John Ewart of Romana; and secondly, in 1866, Mary, youngest daughter of Mr. Roger Hunter, of Liverpool, and widow of the Rev. J. Clarke, Rural Dean and Rector of Stretford. His eldest son is Mr. Morden Carthew-Yorston, of East Tinwald, Dumfriesshire.

MAJOR-GENERAL STANSFIELD-CROMPTON.

Major-General William Henry Stansfield-Crompton, of Esholt Hall, and Azerley Hall, Yorkshire, J.P. and D.L., died at his shooting-box at Buckden Moors, near Skipton, on Sept. 6, in his fifty-fourth year. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. Joshua Samuel Crompton, of Azerley Hall, formerly M.P. for Ripon, by Mary, his wife, youngest daughter of Mr. Claude Alexander, of Ballochmyle, and assumed the additional name and arms of Stansfield on succeeding to the estates of his uncle, Mr. William Rookes Crompton-Stansfield, of Esholt. He was educated at Harrow, and entered the Army in 1854; he became Captain in 1856, Major in 1870, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1871, Colonel in 1876, and Major-General in 1882. He served with the 42nd Highlanders in the Crimea, including the siege and fall of Sebastopol, for which he received a medal, with clasp, and the Turkish medal. He married, in 1858, Frances Elizabeth, fifth daughter of Mr. John Dalton, of Fillingham Castle, Lincoln, and Gleningford Park, York; and leaves three daughters.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Earl of Mar and Kellie, on Sept. 16. His Memoir will be given in our next Number.

Colonel Herbert Mends, late of the 2nd West India Regiment, at 29, Shepherd's Bush-green, aged eighty-seven.

Mr. Alfred Backhouse, of Pilmory Hall, county of Durham, J.P., High Sheriff, 1883, suddenly, at Dryderdale, near Wolsingham, on Sept. 2, aged sixty-six.

Mr. Walton Howland Roberts, only son of Sir Randal Howland Roberts, Bart., at Bournemouth, on Aug. 30, aged twenty-nine.

Lady Emilie Caroline Gray, at 3, Templeton-place, S.W., on Sept. 1. She was the third daughter of Henry Lord Glentworth, second son of Edmond, first Earl of Limerick, and sister

of William, second Earl. She was born March 20, 1815, and married, May 14, 1835, the Rev. Henry Gray, Vicar of Almondsbury, Gloucestershire, and was left a widow on June 5, 1864. The deceased lady was raised to the rank of an Earl's daughter in 1846.

Rev. George Craig, M.A., late Rector of Aghanloo, in the county of Derry, on Sept. 4, at Portrush, Antrim, aged eighty-eight.

Mr. Richard Proctor, the well-known astronomer, at a private hospital in New York, on Sept. 12, of yellow fever contracted recently in Florida.

Helen, Lady Dunbar, widow of Captain Sir James Dunbar, R.N., first Baronet, of Boath, and daughter of Mr. James Coull, M.D., of Ashgrove, Elgin, at 3, Richmond-terrace, Tunbridge Wells, on Sept. 1, aged ninety-two.

Mr. Arthur Buchheim, M.A., late scholar of New College, Oxford, recently, in his twenty-ninth year. He was a young mathematician of very great promise, and after having gone



NAPOLEON'S VILLA AT ELBA, WITH TREE PLANTED BY HIM IN 1814.

through a brilliant University career, he contributed a number of articles to various mathematical journals and read several papers before the London Mathematical Society, of which he was elected member only last year. Mr. A. Buchheim was the son of Professor Buchheim, of King's College, London.

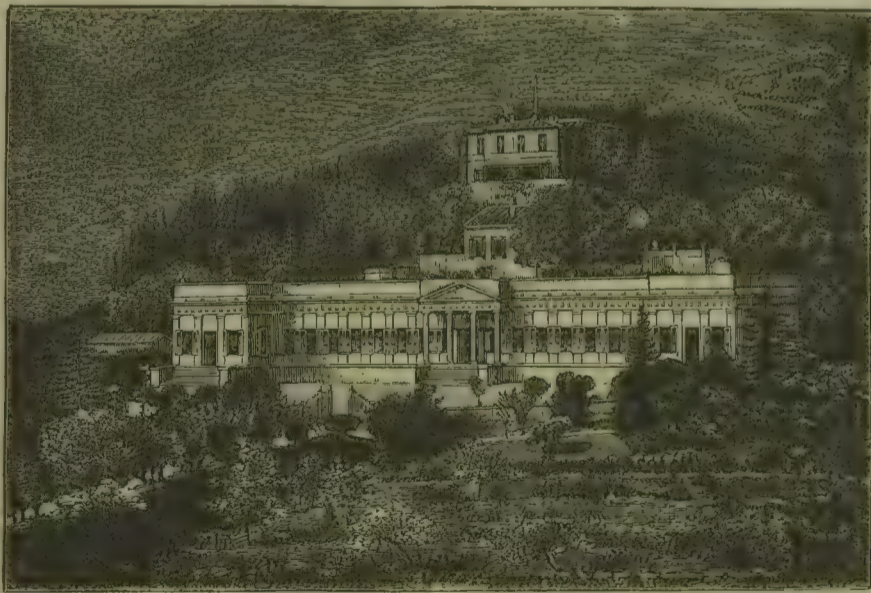
Mr. Thomas Holt, lately a member of the Legislative Council of New South Wales, suddenly, at Halcot, Bexley, on Sept. 6, aged seventy-seven.

Mr. John Herbert Orpen, LL.D., barrister-at-law, of St. Stephen's-green, Dublin (the representative of the Orpen family), at Philpotstown, county of Meath, on Sept. 3, aged eighty-two.

General Peter Thomas Cherry, Madras Army, at Hayward's-heath, on Sept. 3, aged seventy-nine. He entered the Army in 1826, and became full General in 1877. He served with the 1st Madras Cavalry during the Coorg campaign, in 1834, and was present at the siege and surrender of Bolourjee, in 1841.

## NAPOLEON'S HOUSE AT ELBA.

The island of Elba, in the Mediterranean, off the coast of Tuscany, was the appointed residence of the first Emperor Napoleon, after his abdication at Fontainebleau, from May, 1814, to Feb. 26, 1815, when he escaped and returned to



NAPOLEON'S VILLA, WITH MUSEUM BENEATH IT.

France. We present two Views of his house, and of the building which has been erected below it, and which is occupied as a museum of historical relics. The island is opposite to Piombino, a strait five miles wide dividing it from the mainland of Italy, and is about eighteen miles long and from six to ten miles broad—a small extent of dominion for him who had been the conqueror of more than half Europe. It is mountainous, the highest summit, the Monte della Capanna, having an elevation of 3600 ft. The hills are planted with the vine and olive; mulberries and other fruit are grown abundantly, and there are fields of wheat and Indian corn. The tunny fishery is profitable; there are valuable iron mines, worked ever since the early times of the Roman history, and probably by the Carthaginians; but the scarcity of fuel makes it necessary to send the iron ore to be smelted in the mainland. The population of the island exceeds twenty thousand. Porto Ferrajo, the chief town, on the north coast, has a good harbour, and is strongly fortified, with two citadels on the hills above the town. It is connected, by a road which Napoleon made, with Porto Longone, on the east coast; the other towns are Rio, Marciana, Campo, and Capo Liveri. Elba formerly belonged to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and now belongs to the Kingdom of Italy. Our Illustrations are from photographs recently taken.

## ABOUT NOISES.

Readers of Miss Austen will remember her remark in "Persuasion" that all persons have their taste in noises as well as in other matters, and that "sounds are quite innoxious or most distressing by their sort rather than their quantity." This delightful novelist illustrates her assertion by adding that when Lady Russell called on Mrs. Musgrove she found the noise of that lady's children insupportable; but that when Lady Russell drove through the streets of Bath, amidst the heavy rumble of carts and drays and the bawling of milkmen and newsmen, she made no complaint, since these were noises which belonged to the pleasures of the place, and her spirits rose under their influence.

Miss Austen was right. There are noises which the most sensitive person can bear with equanimity. A mother rejoices in the shouts of her boys; and the sound of a mountain stream is not so sweet to the mill-owner as the whirl of his machinery. The demagogue can endure the loudest acclamations of the crowd he addresses, the soldier on a battle-field is not stunned by the thunder of artillery, and we never heard of an engine-driver who disliked the shriek of his whistle. In all barbarous tribes and among the lower orders in a civilised country noise seems to be loved for its own sake. They cannot have too much of it, and on festive occasions he is the happiest man who makes the most clatter. Custom, too, makes noise dear to some men. Mr. Ruskin tells the story of a City merchant who was not able to endure more than three days in Venice owing to the silence of the streets: and an essayist of the last century relates that a wealthy old lady took lodgings on Ludgate-hill in order to be enlivened by the noise of that busy thoroughfare. It may be admitted that on certain occasions noise is of service. The stump orator, when argument fails, understands the advantage of a loud voice; and, in days far later than those alluded to by Butler, fists have done good service in the pulpit. A triumphal procession unaccompanied by music and huzzahs would lose half its attraction, and how flat and stupidly dignified a University Commemoration would be if the undergraduates were tongue-tied! On every occasion that brings together a large number of people, noise is inevitable, and the man must be oversensitive whose nerves are irritated by it. To the lover, silence may be "the perfectest herald of joy"; but it is not so to the mob, who prefer to show their happiness by shouting.

If we must admit that noise has its uses in the world, there are few London residents who do not regard it as one of the serious troubles of life. Civilisation, while it has given us more excitable nerves than our forefathers, has done little towards soothing them. The sound of the scythe, which so distressed poor Leech, is music when compared with the mowing machine; and the shrill whistle of the engine is an ill exchange for the coachman's horn. The constant slamming of doors on suburban railway journeys is an intolerable nuisance to the man of business who would fain read his newspaper in peace; and the voices of the small boys upon the platforms do not discourse sweet music. Music, by-the-way, or what is popularly known by the name, is a fruitful source of misery. The church bells ringing from a village steeple awaken happy memories, but the dull tolling of a bell at all hours of the day in a London suburb is not an aid to reflection or to cheerfulness. We know what pain the street-organ inflicted upon Babbage when he was making his intricate calculations, and there are few men who have not suffered in a less degree from that instrument of torture. The piano, too, owing to the thin walls of modern houses, is a daily trial to the man of letters cursed with a musical neighbour. If it is his ill-luck to live in what is known as a quiet street, he may cry in vain for peace. The organ-grinder loves a quiet street, so does the costermonger, so does the psalm-singing beggar who carries a squalling baby in his arms. There the muffin-man's bell is heard, there the conjuror exhibits his tricks, and there, to the joy of little people, "Punch" sets up his show. There are squares in Brighton, and in other fashionable watering places, in which idleness is compulsory. One discordant noise is followed in swift succession by another, and the man who had vainly hoped to do some solid reading at the seaside is reduced to a sensational novel.

The roar of vehicles in a busy thoroughfare is less distressing to a sensitive ear than the noise which comes with intermissions and may be expected at any moment. Carlyle, who denounced in his vehement language "mankind's brutish, bedlamitish creation of useless noises," found his rest disturbed by a cock. He used to say that it was not so much the actual crowing of the cock in the early morning that prevented sleep as the expectation that the bird would crow. The monotonous sound of a waterfall or of a mountain river does not distract the mind by day or prevent sleep at night; but all tranquillity of mind and body is destroyed by the coarse voices of hawkers and by the midnight music of cats. It is said that in the old Dutch taverns travellers were charged for the noise they made. If the Government were able to tax our street noises, what a splendid sum would be added to the revenue of the country!

It is a happy thing for us that Nature, with a few grand exceptions, performs her works in silence. If there is the roar of the waves, the crash of the tempest, and the mighty thunder of the avalanche, there is far oftener the still, small voice. The morning dawns on us in peaceful beauty, and the shadows of the evening fall in peace, the moon and stars shed their light silently, the flowers open and close without a sound. Even man, the great noise-maker, is quiet in the supreme moments of life; he thinks in silence and in silence he dies.

J. D.

The Rev. T. A. Nash, Rector of Lowestoft, has been appointed an hon. Canon of Norwich Cathedral.

The cathedral church of St. Patrick, Armagh, which has been closed for some months, was reopened on Sept. 15 by the Archbishop of Armagh.

The new Roman Catholic College at Tooting has been opened for the reception of students. With the exception of Stonyhurst College, it is said to be one of the largest educational establishments in this country connected with the Roman Catholic Church. The building has been erected on the Hill House estate, immediately adjoining Tooting Bec common. The mansion and estate, which cover an area of nearly twenty acres, were purchased for the purposes of the college for about £15,000. The highest point on the estate has been selected for the college buildings.

## FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.\*

BY WALTER BESANT.

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBION,"  
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE DAY AFTER THE FIGHT.



It WAS five o'clock when I awoke next morning. Though the hour was so early, I heard a great trampling and running about the streets, and, looking out of window, I saw a concourse of the townspeople gathered together, listening to one who spoke to them. But in the middle of his speech they broke away from him and ran to another speaker, and so distractedly, and with such gestures, that they were clearly much moved by some news, the nature of which I could not guess. For in some faces there was visible the outward show of triumph and joy, and on others there lay plainly visible the look of amazement or stupefaction; and in the street I saw some women weeping and crying.

What had happened? Oh! what had happened? Then, while I was still dressing, there burst into the room Susan Blake, herself but half dressed, her hair flying all abroad, the comb in her hand.

"Rejoice!" she cried. "Oh! rejoice, and give thanks unto the Lord! What did we hear last night? That the Duke had but to shut the stable-doors and seize the troopers in their beds. Look out of window. See the people running and listening eagerly. Oh! 'tis the crowning mercy that we have looked for: the Lord hath blown and His enemies are scattered. Remember the strange words we heard last night. What said the unknown man?—nay, he said it twice: 'The Duke had but to lock the stable-doors.' Nay, and yesterday I saw, and last night I heard, the screech-owl thrice—which was meant for the ruin of our enemies. Oh! Alice, Alice, this is a joyful day!"

"But look," I said, "they have a downcast look; they run about as if distracted, and some are wringing their hands!"

"'Tis with excess of joy," she replied, looking out of the window with me, though her hair was flying in the wind. "They are so surprised and so rejoiced that they cannot speak or move."

"But there are women weeping and wailing: why do they weep?"

"It is for those who are killed. Needs must in every great victory that some are killed—poor brave fellows!—and some are wounded. Nay, my dear, thou hast three at least at the camp, who are dear to thee; and God knows I have many. Let us pray that we do not have to weep like those poor women."

She was so earnest in her looks and words, and I myself so willing to believe, that I doubted no longer.

"Listen! oh! listen!" she cried, "never, never before have bells rung a music so joyful to my heart."

For now the bells of the great tower of St. Mary's began to ring. Clash, clash, clash, all together, as if they were cracking their throats with joy; and at the sound of the bells those men in the street who seemed to me stupefied as by a heavy blow, put up their hands to their ears and fled as if they could not bear the noise, and the women who wept, wrung their hands, and shrieked aloud in anguish, as if the joy of the chimes mocked the sorrow of their hearts.

"Poor creatures!" said Susan. "From my heart I pity them. But the victory is ours, and now it only remains to offer up our humble prayers and praises to the Throne of all mercy."

So we knelt and thanked God.

"O Lord! we thank and bless Thee! O Lord! we thank and bless Thee!" cried Susan, the tears of joy and gratitude running down her cheeks.

Outside, the noise of hurrying feet and voices increased, and more women shrieked, and still the joy-bells clashed and clanged.

"O Lord! we thank Thee! O Lord! we bless Thee! Susan repeated on her knees, her voice broken with her joy and triumph. 'Twas all that she could say.

I declare that at that moment I had no more doubt of the victory than I had of the sunshine. There could be no doubt. The joy-bells were ringing: how should we know that the Rev. Mr. Harte, the Vicar, caused them to be rung and not our friends? There could be no manner of doubt. The people running to and fro in the street had heard the news, and were rushing to tell each other and to hear more—the women who wept were mothers or wives of the slain. Again, we had encouraged each other with assurances of our success, so that we were already fully prepared to believe that it had come. Had we not seen a splendid army, seven thousand strong, march out of Taunton town, led by the bravest man and most accomplished soldier in the English nation? Was not the army on the Lord's side? Were we not in a Protestant country? Were not the very regiments of the King Protestants? Why go on? And yet—oh! sad to think!—even while we knelt and prayed, the army was scattered like a cloud of summer gnats by a shower and a breeze, and hundreds lay dead upon the field, and a thousand men were prisoners; and many were already hanging in gennaces upon the gibbets, where they remained till King William's coming suffered them to be taken down; and the rest were flying in every direction hoping to escape.

"O Lord! we thank Thee! O Lord! we bless Thee."

While thus we prayed we heard the door below burst open, and a tramping of a man's boots; and Susan, hastily rolling up her hair, ran down-stairs, followed by mother and myself.

There stood Barnaby. Thank God! one of our lads was safe out of the fight. His face and hands were black with powder; his red coat, which had been so fine, was now smeared with mud and stained with I know not what—marks of weather, of mud, and of gunpowder; the right-hand side was torn away; he had no hat upon his head, and a bloody clout was tied about his forehead.

"Barnaby!" I cried.

"Captain Barnaby!" cried Susan, clasping her hands.

"My son!" cried mother. "Oh! thou art wounded! Quick, Alice, child—a basin of water, quick!"

"Nay—'tis but a scratch," he said; "and there is no time for nursing."

"When—where—how?" we all cried together, "was the victory won? Is the enemy cut to pieces? Is the war finished?"

"Victory?" he repeated, in his slow way—"what victory? Give me a drink of cider, and if there is a morsel of victual in the house!"

I hurried to bring him both cold meat and bread and a cup full of cider. He began to eat and drink.

"Why," he said, talking between his mouthfuls, "if the worst comes 'tis better to face it with a— Your health, Madam!" he finished the cider. "Another cup, Sister, if you love me: I have neither eaten nor drunk since yesterday at seven o'clock, or thereabouts." He said no more until he had cleared the dish of the gammon and left nothing but the bone. This he dropped into his pocket. "When the provisions are out," he said wisely, "there is good gnawing in the shank-bone of a ham." Then he drank up the rest of the cider and looked around. "Victory? Did someone speak of victory?"

"Yes—where was it? Tell us quick!"

"Well, there was in some sort a victory. But the King had it."

"What mean you, Barnaby? The King had it?—what King?"

"Not King Monmouth. That King is riding away to find some port and get some ship, I take it, which will carry him back to Holland."

"Barnaby, what is it? Oh! what is it? Tell us all."

"All there is to tell, Sister, is that our army is clean cut to pieces, and that those who are not killed or prisoners are making off with what speed they may. As for me, I should have thrown away my coat and picked up some old duds and got off to Bristol and so aboard ship and away, but for Dad."

"Barnaby," cried my mother, "what hath happened to him? Where is he?"

"I said, mother," he replied very slowly, and looking in her face strangely, "that I would look after him, didn't I? Well, when we marched out of Bridgwater at nightfall nothing would serve but he must go too. I think he compared himself with Moses who stood afar off and held up his arms. Never was there any man more eager to get at the enemy than Dad. If he had not been a minister, what a soldier he would have made!"

"Go on—quick, Barnaby."

"I can go, Sister, no quicker than I can. That is quite sure."

"Where is he, my son?" asked my mother.

Barnaby jerked his thumb over his left shoulder.

"He is over there, and he is safe enough for the present. Well, after the battle was over, and it was no use going on any longer, Monmouth and Lord Grey having already run away—"

"Run away? Run away?"

"Run away, Sister. Aboard ship the Captain stands by the crew to the last, and if they strike, he is prisoner with them. Ashore, the General runs away and leaves his men to find out when they will give over fighting. We fought until there was no more ammunition, and then we ran with the rest. Now, I had not gone far before I saw lying on the moor at my very feet the poor old Dad."

"Oh!"

"He was quite pale, and I thought he was dead. So I was about to leave him, when he opened his eyes. 'What cheer, Dad?' I asked. He said nothing; so I felt his pulse and found him breathing. 'But what cheer, Dad?' I asked him again. 'Get up if thou canst, and come with me.' He looked as if he understood me not, and he shut his eyes again. Now, when you run away, the best thing is to run as fast and to run as far as you can. Yet I could not run with Dad lying in the road half dead. So while I tried to think what to do, because the murdering Dragons were cutting us down in all directions, there came galloping past a pony harnessed to a kind of go-cart, where, I suppose, there had been a barrel or two of cider for the soldiers. The creature was mad with the noise of the guns, and I had much ado to catch him and hold the reins while I lifted Dad into the cart. When I had done that, I ran by the side of the horse and drove him off the road across the moor, which was rough going, but for dear life one must endure much, to North Marston, where I struck the road to Taunton, and brought him safe, so far."

"Take me to him, Barnaby," said my mother. "Take me to him."

"Why, mother," he said kindly, "I know not if 'tis wise. For, look you—if they catch us, me they will hang or shoot, though Dad they may let go, for he is sped already—and for a tender heart like thine 'twould be a piteous sight to see thy son hanging from a branch with a tight rope round his neck and thy husband dead on a hand-cart."

"Barnaby, take me to him!—take me to him!"

"Oh! Is it true? Is it true? Oh! Captain Barnaby, is it really true? Then, why are the bells a-ringing?"

"Clash! Clash! Clash! The bells rang out louder and louder. One would have thought the whole town was rejoicing. Yet there were a thousand lads in the army belonging to Taunton town alone, and I knew not how many ever came home again."

"They are ringing," said Barnaby, "because King Monmouth's army is scattered and the rebellion is all over. Well: we have had our chance and we are undone. Now must we sing small again. Madam," he said earnestly, addressing Susan, "if I remember right, they were your hands that carried the naked sword and the Bible?"

"Sir, they were my hands. I am proud of that day."

"And they were your scholars who worked the flags and gave them to the Duke that day when you walked in a procession?"

"They were my scholars," she said proudly.

"Then, Madam, seeing that we have, if all reports be true, a damned unforgiving kind of King, my advice to you is to follow my example and run. Hoist all sail, Madam, and fly to some port—any port. Fly false colours. When hanging, flogging, branding, and the like amusements set in, I think they will remember the Maids of Taunton. That is my advice, Madam."

"Sir," said Susan, bravely, though her cheek grew pale when he spoke of floggings and brandings, "I thank you. Whither should I fly? Needs must I stay here and bear whatever affliction the Lord may lay upon me. And, since our Protestant hero is defeated, methinks it matters little what becomes of any of us."

"Why," Barnaby shook his head, "King Monmouth is defeated, that is most true; but we who survive have got ourselves to look after. Sister, get a basket and put into it provisions."

"What will you have, Barnaby?"

"Everything that you can find. Cold bacon for choice, and bread, and a bottle of drink if you have any, and—all you can lay hands upon. With your good leave, Madam."

"Oh! Sir, take all—take all. I would to God that everything I have in the world could be used for the succour of these my friends!" And with that she began to weep and to cry.

I filled a great basket with all that there was in the house, and he took it upon his arm. And then we went away with

many tears and fond farewells from this kind soul who had done so much for the Cause, and was now about to pay so heavy a penalty for her zeal.

Outside in the street the people recognised Barnaby for one of Monmouth's Captains, and pressed round him and asked him a thousand questions, but he answered shortly.

"We were drubbed, I tell you. King Monmouth hath run away. We have all run away. How should I know how many are killed? Every man who doth not wish to be hanged had best run away and hide. The game is up—friend, we are sped. What more can I say? How do I know, in the Devil's name, whose fault it was? How can I tell, Madam, if your son is safe? If he is safe, make him creep into a hiding-place"—and so on to a hundred who crowded after him and questioned him as to the nature and meaning of the defeat. Seeing that no more news could be got from him, the people left off following us, and we got out of the town on the east side, where the road leads to Ilminster; but it is a bad road and little frequented.

Here Barnaby looked about him carefully to make sure that no one was observing us, and then, finding that no one was within sight, he turned to the right down a grassy lane between hedges.

"'Tis this way that I brought him," he said. "Poor old Dad! he can now move neither hand nor foot; and his legs will no more be any use to him. Yet he seemed in no pain, though the jolting of the cart must have shaken him more than a bit."

The lane led into a field, and that field into another and a smaller one, with a plantation of larches on two sides and a brook shaded with alders on a third side. In one corner was a linney, with a thatched roof supported on wooden pillars in front and closed in at back and sides. It was such a meadow as is used for the pasture of cattle and the keeping of a bull.

At the entrance of this meadow Barnaby stopped and looked about him with approbation.

"Here," he said slowly, "is a hiding-place fit for King Monmouth himself. A road unfrequented; the rustics all gone off to the wars—though now, I doubt not, having had their bellyfull of fighting. I suppose there were once cattle in the meadow, but they are either driven away by the Clubmen for safety, or they have been stolen by the gipsies. No troopers will this day come prying along this road, or if they do search the wood, which is unlikely, they will not look in the linney; here can we be snug until we make up our minds what course is best."

"Barnaby," I said, "take us to my father without more speech."

"I have laid him," he went on, "upon the bare ground in the linney; but it is soft and dry lying, and the air is warm, though last night it rained and was cold. He looks happy, mother, and I doubt if he hath any feeling left in his limbs. Once I saw a man shot in the backbone and never move afterwards, but he lived for a bit. Here he is."

Alas! lying motionless on his back, his head bare, his white hair lying over his face, his eyes closed, his cheek white, and no sign of life in him except that his breast gently heaved, was my father. Then certain words which he had uttered came back to my memory. "What matters the end," were the words he said, "if I have freedom of speech for a single day?"

He had enjoyed that freedom for three weeks.

My mother threw herself on her knees beside him and raised his head.

"Ah! my heart," she cried, "my dear heart, my husband, have they killed thee? Speak, my dear—speak if thou canst! Art thou in pain? Can we do ought to relieve thee? Oh! is this the end of all?"

But my father made no reply. He opened his eyes, but they did not move: he looked straight before him, but he saw nothing.

And this, until the end, was the burden of all. He spoke no word to show that he knew anyone, or that he was in pain, or that he desired anything. He neither ate nor drank, yet for many weeks longer he continued to live.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## IN HIDING.

Thus we began our miserable flight. Thus, in silence, we sat in the shade of the linney all the morning. Outside, the blackbird warbled in the wood and the lark sang in the sky. But we sat in silence, not daring so much as to ask each other if those things were real or if we were dreaming a dreadful dream. Still and motionless lay my father's body, as if the body of a dead man. He felt no pain—of that I am assured; it makes me sick even to think that he might have suffered pain from his wound; he had no sense at all of what was going on. Yet once or twice during the long trance or paralysis in which he had fallen, he opened his lips as if to speak. And he breathed gently—so that he was not dead. Barnaby, for his part, threw himself upon his face, and laying his head upon his arm, fell asleep instantly. The place was very quiet: at the end of the meadow was a brook, and there was a wood upon the other side; we could hear the prattling of the water over the pebbles; outside the linney, a great elm-tree stretched out its branches; presently I saw a squirrel sitting upon one and peering curiously at us, not at all afraid, so still and motionless we were. I remember that I envied the squirrel. He took no thought even for his daily bread. He went not forth to fight. And the hedge-sparrows, no more afraid than if the linney was empty, hopped into the place and began picking about among the straw. And so the hours slowly passed away, and by degrees I began to understand a little better what had happened to us, for at the first shock one could not perceive the extent of the disaster, and we were as in a dream when we followed Barnaby out of the town. The great and splendid army was destroyed; that gallant hero, the Duke, was in flight; those of the soldiers who were not killed or taken prisoners were running hither and thither trying to escape; my father was wounded, stricken to death, as it seemed, and deprived of power to move, to feel, or to think. While I considered this, I remembered again how he had turned his eyes from gazing into the sky, and asked me what it mattered even if the end would be death to him and ruin unto all of us? And I do firmly believe that at that moment he had an actual vision of the end, and really saw before his eyes the very things that were to come to pass, and that he knew all along what the end would be. Yet he had delivered his soul—why, then, he had obtained his prayer—and by daily exhortation had doubtless done much to keep up the spirit of those in the army who were sober and godly men. Did he also, like Sir Christopher, have another vision which should console and encourage him? Did he see the time to follow when a greater than the Duke should come, and bring with him the deliverance of the country? There are certain gracious words with which that vision closes (the last which he did expound to us), the vision, I mean, of the Basket of Summer Fruit. Did those words ring in his mind and comfort him even in the prospect of his own end? Then my thoughts, which were swift and yet beyond my control,



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

*I went to the pony's head, and Barnaby, going behind the cart, lifted it over the rough places.*

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

left him and considered the case of Barnaby. He had been a Captain in the Green Regiment; he would be hanged, for certain, if he were caught. My sweetheart, my Robin, had also been a Captain in the Duke's army. All the Duke's officers would be hanged if they were caught. But perhaps Robin was already dead—dead on the battlefield—his face white, his hands stiff, blood upon him somewhere, and a cruel wound upon his dear body! Oh, Robin! Yet I shed no tears. Humphrey, who had been one of the Duke's chyrurgeons, he would also be surely hanged if he were caught. Why—since all would be hanged—why not hang mother and me as well, and so an end!

About noon Barnaby began to stir; then he grunted and went to sleep again: presently he moved once more; then he rolled over on his broad back and went to sleep again. It was not until the sun was quite low that he awoke, sitting up suddenly and looking about him with quick suspicion, as one who hath been sleeping in the country of an enemy, or where wild beasts are found.

Then he sprang to his feet and shook himself like a dog. "Sister," he said, "thou shouldst have awakened me earlier. I have slept all the day. Well; we are safe, so far." Here he looked cautiously out of the linney towards the wood and the road. "So far, I say, we are safe. I take it we had best not wait until to-morrow, but budge to-night. For not only will the troopers scour the country, but they will offer rewards; and the gipsies—ay, and even the countryfolk—will hasten to give information out of their greedy hearts. We must budge this very night."

"Whither shall we go, Barnaby?" "He went on as if he had not heard my question. "We shall certainly be safe here for to-night; but for to-morrow I doubt. Best not run the chance. For to-day their hands are full: they will be hanging the prisoners. Some they will hang first and try afterwards; some they will try first and hang afterwards. What odds, if they are to be hanged in the end? The cider orchards never had such fruit as they will show this autumn, if the King prove revengeful—as, to judge by his sour face, he will be."

Here he cursed the King, his sour face, his works and ways, his past, his present, and his future, in round language which I hope his wounded father did not hear.

"We must lie snug for a month or two somewhere, until the unlucky Monmouth men will be suffered to return home in peace. Ay! 'twill be a month and more, I take it, before the country will be left quiet. A month and more—and Dad not able to crawl!"

"Where shall we be snug, Barnaby?" "That, Sister, is what I am trying to find out. How to lie snug with a couple of women and a wounded man who cannot move? 'Twas madness of the poor old Dad to bring thee to the camp, Child. For now we cannot—any of us—part company, and if we stay together, 'twill maybe bring our necks to the halter."

"Leave us, Barnaby," I said. "Oh! leave us to do what we can for the poor sufferer, and save thyself."

"Ta, ta, ta, Sister—knowest not what thou sayest. Let me consider. There may be some way of safety. As for provisions now: we have the basket full—enough for two days, say—what the plague did Dad, the poor old man, want with women when fighting was on hand? When the fighting is done, I grant you, women, with the tobacco and punch, are much in place. Those are pretty songs, now, that I used to sing about women and drink."

"Barnaby, is this a time to be talking of such things as drink and singing?"

"All times are good. Nevertheless, all company is not fitting: wherefore, Sis, I say no more."

"Barnaby, knowest thou aught of Robin? Or of Humphrey?"

"I know nothing. They may be dead; they may be wounded and prisoners; much I fear, knowing the spirit of the lads, that both are killed. Nay, I saw Humphrey before the fight, and he spoke to me."

"What did Humphrey say?"

"I asked why he hung his head and looked so glum, seeing that we were at last going forth to meet the King's army. 'This I said because I knew Humphrey to be a lad of mettle, though his arm is thin and his body is crooked. 'I go heavy, Barnaby,' he said, speaking low lest others should hear, 'because I see plainly that, unless some signal success come to us, this our business will end badly.' Then he began to talk about the thousands who were to have been raised all over the country; how he himself had brought to the Duke promises of support gathered all the way from London to Bradford Orcas, and how his friends in Holland even promised both men and arms; but none of these promises had been kept: how Dad had brought promises of support from all the Nonconformists of the West, but hardly any, save at Taunton, had come forward; and how the army was melting away and no more recruits coming in. And then he said that he had been the means of bringing so many to the Duke that if they died their deaths would lie upon his conscience. And he spoke lovingly of Robin and of thee, Sister. And so we parted, and I saw him no more. As for what he said, I minded it not a straw. Many a croaker turns out in the long run to be brave in the fight. Doubtless he is dead; and Robin, too. Both are dead. I take it, Sis, thou hast lost thy sweetheart. Cry a little, my dear," he added kindly; "'twill ease the pain at thy heart. 'Tis natural for a woman to cry."

"I cannot cry, Barnaby: I wish I could. The tears rise to my eyes, but my throat is dry."

"Try a prayer or two, Sister. 'Twas wont to comfort the heart of my mother when she was in trouble."

"A prayer? Brother, I have done nothing but pray since this unfortunate rebellion began. A prayer? Oh, I cannot pray! If I were to pray now it would be as if my words were echoed back from a wall of solid rock. We were praying all yesterday; we made the Sabbath into a day of prayer without ceasing; and this morning, when you opened the door, we were praising and thanking God for the mercy of the great victory bestowed upon us. And at that time the poor brave men—"

"They were brave enough to the end," said Barnaby.

"The poor brave men lying cold and dead upon the field (among them, maybe, Robin!), and the prisoners huddled together somewhere, and men hanging already upon the gibbets. We were praising God—and my father lying on the ground stricken to death, and thou a fugitive, and all of us ruined! Prayer? How could I pray from such a pit of woe?"

"Child," my mother lifted her pale face, "in the darkest hour pray without ceasing. Even if there happen a darker hour than this, in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known—with thanksgiving, my daughter."

Alas! I could not obey the apostolic order. 'Twas too much for me. So we fell into silence. When the sun had quite gone down Barnaby went forth cautiously. Presently he came back.

"There is no one on the road," he said. "We may now go on our way. The air of Taunton is dangerous to us. It breeds swift and fatal diseases. I have now resolved what to do. I will lift my father upon the cart again and put in the

pony. Four or five miles sou'-west or thereabouts is Black Down, which is a No-Man's-Land. Thither will we go and hide in the combs, where no one ever comes, except the gipsies."

"How shall we live, Barnaby?" "That," he said, "we shall find out when we come to look about us. There is provision for two days. The nights are warm. We shall find cover or make it with branches. There is water in the brooks and dry wood to burn. There we may, perhaps, be safe. When the country is quiet we will make our way across the hills to Bradford Orcas, where no one will molest you, and I can go off to Bristol or Lyme, or wherever there are ships to be found. When sailors are shipwrecked, they do not begin by asking what they shall do on dry land: they ask only to feel the stones beneath their feet. We must think of nothing now but of a place of safety."

"Barnaby, are the open hills a proper place for a wounded man?"

"Why, Child, for a choice between the hills and what else may happen if we stay here, give me the hills, even for a wounded man. But, indeed,"—he whispered, so that my mother should not hear him—"he will die. Death is written on his face. I know not how long he will live. But he must die. Never did any man recover from such evil plight."

He harnessed the pony to the cart, which was little more than a couple of planks laid side by side, and laid father upon them, just as he had brought him from Taunton. My mother made a kind of pillow for him, with grass tied up in her kerchief, and so we hoped that he would not feel the jogging of the cart.

"The stream," said Barnaby, "comes down from the hills. Let us follow its course upwards."

It was a broad stream with a shallow bed, for the most part flat and pebbly; and on either side of the stream lay a strip of soft turf, broad enough for the cart to run upon. So that as long as that lasted, we had very easy going; my mother and I walking one on each side, so as to steady the pillow and keep the poor head upon it from pain. But whether we went easy, or whether we went rough, that head made no sign of feeling aught, and lay, just as in the linney, as if dead.

I cannot tell how long we went on beside that stream. 'Twas in a wild, uncultivated country; the ground ascended; the stream became narrower and swifter; presently the friendly strip of turf failed altogether, and then we had trouble to keep the cart from upsetting. I went to the pony's head, and Barnaby, going behind the cart, lifted it over the rough places, and sometimes carried his end of it. The night was chilly; my feet were wet with splashing in the brook, and I was growing faint with hunger, when Barnaby called a halt.

"We are now," he said, "at the head of the stream. In half an hour, or thereabouts, it will be break of day. Let us rest. Mother, you must eat something. Come, Sister, 'tis late for supper, and full early for breakfast. Take some meat and bread and half a cup of cider."

It is all I remember of that night.

(To be continued.)

#### CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

The King of Italy, acting on the recommendations of the Minister of Public Instruction, has issued a decree regulating the manner in which Italy proposes to celebrate the fourth centennial of the discovery of America by Columbus. This will consist mainly in the publication of the collected works of the great navigator, and of all the documents and charts which will throw any light upon his life and voyages. This will be accompanied by a biography of the works published in Italy upon Columbus and the discovery of America from the earliest period down to the present time. The head of the Royal Commission charged with the preparation of this edition is Cesare Correnti, President of the Italian Historical Institute; and among its members are Signors Amari, Cantu, and Desimoni, and the Marquis Doria. An appropriation of 12,000 lire has been made to cover the expenses of this work, which is now fairly undertaken for the first time. Various editors have published portions of the writings of Columbus, as Navarrete the account of his voyages, and Major his letters; but no one has yet collected all his writings into a single edition, though an index to them was published in 1861.

#### SURGICAL APPLIANCES FOR THE POOR.

In reply to a paragraph under the above heading in our issue of Sept. 8 a correspondent—who is a member of the council of the Saturday Hospital Fund and of the Surgical Appliance Committee—states that all cases that come before the committee are inquired into, and if the applicant is not in a position to pay for what he or she requires the appliance is given free of cost. He cites an instance that occurred recently: A young woman applied for an artificial arm. She stated she was a general servant, had a sick mother and two young sisters to support, and that she had no means of paying for the appliance. The committee decided to give her an order on the surgical appliance maker to get what was suitable for her, such appliance costing the committee £7 14s. Another case was that of a poor girl, who was both blind and deaf. An ear-trumpet, which cost 12s., was given her free. The correspondent states, in conclusion, that any applicant applying to the Surgical Appliance Committee with a subscriber's or collector's letter to the Saturday Hospital Fund is not sent away because they have no money to pay for what they require.

A rifle-match held at the Park Ranges, Tottenham, resulted in Corporal Rothon, London Rifle Brigade, being declared champion shot of Middlesex for the year.

The Board of Trade have received through the Colonial Office a binocular glass, which has been awarded by the Canadian Government to Captain Zabala, master of the Spanish steam-ship *España*, in recognition of his services to the shipwrecked crew of the barque Billy Simpson, of Nova Scotia, which vessel foundered in the China Sea on Sept. 12, 1887.

Lately there has been a great increase in the articles, such as lace, embroidery, underclothing, painting, knitting, wood-carving, &c., sent over to the Old Irish Market Place, in the Irish Exhibition, by poor peasants in Ireland. In most cases this work is the senders' sole means of support, and it is most desirable that it should not be returned to them unsold. Visitors to the Irish Exhibition would be giving material help and encouragement to these poor peasants by making some purchases, however small.

#### POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Three-pence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Three-pence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Four-pence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-pence*.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

#### THE LADIES' COLUMN.

It was a misfortune for the British Association when the Social Science Association "went under" and left all the crocheteers and social sensation-makers adrift. The discovery by two pathologists that, after all, the stays which have been banned by so many doctors are beneficent institutions, would just have suited the Social Science Association. There was a flavour of science about it, while its conclusions were "social"—fit for newspaper discussion and gossip. The argument of these learned defenders of stays was that compression of the trunk causes the blood to pass more rapidly out of the veins of the part, and hence the vital fluid is, "as long as the compression continues, available for the use of the other regions of the body, for the brain, muscles, &c." Women who are without proper tone in those muscles which the stays are designed to support, "are rather the rule than the exception amongst the sex. We are, therefore, brought to conclude that among women some form of waistbelt is very advantageous—be it from muscular weakness or from a desire to obtain easily a condition of good mental and bodily activity." This is rather obscure; it sounds as though the waistbelt were the ambitious character who wants to easily obtain activity. However, it has unhappily been understood to mean that two learned professors have found out that squeezing yourself in is good for you.

This is sad hearing. To anybody who has the least conception of the broken health, diminished general power, and incapacity for the performance of the dearest womanly duties that result from the use of stays, it is really painful to hear such theories put forth as scientific facts. The grounds on which they are based are surely inadequate. Temporary pressure on the stomach of a dog no doubt did, as they say so, increase for the time the volume of blood going to other parts of the body; but to leap thence to a conclusion that this would be a permanent result is not justified; persistent compression would surely have exactly the opposite result? Would the hounds run better well laced up in corsets, as our new mentors seem to infer? The heart beats faster, doubtless, for the moment, when pressure is put on the stomach of the dog, in a great effort to overcome the obstacle to the circulation; but the ultimate tendency of such an obstacle being continuously applied must needs be to congest instead of to assist the movement of the blood—just what so many women suffer from because of their stays. Then again the result of not fully using the muscles of any part is to render them weak and fatty and incapable; so that to give constant artificial support to the muscles about the waist tends directly to deprive those muscles of their natural force, and to bring about the "flaccid condition" which makes continued pressure necessary. Nature knows her own business best, and where she has given elastic and muscular structures, we may rely upon it that cages of whalebone and steel are superfluous, and constriction and pressures injurious. Diseased conditions need their appropriate treatment, but conclusions cannot be drawn from the needs of the sickly about what should be done by the healthy.

Stays are, nevertheless, necessary for many women, because they have been rendered dependent on such artificial aid by the habits of a whole life. Stays are necessary, too, so long as heavy skirts are worn depending from the waist; the stiff busk throwing the chief weight round to the strong bones of the hips cannot be dispensed with in that case. Anybody who wants to give up stays must take care to simultaneously adopt "combinations," and to hang the dress-skirt from the shoulders, either by buttoning it on to a jean or other firm petticoat-bodice, or by the ladies' braces, now sold by most outfitters. The tide of dress reform sets, I think, too strongly for the paper referred to, with its insufficient consideration of antecedents and its too hasty generalisations, to check progress. Ill-considered enthusiasm for reform is still its greatest danger.

Any very interesting social event in early autumn, such as the first night at the Haymarket was, serves to bring home to one how different a meaning has the saying "town is empty" now from that which it bore fifty years ago. In these railroad days, an occurrence of interest will always bring back many whom it specially concerns, and on any given day there will always be numbers of people just "passing through"—resting at their own homes for a day and a night. There was little of that sort of thing before railroads joined the ends of the land, and gave us all the winged feet of the messenger of the gods. In the early part of the century, my people, when they removed from town to their country place in the North, were three days on the journey, driving in the private carriage. Half the furniture of the house, it seems, used to go too; curtains, cushions, silver, china, knick-knacks of every description, and even the old Colonel's pet bedstead and bedding—all travelled between the houses when the family moved. But then, London, once forsaken, was not to be seen again for at least six months. How different life must have been in those days!—so different that we cannot realise it, I expect. One gets a glimpse of it occasionally, more by chance than by deliberation. The old inventory of what was moved, and where the travellers spent three successive nights on a journey which now takes eight hours, was one such flash of revelation to me. Another was when the late eminent educationist, William Ellis, who was "the age of the century," said to me casually in conversation: "The population of the kingdom has quadrupled since I was a boy." An old lady whom I met a few days ago told me that she, as a girl, went with some young friends to view as a curiosity, on its stand in Piccadilly, the first hackney coach that ever plied in the streets of London. It is such trifles as these, contrasted with the way in which we now rush from one crowded place to another, and in which "town" is never really "empty," that bring home to one the changed conditions of modern existence. I was not in London for the first night of "Captain Swift" at the Haymarket, but one who was there tells me that, notwithstanding the season, there was exactly the brilliant gathering customary to Mr. Tree's "first nights"; and on the fourth night, when I enjoyed the performance, the house was as completely filled as though we were in June.

Metropolitan Police Magistrates are under no obligation to give gratis legal advice to applicants; but when they do so their observations are so widely reported that it is of great consequence that the impression conveyed should be correct. A Magistrate has twice over informed a poor woman that she has no remedy against a husband who has deserted her and then returned to her home and seized the furniture—which she had bought out of her own earnings—selling her bed for five shillings, and threatening to sell everything else. Now, the fact is, that in such a case the poor woman has by law just the same remedy as she would have against any absolutely strange man who entered her house and stole her goods. She has a legal right to call a policeman and give the thief into custody, or the Magistrate should issue a warrant for his arrest; and any person buying the goods from the husband, knowing them to be the wife's property (that is, to have been bought by her own earnings since 1870), would be a receiver of stolen goods. The law can do no more to protect the earnings and goods of poor wives from drunken and deserting husbands.

FLORENCE FENWICK MILLER.

## FEMALE CLERKS AT THE POST OFFICE.

It is a very prevalent idea that the notion of employing female clerks is a comparatively recent institution at the Post Office, and that the late Mr. Fawcett was the first to attempt it. As a matter of fact, however, the experiment was first made seventeen years ago, shortly after the Government had acquired the telegraphic system of the country. The first germ of the idea was probably derived from the fact that the old telegraph companies employed a large number of young women to manipulate the instruments—a system that has been continued with great success by the Post Office. At the present time 719 young women are employed in the great galleries of the Central Telegraph Station at St. Martin's-le-Grand; while if we take into account the number of those who are engaged at the district offices and throughout the country generally, the total is considerably over 1000 persons. The Postmaster General, in his last published report, gives the total number of female telegraphists, together with the counter-women employed for postal purposes, as 3121. It was not, however, until the latter end of 1870 that Mr. Scudamore, who was then the moving spirit of the Telegraph Department, conceived the idea of *employing ladies upon actual clerk-work*. It occurred to this enterprising official that a periodical examination of the telegraph messages forwarded and delivered by the Post Office, for the purpose of ascertaining whether they had been correctly and promptly transmitted and delivered, and whether the rules of the Department had been generally observed with regard to them, was rendered necessary for maintaining the efficiency of the service. It was obvious that in an undertaking like that of the telegraphs inefficiency of management would be certain sooner or later to result in loss of business and revenue. People who receive messages that are promptly transmitted and delivered, are accurately rendered, and are clearly and distinctly written out, are almost insensibly tempted to send telegraphic messages. On the other hand, if the telegrams are delayed, or are inaccurately rendered, or are unintelligible either from bad writing or bad transmitting, the public are by no means disposed to trouble their friends with similar annoyances. Mr. Scudamore fully appreciated these matters, and he was, moreover, well aware that the people who are annoyed are not always the ones to complain, and he very rightly considered that something ought to be done for those long-suffering people who sit down calmly under their grievances and never let the Department know what they have endured. These are briefly the circumstances which suggested the establishment in 1871 of what is now known as the Clearing House Branch, and in electing to have a staff of female clerks for the performance of the work to be allotted to this new branch, Mr. Scudamore seems to have been guided by the idea that, as it would for the most part consist in fault-finding, it would be well within the capacity of such clerks. Nor was he disappointed in his anticipation, for the work was performed in a highly satisfactory manner, and the operation of the check thus instituted proved so salutary that it led the telegraph clerks throughout the country to pay attention to the rules of the Department, to use their utmost exertions to get the messages off promptly, to write out the received messages carefully, and to expedite the delivery of those messages to the best of their ability.

This practical demonstration of the success of female employment on purely clerical work soon led to the extension of the scheme, for it was found that they could be entrusted with work of a more important character, such as the preparation of the accounts against all the newspaper proprietors in the United Kingdom who send telegrams without prepayment. The work is of a somewhat intricate and difficult nature, and was formerly performed by male clerks; the fact, therefore, that it has now for many years past been successfully accomplished by females is a weighty argument in favour of their employment to a limited extent as clerks. In dealing with the newspaper telegraph accounts, and also those of the various Press associations, these lady clerks have the handling of work that yields to the Post Office a revenue of nearly £114,000 a year. The Clearing House Branch clerks have now also the preparation of the accounts rendered against the Royal family, Government Departments, &c., for telegrams, and the examination and checking of certain accounts between the railway companies and the Post Office in connection with telegraphic work, and so satisfactorily has this latter work been performed that the auditors into whose hands the accounts subsequently pass have been able to find but little or no fault.

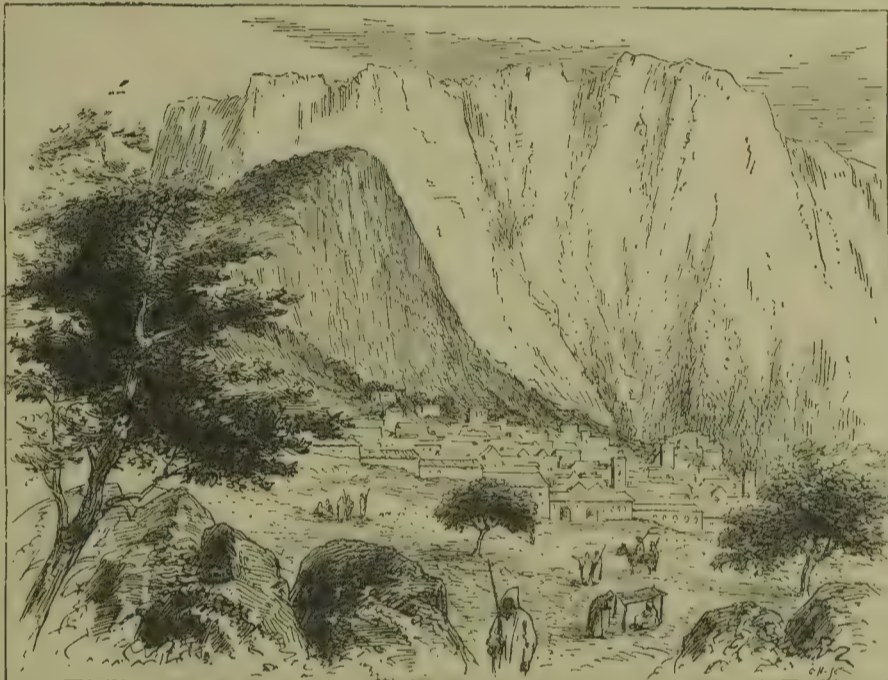
The quantity and variety of work now performed at the Clearing House necessitate, of course, the maintenance of a considerable force of clerks, and the staff of that branch now numbers 174 ladies in all. The branch, which is under the control of the Receiver and Accountant General of the Post Office, is directly governed by a superintendent, who receives a yearly salary on a scale from £210, rising by annual increments of £15 to £400. There is also an assistant superintendent, with a fixed salary of £200 a year. The general staff comprises five principal clerks, whose salaries are from £120 to £170, rising by £10 a year; twenty first-class clerks, with salaries from £85, rising by £5 a year to £110; and 147 second-class clerks, whose salaries are from £65, rising by £3 a year to £80.

It was, no doubt, the success that had been experienced in the employment of female clerks at the Clearing House Branch which induced the Post Office, on the establishment of the Postal Order System in 1881, to appoint a staff wholly composed of female clerks to perform the manifold duties arising out of that service. The late Mr. Fawcett, when Postmaster General, alluded with pardonable pride in some of his public speeches to the efficient manner in which this work had been performed. That it is of considerable magnitude may be gathered from the fact that the number of postal orders issued in a year at the present time is at the rate of not less than 37,000,000 a year, amounting to something like £15,000,000. It may be imagined that these orders have all to be examined as they come in as paid, and to be credited to the respective postmasters by whom they are paid; that they have to be sorted and put away in numerical order for reference as occasion may require; and that there is a large amount of work also in connection with the orders presented by bankers, in supplying postmasters with sufficient stocks of orders, and in attending to applications from the public respecting lost orders, &c.; together with general correspondence arising out of the postal order business. It is scarcely to be wondered at, therefore, that the staff now employed upon that work is very large, and numbers in all no less than 294 persons. The higher establishment of this branch comprises one superintendent, one assistant superintendent, six principal clerks, thirty-one first-class clerks, and 148 second-class clerks; while the lower

establishment consists of a force of 107 femalesorting clerks, who are, of course, of an inferior rank, and are employed in sorting and finally disposing of the orders. The major establishment of clerks is paid on a scale precisely similar to that enumerated in the case of the Clearing House Branch; the sorting clerks receive weekly wages of 12s., rising by 1s. a week to 20s. a week, except twelve, who rank on what is called the first-class of female sorters, and receive 21s., rising by 1s. 6d. a week to 30s. a week. This branch, like the Clearing House Branch, is under the control of the Receiver and Accountant General of the Post Office.

Female labour has also been introduced with marked success into the Savings Bank Department of the Post Office, dating from 1875. The work performed in that department by these clerks is of a varied, and in some cases difficult, character, and its performance by lady clerks has been, as already stated, very successful. In a very interesting pamphlet on the "Employment of Women in the Public Service," published by Lady John Manners (now Duchess of Rutland), that lady remarks that "the public has been well served by ladies, to whom the work has furnished an honourable independence." The staff now employed upon the work, which needs no detailed description, as it can be readily imagined from the nature of the business that gives rise to it, is very large, and comprises both higher and lower establishment clerks. Of the former, there are a superintendent and assistant superintendent, eight principal clerks, thirty-six first-class clerks, and 229 second-class clerks. The latter comprises eight first-class sorters and fifty-nine second-class sorters. In each case the scale of pay is the same as that of the Clearing House and Postal Order Branches.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that the greater part of the Returned Letter Office is now manned, if such term may be here used, by female clerks. The work of this office is altogether of a more simple character than that already alluded to, and consists chiefly in returning to the senders the letters which the Post Office is unable to deliver. The number of letters and post-packets of all kinds dealt with in the Returned Letter Office last year was 13,436,600. The work, of course, is simple enough; but some of the clerks are employed on higher class duties, such as endorsing inquiry papers referred to the Returned Letter Office, and ledgering letters of small value, concerning the disposal of which there can be no mistake. The results of the experience of female labour at the Returned Letter Office, which dates from 1873, have been very satisfactory.



SHESHOUAN, A TOWN OF FANATICAL BERBERS IN MOROCCO.

The female clerks here have been found to be both quick and accurate in the performance of their work, and have completely surpassed the expectations that were formed of them, while they have proved themselves perfectly amenable to discipline. The number of female clerks employed in the Returned Letter Office is fifty. The superintendent receives wages at the rate of 40s. a week, rising by 2s. every year to 50s. a week; the first-class clerks receive 28s., rising by 1s. 6d. to 31s. a week; and the wages of the second-class commence at 14s., rising by 1s. to 17s., and thence by 1s. 6d. to 27s. a week.

In addition to the female clerks already mentioned as being employed at the Post Office, there is a certain number attached to the account branches of the post offices at Edinburgh and Dublin. At the former place there are at present nineteen employed, of whom one is superintendent, receiving a salary of £120, rising by £10 annually to £170 a year. The remainder of the staff is divided into a first class and a second class, the former receiving £75, rising by £5 to £100 a year, and the latter £55, rising by £3 to £70 a year. In Dublin there are seventeen female clerks, who are apportioned in like manner, and enjoy similar scales of pay as in Edinburgh.

The hours of attendance for female clerks in the Post Office are six daily, being from ten till four, with a half-holiday on Saturdays, and they are allowed an annual holiday of one month. The female sorters do not fare quite so well. They are required to attend eight hours daily—from nine till five—and till two on Saturdays, whilst they are only allowed an annual holiday of a fortnight, except those on the first class, who receive three weeks.

It only remains to say a few words as to the mode of admission for female clerks, &c., to the post-office, which, as regards both classes—namely, female clerks and female sorters—is by open competitive examination. In the latter class the examination is comparatively easy, consisting of reading and copying manuscript, handwriting, spelling, arithmetic (first four rules, simple and compound), and geography of the United Kingdom. Preliminary examinations are held in the first four subjects, and candidates failing in any one of them are disqualified from taking part in the competition, which comprises, of course, all the five subjects above named. Application for admission to attend an examination must be made at such times and in the manner prescribed by the Civil Service Commissioners, and a fee of one shilling is required from every candidate attending the examination. The limits of age are from fifteen to eighteen years of age, and candidates must satisfy the Commissioners that they are unmarried or widows, and that they are duly qualified both in respect of health and character. Similar conditions apply to candidates for female clerkships; but the limits of age are from eighteen to twenty

years, and the examination is, of course, of a severer character; the subjects being arithmetic, English composition, geography, and English history. The fee required of every candidate attending a preliminary examination is 1s.; and a further fee of 1s. 6d. is required from every candidate attending a competitive examination. For the rest, it need only be added that examinations for appointments as female clerks or female sorters are held, as a rule, every half-year; and that full particulars as to the mode of admission, &c., can be obtained on application to the Civil Service Commission, Cannon-row, Westminster.

A. G. B.

## SHESHOUAN.

Sheshouan is a town of the fanatical Berbers, situated on the borders of the Riff country, in the northern part of Morocco. So far as is known, it has only twice been visited by Christians. The last time was in July of this year, when Mr. W. B. Harris, a young Englishman, contrived to reach the town, and remained twenty-four hours within its walls. But the suspicions of the natives were aroused, and Mr. Harris had to fly from the town in the middle of the night; and, remaining hidden during the day-time and travelling at nights, arrived safely at Tetuan two days later. Mr. Harris visited Sheshouan in the disguise of an Arab, accompanied by an Arab boy who acted as guide. Our View of the place is from a sketch taken by Mr. Harris on the spot.

## ART NOTES.

The Hellenic Society has been well inspired in publishing, separately, Miss J. E. Harrison's interesting summary of the progress of archaeology in Greece during the past season. For those not immediately connected with the studies for which the various schools and museums have been established, the chief interest lies in the number and variety of the art-treasures which are being brought to light. For these, abundant space has been or will be found in the two museums in the Acropolis, in the Central Museum in Athens, and in the projected "Antiquarium" for minor antiquities. At the same time, a museum has been built at Syra for the reception of treasures found in the islands—Delos excepted—and another at Tripolitza, which will contain those from Mantinea, Tegea, and the neighbourhood. The excavations in the Acropolis, which will probably be brought to a close during the ensuing season, have brought to light the walls of the old house of Erechtheus, and the foundations of the Temple of Roma and Augustus, both lying to the eastward of the Parthenon. The Erechtheion, it seems, is now considered to have originally extended over a large portion of the Acropolis, some portions of it having been removed to make room for the buildings in the time of Pericles; just as the site of some prehistoric building had previously been built over by the Erechtheion. Amongst the sculptural fragments discovered, Miss Harrison refers especially to the archaic figure of a priestess in a style of dress hitherto unknown, and to the head of a "Triton," in which the colours—blue hair and beard and green eyes—are vividly preserved. In bronze work nothing has been unearthed equalling in beauty and completeness the Athene found last year to the north of the Erechtheion; but a small Athene Promachos about to hurl her spear, and an archaic bronze of the Apollo type, with both arms extended, deserve notice. The general works carried on by the Greek Government have in view the levelling up of the surface of the Acropolis to its presumable height in the fifth century B.C., whilst the base will be freed from the accumulated débris of centuries; and by next May it is hoped that some idea of the form and actual extent of the Acropolis rock may be brought home distinctly to the ordinary spectator.

Outside Athens the most important discovery of the year is that of the Kabeiroi Temple at Thespie, about five miles from Thebes, by Dr. Wolters and the German Institute. The American school has been still more fortunate in its excavations of the buried city of Sicyon, and the still richer results of their work at Dionuso, to the north-east of Pentelicus, and the supposed site of the earliest temples raised to Apollo and Dionysos when they first came to Attica. At Mantinea, the French school has discovered the site of a temple of Hera, together with a large number of bronzes and terra-cottas; and at Amorgos, one of the Cyclades, the same body has been almost equally successful. Mycenae, Tanagra, Eleusis, Epidaurus, and Aegina, have all yielded, though in a less degree, fresh testimony to their importance in bygone times—and finally Dr. Schliemann has identified the site of the present Christian church at Cerigo with the world-famous temple of the Cytherean Aphrodite, and that learned German is convinced that the church has been almost entirely constructed out of fragments of the temple.

Of the many thousands of tourists, English and French, who make Dieppe the starting point or the limit of their travels, only a score or two seem to think it worth while to make a visit to Envermeu, a little village or township about ten miles off, pleasantly situated on the right bank of the Eaulne. It has, nevertheless, at various times attracted the attention of archaeologists, and now has suddenly come into notoriety by the discovery of a picture which M. Gervex, the well-known Belgian artist, unhesitatingly ascribes to Roger Van der Weyden. Envermeu at some remote period was a more important place than now appears. It can boast traces of a "campo santo" dating from the Merovingian period, the memories of a castle whence started some of the companions of the Conqueror, and the ruins of a priory dedicated to St. Lawrence. Its church or abbey, built about 1415, seems never to have been finished; but the interior contains some wood-carving of extraordinary delicacy and merit. The pictures on the walls, however, have never attracted any notice, and it was generally supposed that they belonged to a much later date than the abbey itself. M. Gervex, however, was struck by "A Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," which hung in perhaps the most obscure corner of one of the side aisles. By degrees he became convinced of the great artistic merit of the work; and he at length discovered that Roger Van der Weyden had at one period of his life taken refuge at the Priory of Envermeu, and that he had introduced into this picture the portrait of the Prior Turolde (whence the English Thorolds) in recognition of the hospitality he had received. Van der Weyden died in 1464, so that this picture must have been transferred from the priory at the time of its suppression in 1510, shortly before the present church was commenced.

The legatees of Sir Joseph Whitworth, who have given £10,000 to the Stockport Technical School, intend granting £1000 to the new Girls' Industrial School just built at Stockport.



A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

## A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

We had left Morocco, crossed the Straits, and arrived at the Royal Hotel, Gibraltar, where we heard that we should be just in time to see a bull-fight in the Spanish town of La Linea that same afternoon. We procured a vehicle, and drove over the frontier to that place. On alighting in the Square, I saw the loveliest girl that I ever beheld, waiting there with her duenna. In disputing with my driver, who demanded four times his proper fare, I had time to study my Spanish beauty's features. We had a walk of two miles to the bull-ring through dirty streets decorated with flags overhead and with holes underfoot. Banners were flying from the roofs, and draperies floating from the balconies; on each side of the way were tents and booths to supply the thirsty with wine and spirits, or the handsome and picturesque women with large fans on which scenes from the bull-fight were painted. The streets were crowded with carriages and foot-passengers, the ladies being dressed in black satin or silk, with black lace veils or mantillas floating from the tortoiseshell combs at the back of their heads, and every one of them flirting an enormous fan. There was a large crowd outside the bull-ring when we arrived. From without, the building looks like a huge amphitheatre, with ticket-offices and turnstiles guarded by gendarmes and soldiers with fixed bayonets all round it. We paid two dollars apiece for our stalls—or, rather, the seats in the best portion of the circle—and when we got inside found that we were left entirely to our own devices to obtain sitting room, for there were no attendants; and finally, as the place was quite full, we had to be content with standing room.

The ring, as near as I could judge, was about sixty yards across, and was surrounded by tiers of seats rising one above another, like a Roman amphitheatre, and holding about six thousand persons. The spectators are well protected from the bull, as there is a double barricade all round the ring, with a space between the two fences, in which the bull-fighters who are not engaged in the ring stand and watch the performance until it is their turn to enter the arena. Behind these men sit Spanish ladies, row above row, some dressed in the latest Parisian fashions, with exaggerated hats piled up with feathers and bows—though most are dressed in the more becoming Spanish costume; old women and young women; gentlemen in top hats and frock coats, and peasants in shirt-sleeves and wideawake hats—the Spanish national costume being conspicuous only by its absence; English soldiers from Gibraltar, looking very smart in their red, blue, and green uniforms and white helmets, and forming a very appreciative part of the audience; and strong pickets of Spanish soldiers distributed here and there among the people with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets, to prevent any sudden disturbance or tumult. A military band, which played extremely well, gave us the latest airs from Europe. "Africa begins at the Pyrenees," and we by no means felt that we had arrived at the nineteenth century civilisation even though we had crossed over from Morocco. The great gates of the arena were thrown open, and the procession of bull-fighters, both horse and foot, defiled into the ring in a double line with due formality. Then an alguazil, mounted on a good horse, and dressed in a black mediæval costume of the Philip IV. period, rode up to the Alcalde, and asked him for the keys of the inclosure where the bull is kept. This request having been granted, the alguazil backed his horse all across the arena and retired. Then the first bull was let out. The animal trotted about with an astonished air, and looking for a way of escape: he was by no means frightened, and seemed very fierce with his bushy tail stuck up on end, and evidently thought himself fit to fight the whole world. When the bull had shown himself, the gates on the right of the bull's entrance opened, and four or five picadors entered mounted on miserable broken-down screws. These wretched horses had a bandage slanting over their faces across the right eye, so that they might not see the bull charging upon them, but might stand, blindly and without a movement, to be gored by the horns till they could no longer stand. The picadors were seated on heavy and clumsy black Moorish saddles with high back and peak, and their legs were cased in buff leather overalls lined with bars of steel and lead, so that they might not be injured by the bull's horns touching them instead of their horses. In fact, they were so heavily accoutred that they could scarcely walk, and could not get up when thrown, so that they would stand but a small chance of getting away from an infuriated bull were it not for the assistance of their comrades in the ring. Behind the picadors followed a number of dirty-looking rascals in shabby everyday European dress, whose duty it is to prod the tottering horses into a walk with long pointed sticks, to help dismounted horsemen to rise, to obliterate bloodstains with sand, and to do the dirty work of the arena. They may be useful, but they are certainly not ornamental. The horses on which the picadors are mounted are only put up as ninepins for the bull to knock down, and to gratify the Spanish passion for blood. They are miserable screws, generally broken down cab-horses from Gibraltar and the country round. The poor starved things could hardly move under the weight of their riders, and were quite unable to avoid the bull when he charged. The men behind thrashed them and drove them on to meet the bull's repeated charges; and it is no exaggeration to say that the wretched brutes were goaded into tottering towards the charging bull, stumbling over their own entrails, as long as they could stand on their feet. The sight was a sickening and disgusting one, and yet well-dressed women gloated over and applauded it, and if at least four or five horses were not supplied for each bull to gore to death, joined with shrill screams in the cry of "Caballo! Caballo!" for more victims to be driven up to the bull. There is no sport in it; the head of the picador's spear is only about an inch long, and is merely intended to enrage the bull, a circular stop being placed near the point to prevent it entering too far. When a sufficient number of horses have been killed, the picadors make their bow and withdraw. The chulos further enrage the bull by waving a red flag in front of him, and eluding him when he charges. Time after time the bull rushes at the red flag, to find nothing but an impalpable foe; but, some time ago, an English bull from Gibraltar was brought into the ring and teased by the chulos. The first time he charged at the red flag; but when the chulo tried to deceive him again, he disregarded the flag and charged the man. This was not playing fair according to Spanish notions, and so the chulo declined to have anything to do with a bull which was so intelligent as to butt at a man and not to go blindly for the red flag. Before the matador entered, the banderilleros played all sorts of tricks with the bull to irritate him. One man took a banderilla in each hand and faced the bull as he charged. Just as it seemed as if he must be knocked over, the banderillero deftly stuck his weapons one into each of the bull's shoulders, and the animal, on feeling the prick, instantly stopped dead, leaving the daring man unmoved and unhurt. Another trick sometimes done is for a man to sit in a chair in the centre of the arena and await the bull's charge, turning a somersault just in the nick of time, and leaving the enraged animal to tumble over the empty chair. Occasionally a chulo will take a leaping-pole in his hand

and face the bull, springing into the air when the animal charges, and dropping down behind the bull after the pole has been knocked out of his hands. This is a very pretty feat; but a bull—probably the intelligent English one—has been known to see through it, and, at the man's second jump, to stop short, leaving him to descend ignominiously to the ground, and seriously goading him before assistance could arrive.

Then, at last, when the bull had been sufficiently tormented, the matador entered the ring, sword in hand. The matador is the most important personage in the bull-ring, and is the admired of all beholders. A celebrated matador is paid as much as £300 a day for his performance, and always has to be in strict training, though he looks rather fleshy to an English eye. He enters the ring alone, armed only with his Toledo blade, and with a red flag, about a yard square, over his arm. The matador begins as a chulo, and, after proving himself an expert toreador, is promoted to the post of bull-slayer. Though bull-fighting is looked upon as a very low-caste trade, yet a successful matador becomes a huge favourite with all classes, and is generally known by some endearing nickname, from the place of his birth or from a personal peculiarity. The most celebrated matadors of Spain were Joseph Delgado and Francisco Montes. Joseph Delgado, who was known by the nickname of "Pepe llo," was the favourite at the end of the last century. He was a first-rate swordsman, and wrote a book on bull-fighting, which is a text-book on the subject. He was killed at Madrid, on May 11, 1801. On the morning of the bull-fight he felt ill, and had a presentiment that he was going to lose his life; but he would not disappoint the public, and so entered the ring, where he was gored to death by the bull. Francisco Montes, who also wrote a book on his profession, was known as "The First Sword of Spain." After a most successful career, he was severely wounded on July 21, 1850; but was rescued by his nephew, "El Chielanero," who afterwards became as celebrated as Montes himself. Amongst remarkable toreadors must be placed the woman who became a matador and killed her bull, like a man, for love of the ring. A story is told of a lawyer in Seville, named Mazantini, who was in love with a beautiful girl in the city. But she was so fond of the bull-ring that she declared to her lover that she would never marry him, or anyone else who had not killed a bull. The lawyer was so in love that he threw up his profession and



PEDRO II., EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

turned bull-fighter, and not only did he kill his bull but he became one of the most celebrated matadors of the day. He became so rich and famous, and was so run after by women of all ranks, that his head was quite turned; and when it was intimated to him that now he was worthy to marry his lady-love, he laughed at the idea; for the girl, who was a great match for a lawyer, was far too insignificant a person to be looked at by a successful toreador. It is also said that an English officer, who had sold out at Gibraltar for reasons of his own, went into Spain and turned matador; but he soon grew so successful at his trade that he had to give it up, for the Spaniards were jealous enough of his fame always to leave him alone with the bull, and never to distract the animal's attention, so that he knew that sooner or later he must be killed.

The matador was armed with a very sharp sword about three feet long, and carried a red cloak, with which he engaged the bull. When the animal charged into his cloak, he plunged some ten inches of his blade into its shoulder. As the bull, maddened by the pain, dashed furiously round the ring, we could see the long keen sword gradually sinking by its own weight into the flesh, but before it touched the heart one of the chulos twisted his cloak round the hilt and jerked the sword out. Then it was thrust in again, until the bull was too weak to charge any more and lay down on the sand very sick. The poor brute refused to get up, and so his death-blow was given in the nape of the neck with a short heavy knife like a hunting-knife. This rather ignominious death was inflicted as the bull would not face the matador a third time; the succeeding animals were more courageous, and charged the red flag up to the last, receiving the death-thrust from the long keen sword just in front of the shoulder-blade, amid the enthusiastic cheers and plaudits of the spectators. The people screamed themselves hoarse with delight, and threw hats, caps, and cigars into the ring for the toreador. The victor bowed his thanks all round, and, picking up one of the cigars thrown him by his admirers, lighted it out of compliment to the donor. It was easy to understand why every Spanish boy wishes to be a toreador, and every Spanish girl to have the king of the bull-ring for a lover. He is the hero of the hour, and even a King of Spain would cut a very poor figure beside him.

When the bull has been killed, a team of mules, gaily harnessed with bells, is driven in, the bull is dragged out, and the arena sprinkled with sawdust. The same is done with the dead horses, and then the ceremony begins all over again. All bulls do not take their badgering quietly; some of them jump over the barrier into the passage between the two fences. I

saw one bull do this no less than eight times, trying to escape from the banderilleros, and lie down between the inner and outer barriers. Then one of the great gates was thrown back, so that it closed the circular passage and opened a way to the ring. The bull was driven round until he came to the gate, when, the path being blocked, he performed re-entered the arena.

A bull-fight in Spain is a very ceremonious affair. It lasts from two p.m. to six p.m. for two or three days, and on each day some thirty horses are horribly gored to death, and about six bulls slaughtered. The crowded audience sit watching the butchery with breathless interest, every now and then bursting into loud applause or laughter as some point rather tickles their fancy, and all the time the vendors of water and sweetmeats wander about among the audience with their monotonous cries. During the early part of the performance the object is not to kill the bull, but to kill the horses; and if any picador or other were officious enough to put an end to the tormented animal he would get anything but praise from the rough peasants, or from the dainty ladies shading their delicate faces from the sun under their white parasols. The women of the lower classes bring their babies and enjoy every point of the performance, shouting and cheering their favourite toreadors, or howling abuse and insults at the bull; but the ladies, though they are just as keen after their amusement, and appreciate just as much every display of skill and dexterity made by the fighters in the ring, yet generally contrive to hide with their fans the more painful and disgusting incidents of the combat. No doubt, in the great cities, such as Seville, Madrid, Ronda, Granada, and the like, where bull-fighting has its home, and where the performance is carried out in the fullest and most ceremonious manner, there may be more sport in the show. I have heard of picadors being tossed by the bull and having their ribs and legs broken, of chulos and banderilleros being caught and gored in spite of their agility, and even of matadors finding the bull more than a match for them. I am only concerned with what I saw in the arena at La Linea, where none of the men were injured, and where there was apparently very little danger. But wherever and however the performance is conducted, whether there is danger to the toreadors or not, there is still the same ghastly horror of trembling screws goaded on blindfolded to meet the charges of the bull in order to gratify a lust for blood that calls for the bull-ring to be turned into a shambles or knacker's yard. In the early days of bull-fighting the combat was a real one from the beginning; if horses were used they were good ones, and the horseman was as anxious to preserve his mount from the horns as to guard himself. Though bulls were killed in the ancient arenas among the Romans, yet the present methods and procedure of the bull-fight are modern, and are not derived from classical times, but were in all probability devised by the Moors of Spain. Originally the bull-fight was conducted solely by gentlemen, who entered the arena armed only with a short heavy spear about four feet long. This was a terribly dangerous sport; but in spite of the thunders of the Church it flourished, until the chivalrous habits of the Spaniards began to die out, and after the accession of Philip V. bull-fighting became unfashionable and professional, though it was still patronised by all classes, as much as the prize-ring used to be in England. Real bull-fights were presented only on the occasion of some great ceremonial or rejoicing, and the last that were held were at the marriage of the late King Alfonso, eight or ten years ago.

When the last bull had been killed, the huge audience broke up, and we drove home through the streets of La Linea with a very motley crowd. There were carriage-loads of Spaniards in horrible imitations of the most ridiculous Paris fashions, and toreadors in full costume going back to their hotels amid the "Vivas!" of their admirers; and jostling along with the best of them came Tommy Atkins, lounging in an open carriage, smoking a huge cigar, and altogether looking an awful swell. We were well satisfied at having managed to see a Spanish bull-fight during our short stay at Gibraltar, though I cannot say that any of us felt very desirous of seeing another such spectacle. R. CATON WOODVILLE.

## THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

The precarious health of the Emperor Pedro II. of Brazil, while sojourning in Italy and other parts of the South of Europe, has during some months of this year caused much anxiety to his many personal friends. His Majesty is as well known in almost every European country, which he has often visited, and in the United States of America, as in his own dominions. He is a man of frank and amiable character, and of varied intellectual accomplishments, taking great interest in science and in literature; and, though an excellent constitutional Sovereign of the Brazilian nation, is quite a citizen of the world. Don Pedro is sixty-two years of age, having been born on Dec. 2, 1825, the son of the first Emperor of Brazil, Pedro I., and of the Empress Leopoldina, an Archduchess of Austria. He is a direct descendant, in the male line, of the ancient Royal House of Braganza, which was elevated to the throne of Portugal in 1640, when the Portuguese threw off the yoke of Spain, and which, through the marriage of Queen Donna Maria, restored to her rightful inheritance in 1834, with a Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, is represented by her son, the reigning King Louis of Portugal. In 1807, when the French had overrun Spain and Portugal, the Portuguese Royal family took refuge in the great South American colony, which was constituted a separate Kingdom by the Congress of Vienna in 1815. The King of Portugal, John VI., returned to Europe and reigned in his old kingdom, but his eldest son, Don Pedro of Alcantara, chose rather to reign in Brazil, and became Emperor there in 1822. He abdicated in 1831, and his son, the present Emperor, being declared of age in 1840, was crowned in the following year. The Emperor married in 1843 Princess Teresa, a daughter of King Francis I. of Naples. His daughter is married to the Count D'Eu, one of the Princes of the French Royal House of Orleans; and he has three sons, the eldest of whom, Pedro, heir to the Brazilian Crown, is nearly thirteen years of age. The Constitution of Brazil is Parliamentary, with an elective Senate and Congress and responsible Ministry, and with a Council of State nominated by the Emperor, who has also the prerogative of selecting a senator from one of three elected candidates, and that of temporarily withholding his sanction from any legislative act which he disapproves. The empire is of vast extent, and rich in natural resources; its population, of Portuguese, natives, and mixed races, exceeds ten millions; it has a yearly revenue of more than twelve millions sterling, a national debt exceeding sixty millions, and a respectable army and navy. Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, and Pernambuco, are the principal cities and commercial ports of Brazil. The recent abolition of slavery is an act which reflects great credit on the Emperor's Government.

The Lord Mayor has remitted to the Organising Committee of the Imperial Institute £21,917 5s. 7d., being the amount subscribed for the institute through the Mansion House Fund since September, 1886. The question of establishing a commercial museum in the City remains in abeyance.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 5, 1873) of Mr. William Johnstone Newall, late of No. 33, South-street, Park-lane, and No. 122, Cannon-street, E.C., a partner in the firm of Messrs. M'Calmont Brothers and Co., who died on July 26, was proved on Sept. 6 by Robert Stirling Newall, of Gateshead-upon-Tyne, the brother and residuary legatee, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £257,000. The testator leaves all his property to his said brother, absolutely.

The will (dated Sept. 1, 1884), with a codicil (dated Sept. 2, 1885), of Mr. Arthur Potts, J.P., late of Hoole Hall, Hoole, Chester, who died on April 10 last, was proved at the Chester District Registry, by Mrs. Elizabeth Potts, the widow, Frederick Potts, the brother, and William Rogers, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £37,000. The testator bequeaths £400 and his furniture and household effects to his wife; his plate, books, china, and pictures to his wife, during life or widowhood, and, subject thereto, to his daughter, Edith; £100 to his sister, Annie Dixon; £50 each to the Plemondston Parochial Day Schools and the Chester Female Home; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and at her death or remarriage, upon further trust, for his daughter, Edith, and then to her children as she shall appoint, and, in default of such appointment, in such proportions that each son shall receive twice as much as each daughter.

The will (dated April 4, 1887), with a codicil (dated April 7, 1887), of Mr. Griffiths Lewis, late of Alltcham, Pontardawe, Llangunick, Glamorgan, colliery proprietor, who died on Sept. 13, 1887, was proved on Sept. 7 last by Mrs. Mary Ann Hedley, the daughter, the Rev. John Charles Thomas, and the Rev. Joseph Pollard Lewis, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £29,000. Subject to the legacies of £200 to his first daughter, £360 to his second, and £1000 to his third daughters, the testator leaves his colliery called the Primrose Colliery, at Pontardawe, and all the remainder and residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his three daughters—Mrs. Mary Ann Hedley, Mrs. Anna Jeannette Thornley, and Mrs. Margaret Laura Gwennilian Thomas for life, and at their death to their respective children.

The will (dated Nov. 19, 1887), with a codicil (dated June 12, 1888), of John Harry Eyres Parker, J.P., Commander, R.N., late of Ware Park, Herts, who died on Aug. 14 last, was proved on Sept. 5, by Francis Parker, Major Herbert Scott Gould Miles, Lieut.-Colonel Sydney William Bell and William Christopher Higgins Burne, the executors—the value of the personal estate exceeding £27,000. The testator leaves his mansion house and premises, called Ware Park, and all his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold property, upon trust, for his son Francis William, until he shall attain the age of twenty-five; on his attaining that age he gives and devises all the said lands and premises to him, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail. After confirming his marriage settlement he bequeaths £500 to his wife, Mrs. Alice Parker; £3000 to his sister, Mrs. Sarah Bell; £200 to his bailiff, George Piggott; and £15,000, upon trust, for his daughter, for life, and then for her children. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his said son, Francis William.

The will (dated July 17, 1888) of Colonel Reginald John Manningham Buller, late of the Grenadier Guards and Dilhorn Hall, Stafford, who died on Aug. 9 last, was proved on Sept. 3 by William Morton Phillips, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £24,000. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife, Mrs. Marianne Henrietta Buller, for life, and after her death he gives £5000 each to his nieces, Evelyn Mary Manningham Buller, Adelaide Marion Manningham Buller, and Lilian Manningham Buller, and the ultimate residue of his property to his nephew, Robert Edward Phillips, and his two nieces, Mrs. Evelyn Adelaide Lane, and Nina Margaret Phillips, in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 18, 1880), with a codicil (dated May 10, 1886), of Mrs. Hannah Morland, late of Heath Lodge, Croydon, widow, who died on July 16, was proved on Sept. 10 by Miss Lucy Morland, the daughter, and John Morland and Charles Coleby Morland, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £22,000. The testatrix gives all her jewels and wearing apparel to her daughter, Lucy; her plate and articles of vertu between her four children and stepson; £1100 to her stepson, Thomas Morland; £2000 each to her sons, John and Charles Coleby; and a few other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, as to one fourth thereof, to each of her four children, John, Lucy, Charles Coleby, and Mrs. Jane Kemp.

The will (dated Sept. 6, 1883), with three codicils (dated Nov. 11, 1886; and July 14 and 26, 1888), of Mrs. Janet Barr, late of Oak Villa, Riddlesdown Park-road, Kenley, Surrey, widow, who died on Aug. 5, was proved on Sept. 8 by Edward Dadsdell, George Verney Hall, and Henry John Mead, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £18,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to the National Life-Boat Institution, to found a life-boat in memory of her late husband, John William Barr, and to be called the "John and Janet"; £100 to the Caterham Cottage Hospital (Caterham Valley); £500 to Edward Dadsdell; her house, Oak Villa, to her nephew, James Hall; and other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves between her nephews and nieces (except James Hall), the children of her brothers, James and William Hall.

The Council of University College, Dundee, have appointed Mr. Patrick Geddes, of Edinburgh, to be Professor of Botany, and Mr. Andrew Paterson, Lecturer at Owen's College, Manchester, to be Professor of Anatomy. These chairs were recently founded by the merchants of Dundee.

The Town Council of Dundee, at the suggestion of the Provost, have resolved to present the freedom of the burgh to Mr. Ritchie, President of the Local Government Board, in recognition of the ability and tact with which he had carried the Local Government Bill through the House of Commons. Mr. Ritchie is a native of Dundee.

The first turf in the works of the Belfast main-drainage scheme was cut on Sept. 12 by Mr. William M'Calmont, chairman of the Town Improvement Committee of Belfast. The Mayor and Corporation, and the leading merchants of the town, attended the ceremony. The work will be the most costly undertaking ever entered upon in Ireland, the outlay being nearly £300,000.

The first grand flower-show of the season at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, was held on Sept. 12 and 13, under the auspices of the National Chrysanthemum Society. The exhibition was held at a period too early for any large display of the particular flower from which the society takes its name. This deficiency, however, was more than atoned for by the splendid show of dahlias and gladioli which formed the prominent feature of the exhibition, and by the miscellaneous collections of floral beauty which were contributed.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

COLUMBUS (Alexandra-road).—Your problem shows some constructive skill, but Black's defences are so weak that no interest attaches itself to the solution.

J. W. PYRATES.—We are not sure that we rightly make out your diagrams; but, in any case, White is too "brutally" strong.

W. PARSONS (Holmston Camp).—One of our rules is that all problems must be submitted on diagrams.

E. P.—We have not got the solutions you require at hand. It is not necessary to indicate every defence.

J. D.—In the amended position the problem is much improved. You may look for a report shortly.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from J. Pierce and E. Holt.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2314 received from A. L. Gaskin, Ethel, and J. Ryder; of No. 2315 from E. Holt, A. Wheeler, A. L. Gaskin, and J. Ryder; of No. 2316 from A. L. Gaskin, J. Ryder, E. Holt, D. McCoy, A. Wheeler; of No. 2317 from E. Holt, X. De Moray (Haybesur-Meuse), Dolin, T. G. (Ware), Frank Proctor, Nellie Lowry (Belfast), and H. S. B. (Benlthyding).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2318 received from T. G. (Ware), E. Holt, A. Wheeler, Howard A. Jupiter Junior, H. Hillier, E. Caselli (Paris), Thomas Chown (Brighton), Bernard Reynolds, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), E. E. H., R. Worters (Canterbury), R. H. Brooks, Hugh Brooks (Leicester), A. W. Hamilton (Exeter), P. London, Peterhouse, T. Roberts, D. McCoy, Dawn, Colonel R. E. Phillips, Percy Ewen, J. Dixon, J. Ryder, J. Newman, W. S. (Chelm-ford), and T. Ashby.

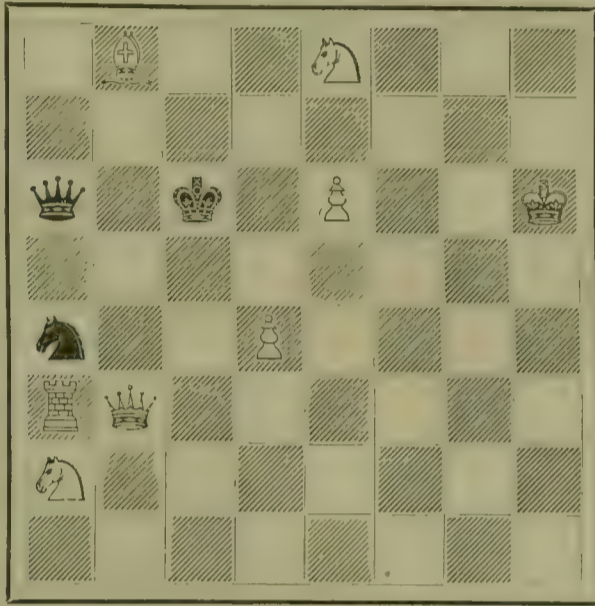
WHITE.  
1. R to Kt 6th  
2. Q takes P  
3. Mates accordingly.

BLACK.  
Kt takes R  
Any move

## PROBLEM No. 2320.

By B. W. LA MOTHE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the British Chess Club between Mr. F. N. BRAUND and another AMATEUR.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Amateur)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Amateur)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	23. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	24. B to B 3rd	
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd		B to K 3rd seems preferable.
4. P to K 5th	K Kt to Q 2nd	25. B to Kt 4th	Kt to K 3rd
5. P to B 4th	P to Q B 4th	26. P takes P	P to K R 4th
6. P takes P	B takes P		
7. Q to Kt 4th			
A pleasing innovation, favoured by Mr. Steinitz.			
8. Castles is inferior, as it invites an attack on the King's side.	R to Kt sq	27. R to B sq	R to Q 2nd
9. B to Q 3rd	Kt to B sq	28. R to B 5th	B to K 6th (ch)
10. B to K 2nd	P to R 3rd	29. K to Kt 2nd	B to Kt 4th
11. Castles	P takes P	30. B to Q 6th	R takes P
12. P to B 5th	B takes B	31. R to R sq	
13. B takes P	Q to K 3rd		B to B 8th (ch)
14. Q takes B	Kt to B 3rd	32. K takes B	R takes R
15. Q to R 5th	B to R 2nd	33. P to B 4th	P takes P
16. Kt to Q 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd	34. P takes P	P to B 3rd
17. P to Q Kt 3rd	Castles	35. R to Kt sq	R to Kt 4th
18. K R to K sq	K Kt to K 2nd		
19. Kt to Kt 2nd	Q to B 4th		
20. Kt to Q 3rd	K takes Q		
21. Q takes Q	K Kt to Q 5th		
22. P to K Kt 4th			

An unfortunate blunder, which loses the exchange; White's position is, however, somewhat inferior, as Black threatens P to B 3rd.

Why not P takes P?

36. R takes R P takes R

37. Kt to Kt 4th R to K B 2nd, and White resigns.

## CHESS IN NORFOLK.

Mr. J. O. HOWARD TAYLOR gives odds of Q R to Mr. E. F.

(King's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. B tks K B P (ch)	K to B sq
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	13. Kt to K R 4th	Kt takes Q P
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		This move, as Mr. Taylor just down, spoils his intended capture of R P.
4. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	14. K to R sq	Kt takes K P
		15. B to K R 5th	K to Kt sq
		(dis. ch)	
5. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 3rd	16. Kt to Q 5th	R to Q B 4th
6. Q B takes K B P	Kt to K B 3rd	17. Kt to K 7th (ch)	B takes Kt
7. B to K Kt 5th	Q to K 2nd	18. Q takes Kt	Q to Q 3rd
8. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q to Q Kt 5th	19. Kt to K B 5th	P to Q B 4th
9. Q to Q 3rd	Q takes P	20. Q to Q 5th (ch)	Q takes Q
10. Castles	Q to R 6th		
11. P to K 5th	Kt to Kt 5th		

Black carefully avoids the beaten track, and his originality savours more of tenacity than discretion.

Mate.

Mr. R. A. Proctor, whose death has made such a gap in the ranks of literature and science, was a chessplayer of no mean skill, and always took an interest in matters relating to the game. Whilst, perhaps, had more fascination for him, on account of the mathematical reasoning involved in the chances of cards and the opportunity thus afforded to his facile pen of popularising an abstract study; but, as a mental recreation he probably put each on the same level. His periodical, *Knowledge*, contained a "Chess Column" from the beginning, and by his writings and otherwise he has laid chess under some obligation to his memory.

Herr Bardeleben gave his promised blindfold séance, at the Zukertort Chess-Club, on the evening of Sept. 12, when a large attendance of members and friends gathered to witness the performance. The German master had for his opponents six fairly strong players, to half of whom he gave the move—a considerable advantage in such cases—whilst from the others he took it. The result was that he won two and drew one of each set—a very creditable score. In one game, mate was forced in twenty moves; and the others were played in almost equally good style, although the fight was more protracted. Mr. Guest, the amateur champion, will probably be the next distinguished visitor to the club, when he will play a large number of simultaneous games.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of Captain J. S. Hay, C.M.G., to be Governor of Sierra Leone, and of Mr. Gilbert T. Carter to be Administrator of the Gambia.

Detailed reports respecting the cyclone which burst over Cuba on Sept. 4 state that the damage done to the shipping was the greatest ever known. Throughout the island all communication except by boat is suspended.

Mrs. Charles Turner, of Liverpool, has placed at the disposal of the Archbishop of York £20,000 towards the creation of a fund for assisting with pensions the clergy of the diocese who may have become unfit for the discharge of their duties through infirmity. Mrs. Turner made an equal gift to Liverpool some time ago for the same benevolent purpose.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## THE NIGHT-LIGHTS OF THE SEA.

It is a calm, clear night, this, on which the good ship *Adelaide* lies at Parkeston Quay, Harwich, blowing off her superfluous energy in the shape of clouds of steam, while waiting for the Rotterdam contingent of passengers, who are being hurried down at sixty-miles-an-hour speed from Liverpool-street. Presently, there is a flash of light seen now and then along the fen-sides which mark the near approach to Harwich, and with a muffled roar the great engine, followed by a goodly array of carriages, comes to rest under the full glare of the electric lights of the station. Then the carriage-doors open, and the vehicles belch forth their crowds, who hurry down the wooden slope to the quay-side. Forward go the passengers for the "Ankwork's package," as Mrs. Gamp named the prototype of the fine Antwerp steamer of today. The Rotterdam boat lies aft on the quay. As I step on board and survey that crescent moon overhead, which a short time before at Claygate, in the garden of Surrey, was a full orb, and, as I contemplate the still clouds and the calm sea, I prophesy an even keel for the *Adelaide* on her coming voyage to the land of dykes. In truth, it is a lovely night; and when we have cast off our ropes and hawsers, and go half-speed ahead round that curve in Harwich Bay towards the open sea, one may well be excused if even a rhapsody on the moonlit sea flowed from lip or pen. The whole seascape is a nocturne in moonlight. The twinkling lights of Harwich show up the darker background of hill and church spire in true Rembrandt fashion. Out in the bay the yachts and ships sleep peacefully on the bosom of the deep, and the rays of each twinkling lantern rise and fall with the swell. Away beyond, in the sea whither every dip of our paddles carries us fast, there are seen the light-ships, each with its twinkling eye that gleams luminous for a moment and then vanishes away with the regularity of unvarying mechanism. The deck is still and quiet, although there is noisy clatter of knives and forks in the saloon below. On the steamer's bridge you can discern three or four dark figures—those of our guides through the deep. Soon things settle down to a still more monotonous state than before. Save for the throbs of the engines, and the occasional rattle of the steam-steering gear, all is at rest, and the good ship ploughs her way easily over the calm waters of the sea.

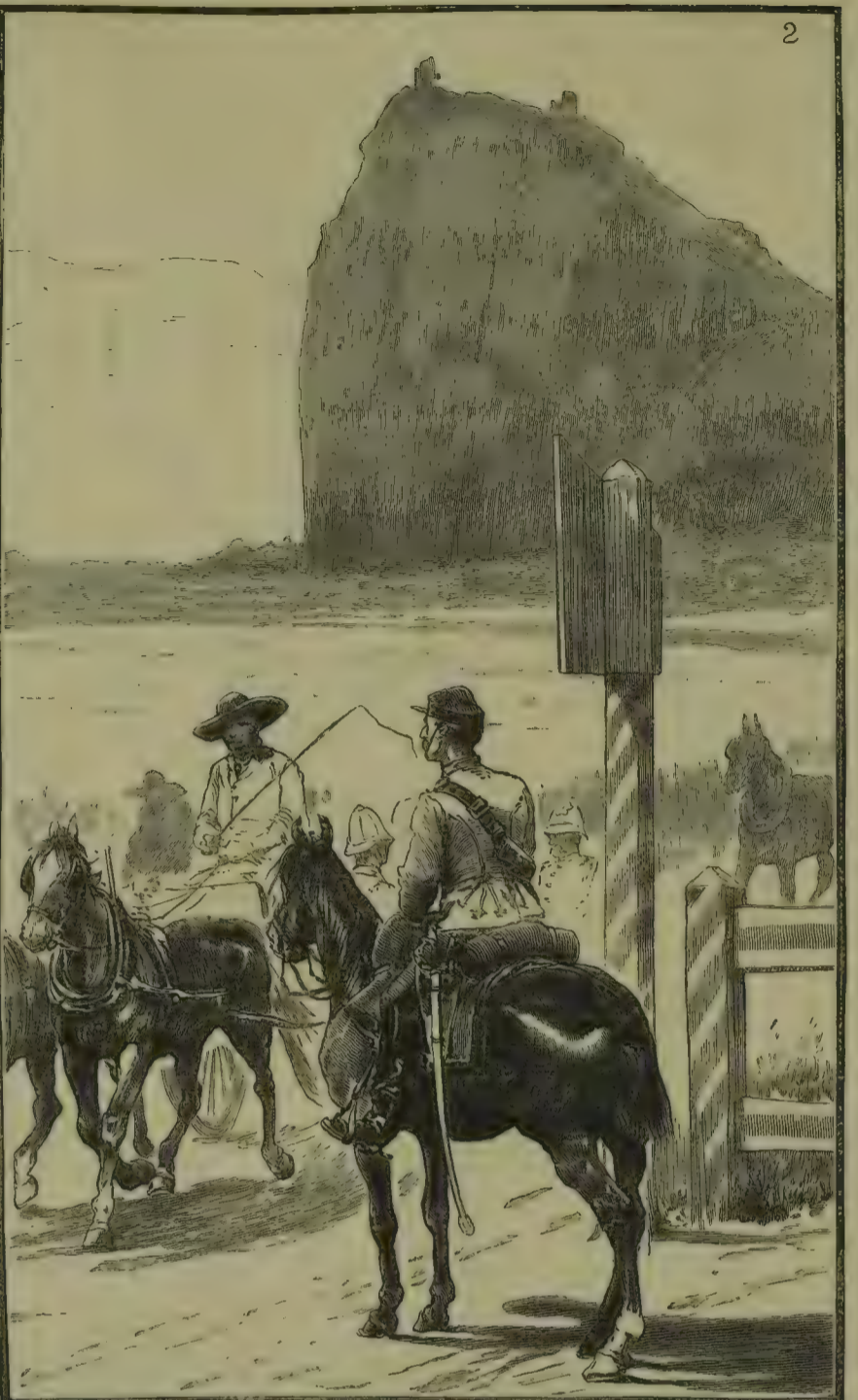
One may sit on the paddle-box on this autumn night revelling in the beauty of the seascape around. Far away the light-ships continue their mechanical illumination of the deep; but as you glance over the ship's side into the sea you become aware that the lights of man's contriving are not the only illuminations which meet the eye to-night. Watch the waves which spring into existence as the bow of the steamer ploughs the main. A long crest of foam passes away at a wide angle from the bow, and loses itself in the wash of the paddles behind. What is that strange gleam of light which ever and anon you see tipping the foam-crest with a weird effulgence and an uncanny gleam? As the moon passes behind a cloud, and the night grows darker for the obscuring of the Queen of Night, this strange light on the waves literally glows with its fiery sheen. You are fortunate to-night in that you can see this "phosphorescence of the sea," as it is named, in all its splendour. Look how every fleck of spray seems tinged with a radiance as of jewelled kind. Flashes of lambent fire play among the foam, and now and then a long ripple of flame plays along the whole course of the wave that rushes aft from the bow. Suppose you could lift a bucket of water from the sea to-night, and that in your deck-cabin you had your microscope in full array, let us endeavour to see what such a scrutiny of the waves would tell us about the cause of the phosphorescence of the deep. The water would be seen to be alive with animalcules, each the mere fraction of an inch in length. Closely studied, each animalcule—the *Noctiluca* by name—is in shape not unlike a bean. It is curved or convex on its outer margin, while on the inner side it is concave and deeply indented. On the hollowed side it bears a single tentacle or "feeler," which is in active movement. Of structure or organisation this *Noctiluca* possesses little or none. It is an animalcule belonging to one of the lowest grades of animal life. Its substance consists of that life-matter of which, under the name of protoplasm, you have heard so much in days gone by. It is a little living speck, and nothing more. Here and there it seems to exhibit spaces and gaps in its substance, and you may discover traces or beginnings of definite tissues in the soft mass whereof it consists. This, then, is the *Noctiluca*, which emphatically constitutes the "night-light" of the sea. Swarming in myriads in the waters of the ocean, these animalcules, under favourable conditions of heat and other phases relating to their vital activity, give forth the strange weird gleam you see shooting along the crest of the waves. You can recall Coleridge's lines with apt force, when on this quiet night you sit and watch the play of phosphorescence on the sea:—

Beyond the shadow of the ship, I watched the water-snakes;  
They moved in tracks of shining white,  
And when they neared the elish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.  
Beyond the shadow of the ship, I watched their rich attire;  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They coiled and swam, and every track  
Was a flash of golden fire.

How and why these and other animals exhibit a phosphorescent light is a problem towards the solution of which science has, at least, advanced within reasonable distance. The *Noctiluca* is undoubtedly the cause of the diffused phosphorescence of the sea. The myriads of animalcules give to the ocean the appearance of a universal effulgence. But other animals are solitarily phosphorescent. Jelly-fishes, and their neighbours, the "Venus's girdles," show such a light. Some fishes also possess phosphorescent qualities; and, as regards insects, our familiar glow-worm has only to be named to call to mind an analogous example of light-producing powers. The why and wherefore of the phosphorescence lies in a nutshell. You have only to hark back to a great and leading principle in science to find the clue to the mystery. That one force of Nature can be transformed into an equivalent of another force, is plain language of science. Fire a bullet at a target. When the bullet hits the mark its motion has become transformed into an equivalent of heat. Similarly out of motion you may get electricity, and out of electrical motion of another kind you may get light. So is it with life and living structures. So much of vitality, or life-force, goes to produce motion, and so much in particular cases (that of our *Noctiluca* included) to produce light. Just as by the discharge of its nerve-force into its electrical organ, a species of skate produces electricity, and gives you a powerful shock; so your animalcule, transforming a modicum of its life-force in a special fashion, gives you "the night-light of the sea."

But it is time to draw rein to these thoughts. Here is the light-ship close on our starboard bow. "To rest we repair," as the old song has it; yet the animalcules will not cease their phosphorescence, even when the faint rays of the morning have brightened more and more into the perfect day.

ANDREW WILSON.



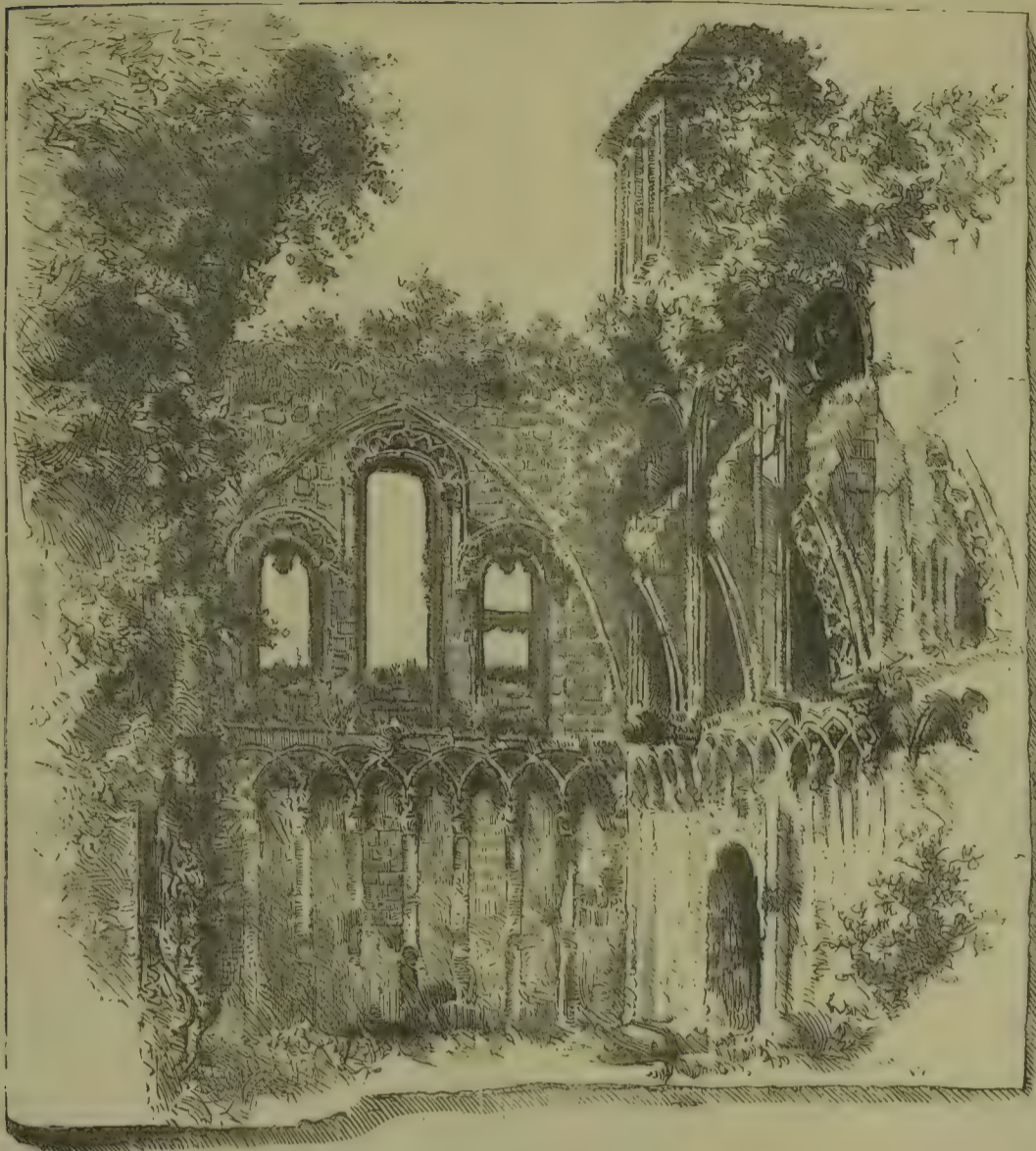
1. A Spanish young lady and her duenna.

2. Passing the Spanish frontier under the Rock of Gibraltar.

3. Bull-fighting in the days of the Moors.

SKETCHES AT A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL.



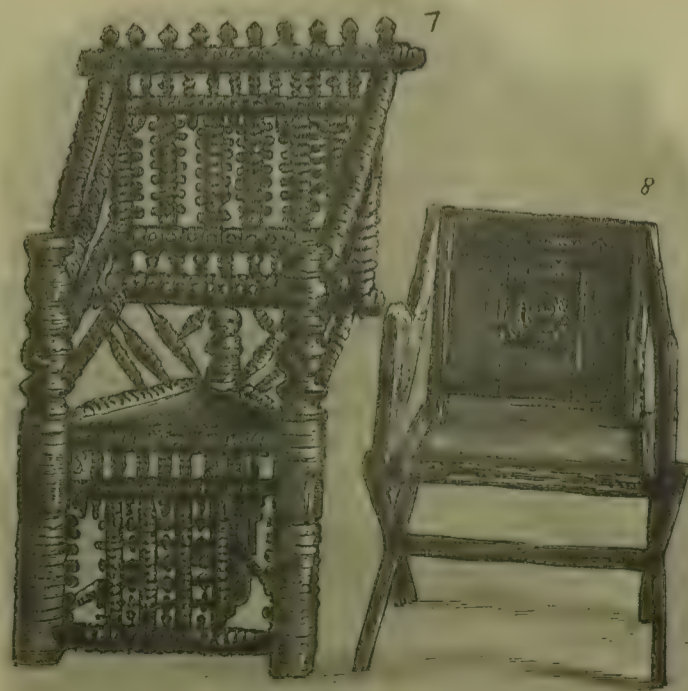
THE HOLY WELL.



FISH HOUSE AT MEARE.



THE AIMS-HOUSES.

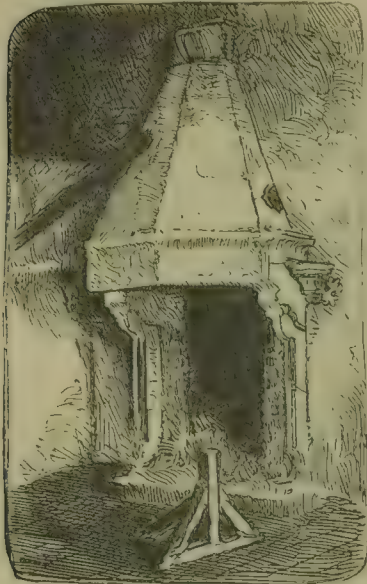


*Louis Wain.*

1. Ancient Chalice. 2. Oaken Tankard of the Abbey. 3. Wallet. 4. Bishop's Ring. 5. Abbot's Watch, 1510. 6. Bishop's Pastoral Staff. 7. The Abbot's Chair. 8. Chair in which the last Abbot sat at his trial.

## SKETCHES OF GLASTONBURY.

The ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, one of the places visited by



OLD FIREPLACE AT MEARE.

the excursions of members of the British Association during their assembly at Bath, were partly described in our last. We may give little credit to the old monkish legends of the founding of the first Christian Church in Britain on this spot by St. Joseph of Arimathea, with the attendant miracles of the Holy Thorn, Joseph's blossoming staff; the Holy Grail, or chalice from which Christ had drunk at the Last Supper; the Holy Well, some drops of which, perhaps, turned red by the impregnation of the water with iron, were said to be the blood of our Saviour; and other romantic marvels of the "ages of faith." They concern true archaeology no

more than the fabled removal of the dying hero, King Arthur, by the black-veiled women in the funeral barge on the lake, to the sacred Isle of Avalon, or "Avillion" as Tennyson makes it, which some would identify with Yniswytryn, the "glasten" or grey-green island, amidst the floods and swamps of this region in the sixth century of the Christian era. But the antiquity of the local monastery, dating probably from the mission of St. Augustine to the Saxons, and from the increase of the kingdom of Wessex, is scarcely surpassed. It was largely endowed by King Ina, in 708 and 725; was the chosen burial-place of the Kings Edmund the Elder, Edgar, and Edmund Ironside; the residence for a time of St. Patrick, St. David of Wales, St. Dunstan, and other Archbishops of the early Church in this country; and grew up, in the Norman and the Plantagenet reigns, to be one of the most important English Abbeys. Henry II. was one of its great patrons, and most of the existing architectural remains belong to his time, or not much later; a fine specimen is seen in St. Joseph's Chapel, with its semi-circular arched windows, adorned with zigzag mouldings, the roses, crescents, and stars in the spandrels of the springing arches, and the interlaced round arches below rising from slender shafts. The transept arches show a tendency to the pointed form of Early English or Gothic. The Abbot's house, with his kitchen, described last week, and the refectory, great hall, and dormitory, which are demolished, were on a magnificent scale. It appears that the Abbot, besides exercising a sumptuous hospitality to guests visiting the Abbey, kept a sort of college for the education of nearly three hundred sons of noblemen and gentlemen. The social and political services rendered by this great ecclesiastical community were of considerable importance. Its possession of extensive lands was also beneficial to the country, in the vast work of draining and cultivating the Somersetshire marshes, and settling an industrious rural population, which would hardly have been accomplished under Barons and Knights and lay territorial proprietors. At Meare, two miles and a half from Glastonbury, the



TRANSEPT, GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

Abbot had a manor-house, built at the beginning of the thirteenth century, which still remains, though in a dilapidated state; near it is the old Fish-house, where the fish abundantly caught in the "mere," or pool, were dried and stored. We give a Sketch of the building, another of the entrance to the Alms-houses and one of the old fireplace in the manor-house at Meare. Returning to Glastonbury Abbey, we note the Holy Well, a famous chalybeate spring, of medicinal virtues, which fails not, in summer or winter, to yield the uniform quantity of 23,000 gallons of water daily, conveyed formerly to the Abbey by wooden pipes made of the bored trunks of trees. This water is of proved efficacy in the cure of scrofula, cancerous humours, eye-diseases and deafness of certain kinds, and in the relief of asthmatic complaints. So lately as 1742, it was used by ten thousand patients resorting thither in the course of the year. It was guarded of yore by some of the monks, living as anchorites in a neighbouring hermitage which was thence called the

"Anchorage," giving a name to the Anchor Inn, in the town of Glastonbury. This we learn from a lecture recently delivered by Mr. G. W. Wright to the local Antiquarian Society, under the presidency of Mr. Alderman Bulleid, at the opening of the permanent Museum of Antiquities, which has been established with the aid of many gentlemen in that part of Somersetshire. Among its patrons are the Bishop of Bath and Wells and the Dean and Chapter of Wells, also the Right Rev. Bishop Hobhouse and Mr. H. Hobhouse, M.P., the Mayor of Glastonbury, the Mayor of Wells, Lord Arundel of Wardour, Admiral Sir A. Hood, and Mr. R. Neville, of Bulleigh Court. A loan exhibition, at the Glastonbury Townhall, contained many interesting relics, which included the pastoral staff and episcopal ring of Savaricus, one of the two Bishops of the See of Bath and Glastonbury; the Chalice of the Abbey Church; the Grace Cup, a large and richly-carved oaken tankard of Saxon workmanship; the Abbot's Chair, and the other chair, from Wells, in which the last Abbot of Glastonbury, Richard Whytyng, sat on his trial before the King's Commissioners, at the end of 1539, when he was condemned for high treason. His only crime was that of refusing to surrender the monastery to the King, for which he was cruelly hanged, with two other monks, on the Tor Hill at Glastonbury; his head was stuck up on the Abbey gate, and the four quarters of his body were affixed to gates or buildings at Wells, Bath, Ilchester, and Bridgewater. The watch belonging to this unfortunate Abbot Whytyng was one of the relics shown in the Antiquarian Exhibition. The Abbey buildings, with the church, were for the most part destroyed by Royal order; the estates and manors, in the time of Edward VI., were granted to the Duke of Somerset, by whose attainder they soon reverted to the Crown, and have since been distributed by sale among different owners. Glastonbury has, therefore, a remarkable authentic history, independently of King Arthur and Joseph of Arimathea, and is a place worth visiting for the sake of its associations with the former condition of England during nearly a thousand years from the Saxon Kingdom of Wessex.

## A SPITALFIELDS LODGING-HOUSE.

The licensed common lodging-houses of London are under official inspection; their managers are responsible for order and decency, and for cleanliness and the observance of sanitary rules. The police may visit them at any hour of the night, and sometimes will come there in search of persons suspected of crime, for which reason it is more likely that the fugitive criminal will seek a private lodging. Most of the inmates are comparatively innocent vagrants, either tramps who have wandered into London from the country, perhaps seeking honest employment, or regular haunters of the streets, beggars, idle loungers, and waiters for odd jobs, runaways from irksome employment, deserters of wives and children, and women deserted by their husbands, with those who have no ties of home or kindred. Social waifs and strays, the culpable and the unfortunate, some with a few pence or shillings to keep them from day to day, others not knowing where or how to get food on the morrow, others hoping to find the abode of a friend whom they believe to be living in this huge city, they are received indiscriminately, paying from twopence to fourpence for a bed, and they behave quietly, saying little to each other, taking their sleep as soundly as if they were in the grandest hotel.

The dreams that visit poor weary people, often hungry people, in such a dormitory, where the beds cover all the allotted space on the floor of each room, may be as bright and sweet as were those of happy youth in a rural home of peace and comfort, where the morning sunlight, when it entered the cottage window, was accompanied with the twittering of birds and the rustling of a fresh soft breeze in the summer leaves of trees. As death, which finally releases the unhappy from life's troubles and griefs, is said equally to knock in due time at the palace doors and at the humblest of human dwellings, so does the kindly boon of slumber, the temporary oblivion of present woes, "sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care, the death of each day's life, sore labour's bath, balm of hurt minds," condescend to solace the forlorn twopenny bedfellows of a Spitalfields lodging-house. It is not, however, in the sleeping attitude, which no doubt would make an interesting picture, that our Artist has sketched the figures of a few of these poor folk, but awake in the daylight, fully conscious of their actual position, some of them painfully oppressed with anxiety, others tolerably indifferent, being old customers of Fortune, relying on her continued favours more than on their own deserts. One of the latter class is the aged professional beggar, whose venerable visage, with his ample white beard, might have qualified him to earn a fair income in the painter's studio, as a model for saints and sages, if the temptation of rum or gin, at inconvenient morning hours, did not render him incapable of keeping an appointment. Another is the perfectly contented philosopher who

lives on an allowance of ten shillings a week from his respectable son-in-law, and who has realised the truth that "man wants but little here below," only a suit of clothing, warm though shabby, a bit of something to eat, with a cup of



A YOUNG LONDONER.

coffee, and a "turn-in" at night. Very different is the situation of the anxious mother, widowed or forsaken, with her babe in arms and the hungry little boy at her side; or the misguided and betrayed girl-mother, pondering the last desperate chance of pursuing him who has brought her to shame and sorrow. For these, indeed, there is still a refuge in the workhouse, and they will do well to claim it without hesitation. The puzzled and somewhat frightened boy, who has evidently left his friends and repudiated his



A GIRL MOTHER.

bounden duty with a view to precocious independence, should be narrowly watched by the police, and be consigned to a Reformatory on his first positive transgression of the law.

Seven steamers arrived at Liverpool on the week ending Sept. 15 with live stock and fresh meat from American and Canadian ports, the total arrivals being 1495 cattle, 2081 sheep, and 4361 quarters of beef.



A DEPUTY OF THE LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER.



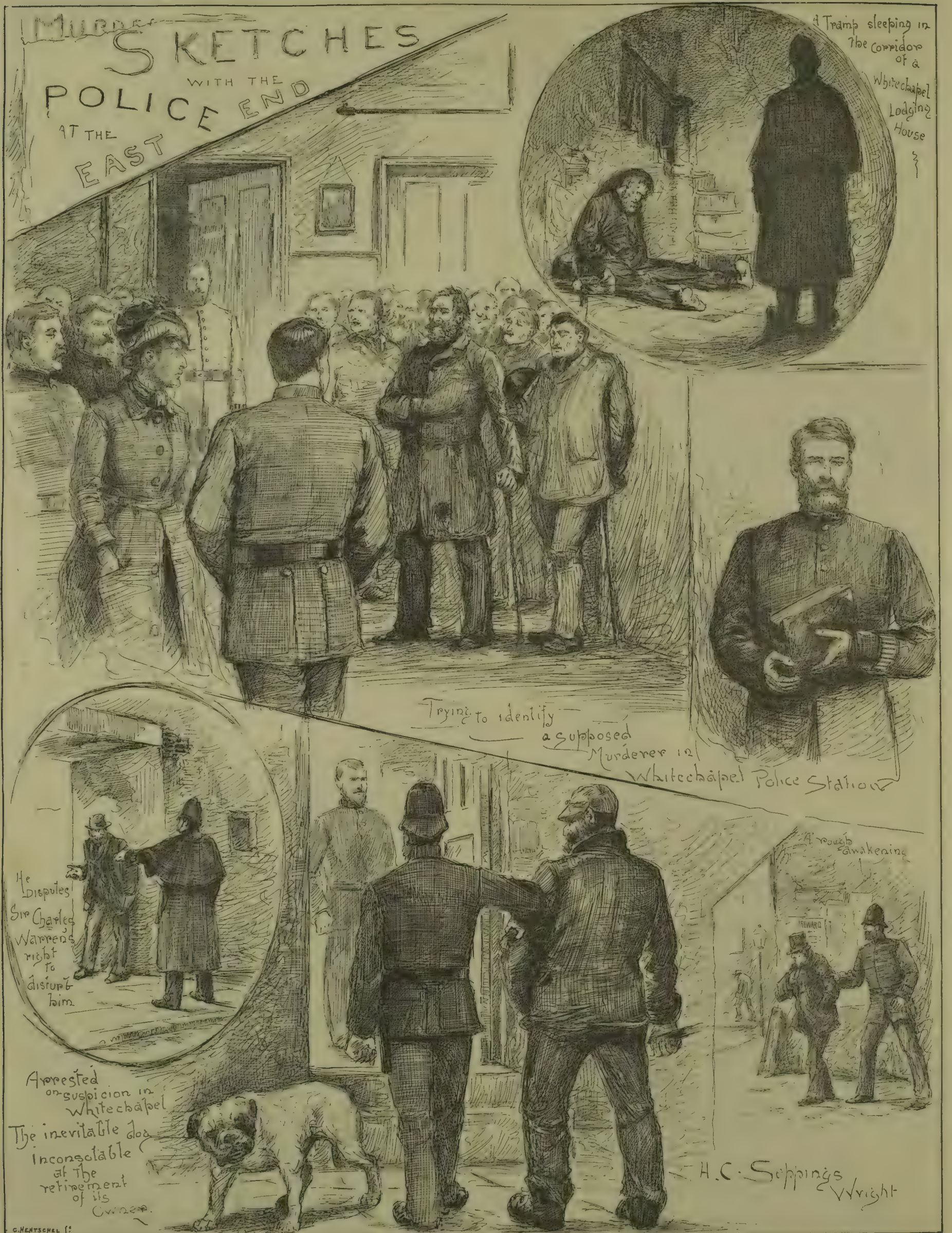
A PROFESSIONAL BEGGAR.



A REGULAR CUSTOMER.



WIDOWED AND FATHERLESS.



The public mind has during several weeks past been painfully excited by the unsuccessful attempts of the police to discover the perpetrator of repeated atrocious murders in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel and Spitalfields. Those who are well acquainted with the East-End of London will not assent to the unfavourable notion of its general character and condition which is often ignorantly expressed in conversation among persons in society remote from that part of the metropolis. Whitechapel, Mile-end-road, Stepney, Bow, and Bromley, form a manufacturing town district which will bear comparison with similar abodes of the honest and industrious working classes in such towns as Manchester and Leeds and other places of the north

of England. The wide and airy thoroughfares, frequented by decent, orderly, and cheerful people, most of whom are in pretty constant and regular employment at various factories; the neatness and comfort of their habitations, and their orderly domestic and social life, may be an agreeable surprise to visitors. To the north of Whitechapel, however, in Bethnal-green and Spitalfields, where the decay of older industries has long caused much of that quarter to be left for occupation by a miserable class, renting single rooms in ill-built and dilapidated tenement houses, there is a sad amount of wretchedness, and probably of vice, concentrated within a small space—not worse, certainly, than might have been found, a few

years ago, in the neighbourhood of Drury-lane or St. Giles's, but less easily watched and kept back from breaking out to the disturbance of respectable society. The police force at the East-End of London is apparently deficient in strength of numbers, considering the large extent of its beats; and it has been suggested, also, that the new system of frequently transferring the constables from one quarter to another forbids them to acquire a precise knowledge of places and people. This question may be referred to official consideration; and there is something to be said for the institution of a small permanent detective staff, independent of the street patrol, at every police-station in London.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford-st.

AUTUMN and TRAVELLING DRESSES.

CLOAKS, COSTUMES, &c.

**EMBROIDERED ROBES**, in  
 Cashmere, Cloth, &c. from £1 15 0  
 VELVET VELVETEENS, Coloured and  
 Black per yard 0 1 6  
 All-Wool FRENCH CASHMERES and  
 MERINOS per yard 0 1 11  
 COSTUME CLOTH, 43 in. wide, All Wool, per yard 0 2 9  
 Navy Blue YACHTING SERGE, All Wool, very wide .. .. per yard 0 1 0

**NEW Tight-Fitting ULSTERS**,  
 from 42s. to 63s.  
 NEW Tight-Fitting ULSTERS, with Capes from 52s. 6d. to £4 4 0  
 TRAVELLING CLOAKS, in New Designs from 33s. 6d. to 5 5 0  
 TRAVELLING CLOAKS, New Patterns, in Mackintosh from 17s. 6d. to 3 3 0  
 TRAVELLING CLOAKS, Lined Silk, Quilted, and Trimmed Fur .. .. from 63s. to 9 9 0

**BEIGE, Serge, and Fancy-Cloth**  
 COSTUMES from £1 5 6  
 Fine Habit-Cloth COSTUMES, appliqué, in various designs, great novelty .. from 3 3 0  
 Cashmere COSTUMES, Trimmed Plain, Stripe, and Cheek Silk, or Velvet .. from 2 18 6  
 CHILDREN'S COSTUMES, in Real Devonshire Serge .. 0 6 11  
 CHILDREN'S Silk and Fancy COSTUMES, from 0 18 11  
 CHILDREN'S JERSEY COSTUMES (ditty designs) .. .. from 0 5 11

**SILKS, SATINS, VELVETS, &c.**  
 200 Pieces Coloured Brocaded SATINS, suitable for Ten-Gowns, very rich .. per yard £0 4 6  
 300 Pieces Rich Coloured FAUXE FRANCAISE per yard 0 4 11  
 Extra Rich BROCADES, suitable for Court Trains and Bridal Wear .. per yard 0 7 11

PATTERNS and Illustrations post-free.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford-st.

**ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS.**  
 COLLARS: Ladies' 3-fold, from 3s. 6d. per doz. Gent's 4-fold, from 4s. 11d. per doz.  
 CUFFS: For Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, from 5s. 11d. per doz.  
 Price-Lists and Samples, post-free.  
**ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.**

By Special Appointment.  
**LADIES' DRESSES.**  
 NEW PATTERNS FREE.  
**SPEARMAN AND SPEARMAN, PLYMOUTH.**  
 EXQUISITE DRESS MATERIALS AND  
 ROYAL NAVY SERGES.  
 The highest taste, best qualities, and cheapest prices. In Pure Wool only.  
 Orders are Carriage Paid; and any length is cut.  
 These beautiful Goods are supplied to Ladies themselves, not through Agents or Drapers.  
 BUY DIRECT FROM  
**SPEARMAN AND SPEARMAN, PLYMOUTH, DEVON.**

**GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE**

(LIMITED),

JEWELLERS, WATCH AND CLOCK MAKERS,

11 & 12, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.



The Stock of Jewellery is the largest and choicest in the City of London, and contains the newest and most approved designs.

GOODS FORWARDED INTO THE COUNTRY ON APPROBATION.

Illustrated Pamphlets of Prices sent, gratis and post-free, to all parts of the world.



**REDFERN, LADIES' TAILOR**

To H.R.H. The Princess of Wales.

Messrs. JOHN REDFERN and SONS beg to announce that they have now on view in their Salons, CONDUIT-STREET and NEW BOND-STREET, a collection of original designs of Out-door Gowns, Coats, Wraps, and Hats, that they have especially prepared for the Autumn Season. The new materials show unusual novelty in colouring and texture.

**WALKING GOWNS**, of a pretty Diagonal Cloth, handsomely Braided.  
**TRAVELLING and USEFUL CLOTH GOWNS**, in a variety of thin Tweed of unique pattern.  
**JACKETS**, New and pretty shapes, Plain, or beautifully Braided.  
**ULSTERS**, in Fine Cloths and Scotch Homespun.  
**MANTLES and WRAPS**, Many charming Models, for Travelling, Carriage, and Evening Wear.  
 26 and 27, CONDUIT-STREET, } **LONDON, W.**  
 Communicating with  
 27, NEW BOND-STREET,  
 COWES, PARIS, NEW YORK. PATTERNS AND SKETCHES POST-FREE.  
**ALSO NEW BRANCH: 57, CROSS-STREET, MANCHESTER.**

**THE "LOUIS" VELVETEEN.**

Every yard bears the name "LOUIS," and the wear of every yard, from the cheapest quality to the best, is guaranteed. Ladies should write for Samples of the New Shades to THOS. WALLIS and CO., Holborn-circus, London, E.C., who supply all shades and all qualities at most reasonable prices.

**STREETERS' GOLDSMITHS**  
 INTRODUCERS of 18 CARAT GOLD JEWELLERY.  
 18 NEW BOND ST, W.

**NUDA VERITAS**  
 restores grey or faded hair to its original colour. Causes growth on bald spots.  
 NUDA VERITAS, for twenty-two years acknowledged to be superior to all other Hair Restorers. Most effectual, harmless, and permanent.  
 Sold in cases at 10s. 6d., by all Perfumers, Chemists, &c., from whom circulars may be had.  
 R. HOYDEN & SONS, 31 & 32, BERNERS-STREET, W. and 91-93, City-road, E.C., London.

**USE FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA**  
 To secure this Article, please ask for "Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa."  
 "It is especially adapted to those whose digestive organs are weak."—Sir Charles A. Cameron, M.D.

**UMBRELLAS.**



SAMUEL FOX & Co., Limited, have added to their celebrated frames decided improvements (protected by Letters Patent) which give increased Stability and greater Neatness to the Umbrella.

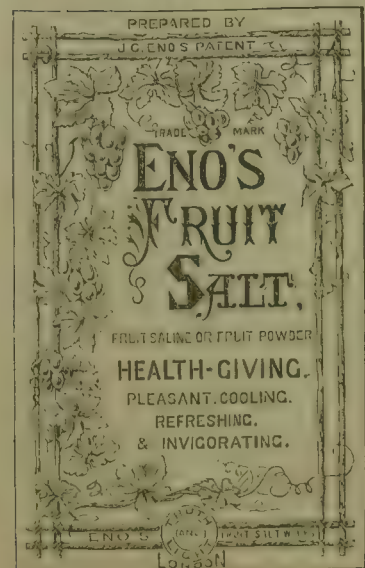
SAMUEL FOX & Co., Limited, manufacture the Steel specially for all their frames and are thus able to provide exceptional quality at a merely nominal price over inferior makes.

NO STABLE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT  
**ELLIMAN'S**  
 FOR HORSES, CATTLE, AND DOGS  
**EMBROCATION**  
 FOR SERVING, CURBS, AND SPLINTS WHEN FORMING.  
 FOR OVER REACHES, CHAPPED HEELS, WIND GALLS.  
 FOR RHEUMATISM IN HORSES.  
 FOR SORE THROATS AND INFLUENZA.  
 FOR BROKEN KNEES, BRUISES, CAPPED HOCKS.  
 FOR SORE SHOULDERS, SORE BACKS.  
 FOR SPRAINS, CUTS, BRUISES IN DOGS.  
 "If used frequently, no blistering required."  
 W. N. C. MARSHALL.  
 Master of W. N. C. Marshall's Hounds.

**ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION.**  
 Sold by Chemists and Saddlers. Price 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d.  
 Prepared only by ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO., Slough, Eng.

**ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.**  
 FOR RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SPRAINS.  
 BRUISES, CHEST COLDS, SORE THROAT from COLD, STIFFNESS.  
 Prepared only by ELLIMAN, SONS & Co, Slough, Eng.

**IMPORTANT TO ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.**



"Among the most useful medicines that have been introduced within the last century is ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' There is no doubt that where it has been taken in the earliest stage of a disease, it has, in many instances, prevented what would otherwise have been a severe illness. The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon a disordered and feverish condition of the system is marvellous. As a nursery medicine the 'FRUIT SALT' is invaluable; instead of children disliking it, they look upon it rather in the light of a luxury. As a gentle aperient and a corrective in cases of any sort of over-indulgence in eating or drinking, ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is all that is needful to restore freshness and vigour. In cases of Nervous Headache and Debility it is especially useful, and should be taken in all cases where persons suffer from a sluggish condition of the Liver."—Young Lady's Journal.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E.,  
 BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

## A SCOTTISH RIVER.

The charm of running water is infinite. There is the constant play of light and shade upon its changing surfaces; the rainbow glist in the foam-bubbles that float, like fairy skiffs, along each gliding wave; the incessant variation of form, as the current shifts, slants, or eddies in its course; the various voices which mingle in one full harmony as it swirls beneath a grassy bank, or chafes against a mossy boulder, slips round a ferny promontory, or glides into a sheltered bay. There is this—and more. There is the obvious analogy which it suggests between the passing stream and the passing life; each coming—we know not whence, each flowing—we know not whither; each chequered by swift alternations of darkness and sunshine; each with its shallows, its sandbanks, and dangerous places; each with its promise of future power and performance; and each overarched by the radiant blue of heaven. I have seen the most indifferent persons stand on the bank of a great river and become steadied and sobered, as it were, by the fullness of the message it conveyed to them—a message received almost unconsciously, and yet not without its effect even upon the idle mind. As for persons with an imaginative temperament, I suppose nothing else in nature appeals to them so strongly—touches so strenuously the keynote of passion and feeling—harmonises in so subtle a manner with their finer instincts and higher impulses. That Shelley should compose the word-music of his "Alastor" floating along the Thames at Bisham, and Spenser weave the rich fancies of his "Faerie Queene" by "Mulla's stream," and Burns sing his wood-notes wild on the banks of "bonnie Doon," seems to me natural enough: the sweet singers found the accompaniment they needed for their melodies in the flowing, flowing waters.

But here, in the heart of the Highlands, where the mountain-torrent leaps from the rocky height in a cloud of foam and spray, so densely dazzling that one can hardly see through its shining folds the brown flood in its swift descent, how the sound of the waters comes home to the soul! I know not with what vague, indefinable suggestions—with what hints of might and majestic force—with what thoughts of awe and reverence—for I make no attempt to realise or distinguish them: I prefer to lose myself in a kind of dream of wonder, in which vague forms and scenes blend with vague recollections and vague imaginations—a dream which borrows something from the roaring voices and something from the Iris-curves of colour which wax and wane athwart the falling stream. I am borne away to the tiny tarn amidst the purple heather, where, surrounded by the mighty bulks of the thunder-smitten mountains, their splintered crags and blackened precipices, with no other companionship than that of the lonely eagle, it wells out into light and life. I see it forcing its way down many a rugged declivity, and through thick close growths of moss and heather; then fretting and seething in the narrow gorges which in times long past it cut deep into the solid granite. I follow it as it storms through the wild, dark glens, gathering up the rains which ceaselessly moisten the brushwood knolls, and the burns that tumble from the purple sides of the moorland, until, with increased volume and velocity, it emerges upon the open strath, where the small farmer grows his scanty crops or pastures his little herd. Past a deserted shealing or two, built of reddish-tinted stone, and roofed with "fog"—which may have sheltered some stern-eyed Covenanter in the days of religious trouble—under a rude one-arched bridge which carries across it the unfrequented road, it strikes into the cool shade of a wood of birch and mountain-ash, until, seized with a wild desire for the peace and plenty of the rich lowland plains, it suddenly falls, a sheet of silver, over an abrupt ledge of rock, and into a basin of rock, where it seems to pause and, one might almost say, take breath—for it is difficult to think of the rushing, plunging, clamorous river as other than a creature endowed with life as well as motion—to take breath (as well it may) before, in three mighty strides or bounds, it carries its accumulated waters, with a welter, as it were, of confused lights and shadows, and all manner of sounds—strident, vibratory, clanging, thunderous—over an incline of some two hundred feet in all, and reaches the lower ground in a tumult of leaping columns of spray and tossing wreaths of foam. What a freshness in the air! What a greenness in the surrounding coppice, which the spray mist bathes so unceasingly that, even in the hottest summer noon, not an aspen-leaf shrinks or shrivels! In the sunshine yonder, triple cascade bursts into a glory of broken, wavering, rainbow lights—delicate, luminous, magical—which no words can describe; while in the moonlight it shimmers like a veil diaphanous, of pearly gauze, which Nature has dropped over the radiant scene; or it flutters like a white, wan phantom or wraith, which may, perhaps, have given rise to the story associated with it: how a fair young girl, betrayed by her lover, sought forgetfulness in the still pool beneath the overhanging thorns, and now appears, at each full moon, with white raiments and wringing hands, to wail on the haunted bank for him who never comes.

The traveller who follows the course of a Scottish river comes continually upon enchanting surprises. For example, it will take him first into the bosom of a deep glen, bounded on each side by a range of serrated heights, the rough projections of which, however, are half hidden by thick woods of fir, while their lofty tops flush "celestial rosy-red" in the glow of a September noon. Much, by-the-way, has been said and

written depreciatory of the Scotch fir; but for my part I hold it to be a handsome and striking tree, even as an individual; while in ample groups and clusters it produces an impression little short, I think, of grandeur. So straitly here do the rocks confine the brawling waters, that the narrow roadway scarce finds room to follow up the windings of the glen: these rocks are fantastically streaked and patched with moss and lichen, and among them lightly spring the frail stalks of the delicate blue harebell. Of each bold mountain mass towering above you the peasant can tell you the Gaelic name, such as Struan-na-Barin, Craig-an-Caillich, and Craig-na-Gaur—the Queen's Promontory, the Old Woman's Rock, and the Rock of the Goats—names the origin and associations of which have long since been forgotten, but recalling a remote antiquity and a social state which has disappeared before the march of civilisation. When the river gets clear of the glen—the profound stillness of which is broken only by the murmur of its waters—it passes into a valley of softer and more pastoral formation; where the slopes, green with birch and larch, descend in gentle



undulations, and flocks of sheep are nibbling the crisp, close, fragrant herbage. Having ceased for a while its contention with immovable crags, and tormenting itself no longer in agonies of rapid and whirlpool, our stream pours onward with a measured, even flow, like the rhythm of solemn music. The mountains are with it still, but have lost much of their sternness, owing to the dark seas of fir which roll up into the intervening hollows, and fill them with emerald waves of foliage.

But now comes another change. Our river clangs and clatters over its rocky bed like an onset of horses; then dashes through a long irregular avenue of green boughs, broadening here into shining shallows, and deepening and darkening there into silent pools, where the fishermen stand knee-deep, anxious to fill the baskets that, as yet, lie empty on the neighbouring bank. At one point the river-channel has opened out too wide for its modest current—except when, swollen with the winter rains, our river runs "in spate"—and there you may see the bonny village girls, with bare white ankles, stepping deftly and gracefully along the wave-worn stones which, stretching from bank to bank, form quite a natural causeway. Thrifty housewives, down by the waterside, lay out to dry and bleach in the open air the piles of snowy linen which, with industrious hands and toiling feet, they have vigorously cleaned. A couple of urchins, with flax-white hair, are watching the gyrations of a paper boat in the eddies of the stream; while, near by, their sisters sit on the grassy brae, picking the gowans to make wreaths and posies. A group of cattle have drawn together under an old hawthorn, where they can ruminate, or drink their fill, undisturbed; while, just beyond, a water-wag-tail, on restless wing, is hunting for its insect prey.

Our river, on leaving this bit of Arcady, swirls round the front of a tall grim promontory, on the breezy open summit of which stands a feudal fortalice, grey with the antiquity of five hundred years—a square keep, lofty and massive, with

corner turret and machicolated walls. Truly, there were builders in those days! How solidly the tower seems rooted to its rocky base, as if for centuries to come it could afford to defy the assaults of Time! The ivy in luxuriant masses hangs about its battlements; straggling gilliflowers bend to the breeze in many a chink and cranny; at night the owl, from its nest on the turret stair, repeats its doleful cry; and the flitter-mice skim and skurry in the grass-green courts and round about the shattered portals. But with a slight effort of the imagination it is easy to restore the castle to its whilom splendour, to fill the windows with the light of cressets, to rebuild the ramparts and replace at his post the watchful warder—while, through the open gateway, the bright procession issues of Queen and courtiers, knights and nobles, with the pomp of banners and the sheen of spears.

Yet another picture. Standing on a bridge of mediæval masonry, you may see our river expand into a beautiful, shining, glowing, gleaming loch, with waters clear as crystal, transparent as that magic glass of old in which the poet-earl saw his fair Geraldine—cool with the snows of far-off mountains, and bright with the reflections of a firmament which is just now all alive with sunshine. Away to the westward rolls a grand array of dark pinnacles and spires and precipices of granite, their sides purple with patches of heather, or flecked with silver threads—the tiny rills which ooze out of unknown recesses, and, after much tribulation, sigh and sob themselves asleep in the bosom of the loch-like river. Eastward rises an isolated pyramidal mass, which the earliest inhabitants of our land, in times long past, regarded as a vast altar, sending up from it their orisons to the Sun-god—the god of day, and light, and life—the god which gave them all they valued most—the god that, night and morning, touched the mountain-tops with his finger of fire, and filled the earth with the splendour of his presence. Finer inspiration for his pencil can no artist desire than the majesty of this tremendous height, with the waters of the broad river trembling in its shadow; and, in the distance, peak towering above peak, and mountain soaring above mountain—like so many gigantic steps in a ladder which, like Jacob's, seems to lead up to the visions and the mysteries of heaven.

If you ask for a scene of less grandeur, our Scottish river shall wander with you among the green holms and the waving fields of flax and barley, where the sough of its placid current is almost inaudible in the multitudinous murmur of the humble-bees that bask in the "honeyed flowerage" around. Then it will frolic for a while in the rocky linn, and wind past the old mill and mill-lade into a sweet grassy dell, where the sheep-bell tinkles on bank and brae, and among the broom and brackens the lintwhite builds her nest, and the sandpiper flits from stone to stone. Whitewashed houses, straw-thatched, look down upon it from sheltering trees; and the kirk-spire rises above the "auld brigg"; and on a knoll just beyond it stands the manse, with creepers about its porch; and, forgetful of its noble place of birth among the mountains, and its wild career down crag and precipice, and its brawling and strife in savage glens, our river, hushed and subdued, steals away in many a coil and link to swell the basin of another river—a river of larger course and fuller volume—which, in its turn, will pour the tribute of its waters into a spacious estuary, and that estuary will widen into the grey old sea. Thus the lives of individuals are swallowed up in the larger life of the nations, and the life of the nations melts away into the boundless eternity of the Past.

W. H. D.-A.

A young man named Charles Percy on Sept. 16 attempted to shoot the Niagara Rapids in a small boat. The boat capsized directly after starting, and Percy was thought to be lost. He, however, rose again, and, skillfully avoiding the obstructions in the way, finally landed safely in the Devil's Pool, having performed a feat never before accomplished.

Anglers are enjoying an extraordinarily successful season in North Wales. On the Conway, Major Bennett, Mr. Blackwell, and other gentlemen have been killing five and six salmon daily. A small party caught sixty-eight on the Lledr, while a large number have been taken on the Conway. It is the best season for many years.

At the lecture-hall at the Young Men's Christian Association in Aldersgate, on Sept. 17, a meeting was held in view of the departure to Canada of nearly a hundred girls from Dr. Barnardo's Village Homes. Mr. Robert Paton occupied the chair. Following an address by Captain Mandeville, Dr. Barnardo explained that this was the fourth party sent out to Canada this year, and the only party of girls. Twenty-three of the girls are between six and twelve, the youngest is a girl of six and the eldest twenty-two. Forty had been in the Homes from one to three years, twenty-two under one year, and thirty for three years. Thirty-nine were rescued from positions of special danger. These all came from the Village Home for Girls at Ilford, accommodating 1000 girls in fifty separate cottages. The occupants were now being sent out to Canada, after being trained for domestic service. This batch makes 3216 boys and girls who have been sent to Canada by Dr. Barnardo. The bulk of Dr. Barnardo's address was devoted to a defence of his plan of sending these girls out to Canada while there is yet so large a demand for domestic servants at home. He showed that it cost less to send them to Canada than to keep them in this country.

## A NEW DEPARTURE.

The publishers of one of the leading society papers of London have taken to analysing some of the leading patent medicines, also to investigating their published testimonials, with the result of creating quite a commotion among certain proprietors. Injurious effects likely to follow the use of patent medicines, published testimonials given from addresses which only exist in the mind of a clever writer in the company's employ, are fully exposed. Suits for heavy damages have been threatened by the proprietors of the remedies thus exposed. Injured innocence puts on a bold front, but the publishers of the paper in question do not frighten easily; they have taken up a question of vital interest to the public, and they propose to turn on the full light of intelligent investigation. One most excellent feature of this exposure is that the public are enabled to discriminate between worthless nostrums and those really good remedies. The publishers evidently take this view of the question, for their last investigation is a most flattering one for the proprietors of that noted remedy St. Jacobs Oil. The following is the report, headed—"The Verdict of the People of London on St. Jacobs Oil":—Mr. William Howes, civil engineer, 66, Red Lion-street, High Holborn, W.C., was afflicted with rheumatism for twenty years. Sometimes his hands swelled to twice their natural size; his joints were so stiff that he could not walk, and his feet so sore that he could not bear any weight on them. Nothing relieved him till he applied St. Jacobs Oil. The result was marvellous. Before using the contents of two bottles all pain left him, and he is now in perfect health. Mr. C. H. Palmer, Secretary of the Conservative Defence Association and Overseer of the District of Islington, said:—"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in my face and head, and rheumatism in my limbs. After trying various remedies without obtaining relief, I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the use of which completely removed every trace of pain." Mr. Edward Peterson, electric light engineer, of 36, Whetstone-park, W.C., said:—"There can be no two opinions respecting the value of St. Jacobs Oil. I was completely upset with rheumatism in my arms and shoulders; a few good rubbings with that famous Oil drove all pain away." Mr. Henry John Barlow, of 4, Staple's Inn-buildings, Holborn Bars, W.C., said:—"I had rheumatism in my feet and legs, which became so bad that I was hardly able to walk. St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain and completely cured me." Mrs. Wolfsberger, matron of Moore-street Home for Poor, Crippled, and Orphan Boys, 17, Queen-street, Edgware-road, said that "St. Jacobs Oil has been used in the Home, and that it is powerful in relieving neuralgia and

general rheumatism." Mr. Charles Cartwright, of No. 7, Alfred-place, Bedford-square, W.C., said:—"Having for years been a great sufferer from rheumatism in my limbs, I used St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me directly, after other remedies had signally failed." Henry and Ann Bright, hon. Superintendents of the North London Home for Aged Christian Blind Women, say that "St. Jacobs Oil has proved unfailing; that rheumatism and neuralgia have in every case been removed by using the Oil; and many old ladies, some of them ninety years old, instead of tossing about in agony, now enjoy good nights' rest through its influence." Mr. N. Price, of 14, Tabernacle-square, Finsbury, E.C., said:—"My wrist, that I had strained two years before, and which had given me pain without intermission, yielded like magic to the application of St. Jacobs Oil." Mr. J. Clark, of 21, South Island-place, Brixton-road, London, said:—"Although I was not able to rise from a sitting position without the aid of a chair, I was able to stand and walk after the application of St. Jacobs Oil." Mr. J. Wilkinson, 88, Bentham-road, South Hackney, suffered from rheumatism in his feet and legs for twenty years. The contents of one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil drove away all pain, and brought about an effectual cure. Robert George Watts, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.S., of Albion House, Quadrant-road, Canonbury, N., said:—"I cannot refrain from testifying to the very great efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in all cases of chronic rheumatism, sciatica, and neuralgia." The Rev. Edward Singleton, M.A., 30, Bourneville-road, Streatham, said:—"St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain directly." The Rev. W. J. Caulfield Browne, M.A., Rector, Kittsford Rectory, said:—"My parishioners, under my recommendation, use St. Jacobs Oil." Mr. E. J. Feusey, Brixton-rise, London, was treated for sciatica by eminent medical gentlemen in private practice and in the Convalescents' Home, Bexhill-on-the-Sea, near London. He obtained no relief, but the contents of one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil practically cured him. This journal concludes its article as follows:—"It is a source of the greatest satisfaction to us, in conducting these investigations, to be able to report a medicine which is so highly indorsed as the above-mentioned. Since making the above investigation, we have learnt that St. Jacobs Oil has such a world-wide reputation that her Majesty's troop-ships, as well as the Cunard Line and other steamers, are never considered ready for sea until a supply of the Oil is on board." Perhaps there is no preparation in the world which enjoys the same degree of success and popularity as St. Jacobs Oil. Its sale far exceeds that of any other Proprietary Medicine, and exceeds by ten times that of all other liniments and embrocations combined. This wonderful success rests on the solid foundation of merit which St. Jacobs Oil possesses, combined with original, dignified, and systematic advertising, which has always characterised the announcements of the Proprietors. The name of St. Jacobs Oil has become a household word in every civilised country in the world. The great success and popularity of the Oil have become the subject of comment by almost the entire Press of the country. In many instances the leading articles of large and influential papers have been devoted to the details of what seemed to be almost magical cures effected by the use of St. Jacobs Oil in local cases, coming under the immediate attention of the publishers. St. Jacobs Oil is indorsed by statesmen, judges, the clergy, the medical profession, and people in every walk of life.



"I'm weak and weary!"—  
so the maiden sighed—  
My spirits droop, of late—my  
roses pine!  
Oh, for the days when I might  
row or ride!  
And glowing health made light  
this heart of mine!  
Are there no medicines that can recall  
My fresh young strength, and  
rid me of my ills?  
I sometimes think that  
I have tried them all—  
But stay—I have not  
yet had  
Beecham's  
Pills!"

And thus,  
by hope and  
doubt alternate  
swayed,  
She, tired  
with musing,  
sought her  
couch once  
more;  
When dreams  
of gladness  
came to cheer  
the maid  
And tell how  
Beecham's  
Pills  
could  
yet  
restore!

## Beecham's Pills



Oh, kindly vision!  
And oh, maiden wise.  
Who flew to this meek failing friend  
in need!  
Her merry laugh, bright cheeks,  
and sparkling eyes,  
Now prove that Beecham's Pills  
brought strength, indeed!  
And gaily can she ride or row, to day,  
For health from every hour new  
joy distils;  
Her happy face remains—so people—  
—say  
The best advertisement of  
Beecham's Pills



## PIRATES.

When, as Lord Tennyson prettily sings, the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free in the silken sail of infancy—the poet's "infancy" must be construed as synonymous with boyhood, for an infant muling and puking in its nurse's arms knows nothing, and, if possible, cares less, about "joyful dawns" and the like—the present writer was greatly given, he confesses, to a sympathetic perusal of the stirring history of the pirates. Most boys, I think, are—or, at all events, in my time were—enthusiastic admirers of the old sea-rovers. There is something about a free life on the ocean wave which appeals strongly to their most cherished inclinations. They love the odour of the brine and the strong salt winds; the roll of shining waters; the scream of passing sea-birds; the clang of breakers on the iron rocks; or the snow-white line of foam on the coral reef. The vision of a corsair bark, swift-winged as an eagle, speeding "o'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea," and suddenly swooping upon some rich argosy, or desperately attacking some strong town on the shores of El Dorado, fascinates their imaginations. They are not great moralists—the boys. Many a fair apple-orchard has witnessed to their lax interpretation of the laws of *meum* and *tuum*. They have been known to rifle mulberries even from the trees on the Rector's garden-lawn. They will pick filberts under the nose of the lord of the manor himself, and poach fearlessly in streams as rigorously tabooed as any South Sea island sanctuary. Therefore, the ethics of piracy trouble them not. They have a kind of feeling, I think, that a maritime life is outside the legislation made by drowsy home-dwellers. Why should Red Beard or Black Beard, Olohois or Captain Kid, submit to the canons of morality formulated by land-lubbers who have never ventured a mile from shore? The question seems (to them) to involve an unanswerable argument. As for the maiming and slaying in which even the mildest-mannered of the pirates (like Byron's Don Lambro) indulged pretty freely, I suppose that that "love of blood," recently imputed by journalistic authority as a fault to our English race, induces the boys to regard it leniently. When Black Beard runs a plank out of a lee-scutter—I hope the term is nautically correct—and compels his prisoners to step it nimbly with the disagreeable certainty of tumbling into the waves when they reach the end—what can a boy admirer say but that it is the fortune of war? If Spaniards were foolish enough to go down to the sea in ships, with the certainty of being caught by a Red Rover or a Yellow Buccaneer, they must put up with the dismal consequences. Hurrah for the black flag, and down with skulking traders and all such small deer!

I remember the eager interest with which we boys devoured the pages of Cooper's "Waterwitch" and "Red Rover," Scott's "Pirate," and Byron's "Corsair"; and how we chafed and fretted because the glorious tales were all too brief! How we covered our slates and exercise-books with "Skimmers of the Sea" and other piratical galleys of wonderful swiftness—all very low in the water, all with very sharp prows and very big sails, all with gilded figure-heads, and portentous flags emblazoned each with a skull and cross-bones! Those were the days *ante Agamemnona*—before "freehand" drawing had

begun to torment the young idea; the days of Skeat's "1d. plain and 2d. coloured" sheets of "characters" designed for use in the boys' portable theatre; and oh! how we delighted in the possession of a sheet of his glowing and graphic illustrations of pirates!—who, I recollect, were always attired in wide open jackets, striped vests, loose neckties, short petticoats or kilts, high boots, a couple of cutlasses, and twice as many pistols—truculent personages, whom to make still more formidable of aspect, we invariably provided with moustachios of tremendous length and eyebrows very thick and black! Then there was a most delightful book—a small octavo volume, I fancy—entitled "Lives of the Pirates and Buccaneers," with superb portraits of Kid, Tench, Morgan, and other worthies, which, as our tutors and guardians had placed it (very unnecessarily) on their *Index Expurgatorius*, we were compelled to read in secret, and to conceal carefully in our lockers beneath a pile of the "Eton Latin Grammar," Valpy's "Delectus," the "Gradus ad Parnassum," Lindley Murray's "English Grammar," Enfield's "Speaker," and similar works of approved repute. Few boys, I suspect, escaped, in those days, a touch of the *pirate-fever*. It ran through a school like the measles. Happy they who lived near a pond or stream, on which they could launch their trim "Waterwitches" and "Ocean Serpents," each mounted with a couple of tiny brass guns, loaded to the mouth with slate-pencil-dust! How often would we lose ourselves in a noon-day dream of far-away palm-islands, where we reigned as pirate-chiefs, with no end of "sea-rovers" always at our beck and call! Our tents were planted on green lawny slopes in front of the sapphire sea, commanding a fine view of "the offing"—it was indispensable, that "offing"—and of our pirate-schooners, lying at anchor in sheltered bays, the blue waves "kissing their taffrails," their tall masts standing erect like Norway pines, every rope "taut" and every "sheet" hauled home, and their grim mariners all on the alert to obey their dreaded commander if he should suddenly call them to action. On the hill above was erected an imaginary fort, armed with cannon captured from a Spanish galleon; and beneath was sunk a deep cave, wherein were stored the spoils of our victorious expeditions, the entrance to this cave being known only to ourselves and our trustiest followers, who were bound by a solemn oath to secrecy. Well, those dreams were foolish enough, no doubt; but they did no harm. Perhaps, indeed, the stimulus they gave to the imagination was, on the whole, advantageous; and I believe that the boys who went most deeply into the sea-rover line of business were by no means the worst scholars.

As we grew older, however, we boys found that the world was too carefully partitioned out to permit of our seizing upon an island anywhere for our personal behoof. We learned, too, that the romance of piracy (such as it was) had passed away; and that the seas were too well patrolled for any repetition to be possible of the exploits of the old filibusters. We came to the conclusion that the race of pirates was extinct—a conclusion which, however, a larger and wider knowledge of the social state compelled us very considerably to modify. For, as Shylock tells us, "There be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves," and the truth of the old Jew's assertion is forced upon most of us by experience. In literature and art you may see the critical pirate lying in wait to pounce

suddenly upon some unsuspecting craft, to board it, scuttle it, and sink it to the bottom—unfortunate craft which, if it had but enjoyed a fair voyage and reached a safe haven, might have yielded hereafter a fair return for its owner's venture! In Society, too, pirates are always on the prowl. They hoist, perhaps, the black flag of scandal—as full of evil augury as any ever hoisted by an Olohois or a Montbars—and bringing their calumnies to bear upon the weak and defenceless, rest not until they have done them mortal injury. Then there be the pirates of trade and commerce, who molest the honest trader and prey upon his invention and resource; who entrap the unwary, who get up bogus companies and swindle the widow and the orphan out of their little all. Pirates? You cannot take up your daily paper without coming upon the sad record of the sufferings they have caused, the plunder they have carried off, the tall ships which they have shattered into water-logged wrecks. When I see the terrible mischief wrought by these social pirates—these "land-rats"—who wage clandestine war against woman's honour and man's reputation, who prey upon the defenceless, and attack the weak and innocent, I wish that our laws dealt with them more severely, and that some of the worst offenders might be gibbeted in chains, like the corsairs of old, as a warning to the whole pirate brood. For there is no "romance" about them or their doings—it is the ugliest, meanest, coarsest prose. And I solemnly affirm that to compare with the fraudulent speculator, the dishonest trader, the slanderer, the corrupter of youth, and the social pest, such straightforward, such open-and-above-board adversaries as a Lebasque, a Mansvelt, or a Morgan, is to fling an unmerited reproach on the older and manlier race of—Pirates!

Mr. William Redmond, M.P., has been convicted of inciting the people to resist the Sheriff on the occasion of an eviction at Coolroo, and a sentence of three months' imprisonment, without hard labour, was pronounced. He said he did not intend to appeal.

Her Majesty has approved the appointment of Sir Guy T. Campbell, Bart., for the adjutancy of the 2nd City of London Rifles, of which General Sir Frederick Roberts is honorary Colonel, and Lieutenant-Colonel Cantlon the commanding officer. Sir Guy Campbell served in the Afghan campaign.

At a meeting held in Birmingham on Sept. 14, the Mayor presiding, a resolution pointing out the advantages of Cannock Chase for the purposes of the national rifle competitions was carried unanimously, and on the motion of Mr. Powell Williams, M.P., an invitation in the name of Birmingham was given to the National Rifle Association to hold their meeting at that place.

The Winter Session of the Charterhouse Science and Art Schools and Literary Institute will begin on Monday, Oct. 1, 1888, under the presidency of the Rev. Henry Swann, M.A. During the late session upwards of 1000 students, mostly elementary teachers, availed themselves of the privileges afforded by this institution, and of this number nearly seven hundred presented themselves for examination, and were successful in obtaining a large number of class certificates and also a fair number of honours certificates, awarded by the Science and Art Department of South Kensington.

**Pears' Soap.**

PEARS' SOAP

TESTIMONIAL FROM Madame Adelina Patti.  
"I have found it matchless for the hands  
"and complexion."

TESTIMONIAL FROM  
Mrs. Langtry.  
"I have much pleasure in stating that I have used  
"your Soap for some time and prefer it to any other."

Lillie Langtry

TESTIMONIAL FROM  
Madame Marie Roze Mapleson  
"For preserving the complexion keeping  
the skin soft, free from redness and  
roughness, and the hands in nice  
condition it is the finest Soap in  
the world."

Muriel Roze

THE TESTIMONY OF THE NIGHTINGALE THE LILY AND THE ROSE

REGD. COPYRIGHT.

What d'ye lack, my Masteres,  
What d'ye lack?

~~~~~

y<sup>e</sup> Earlie Englyshe Soape,  
ESTABLISHED 100 YEARS,  
**Pears' Soap,**  
A Special Preparation for y<sup>e</sup> Complexion:

As used and recommended bye  
Mistress Adelina Patti, Mis-  
tress Lillie Langtry, and  
othere beauteous Ladyes.

Y<sup>e</sup> Soape is marvellous for improving  
y<sup>e</sup> Complexyon, and for keepynge y<sup>e</sup>  
handes inne nice ordere. Y<sup>e</sup> Proprie-  
tors of PEARS' SOAP are y<sup>e</sup> makers  
bye Royal Warraunt to y<sup>e</sup> Prince of  
Wales,

All y<sup>e</sup> Druggists sell it.

## NEW MUSIC.

## CHAPPELL and CO.'S POPULAR MUSIC.

## PEPITA. LECOCQ'S POPULAR OPERA.

Just produced at Toole's Theatre with the greatest success after a run of seven hundred nights in the provinces.

Vocal Score, 5s. net.  
Pianoforte Score, 3s. net.

"Pepita is a big success; and people who wish to hear tuneful music, replete with humorous and dramatic effects, ought to visit Toole's Theatre."—Standard.

## PEPITA LANCERS.

Arranged by Bualossi. 2s. net.

## PEPITA WALTZ.

Arranged by Bualossi. 2s. net.

CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

## CHAPPELL and CO.'S PIANOFORTES,

HARMONIUMS, and AMERICAN ORGANS, for Hire, Sale, or on the Three-Years' System. New or Secondhand.

## CHAPPELL and CO.'S IRON-FRAMED

OBLIQUE PIANOFORTES, Manufactured expressly for extreme climates, from 35 Guineas. Testimonials from all parts of the World.

## CHAPPELL and CO.'S STUDENTS'

PIANOS, Compass Five Octaves, from 16 guineas.

## CHAPPELL and CO.'S NEW ORGAN

HARMONIUMS, with Octave Couplers, from 11 guineas to 90 guineas.

## CLOUGH and WARREN'S CELEBRATED

AMERICAN ORGANS, from 6 guineas to 250 guineas. Pronounced by the highest judges to be superior to all others in quality of tone. ILLUSTRATED LISTS, post-free.

CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street; and 15, Poultry, E.C.

## LOVE'S GOLDEN DREAM. LINDSAY

LENNOX.

## LOVE'S GOLDEN DREAM (LINDSAY

LENNOX).—This charming song, SUNG by Miss

SESTETTA FENN at COVENT-GARDEN PROMENADE

CONCERTS, and all her engagements this season, 2s. net. "A

charming new waltz-song sure to become popular, and will

most probably become a rage this season. It is one of those

pretty little morsels of which one does not tire in a hurry."

Northamptonshire Guardian.—LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING

COMPANY (Limited) 54, Great Marlborough-street, W.

## JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS,

33, Great Pulteney-street, London, W.

GOLD MEDAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1883.

GOLD MEDAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, 1883.

PIANOFORTES for SALE at from 25 to 250 guineas.

PIANOFORTES for HIRE.

## ERARDS' PIANOS.—Messrs. ERARD, of

18, Great Marlborough-street, London, and 13, Rue de Mail,

Paris, Makers to Her Majesty and the Prince and Princess of

Wales, CAUTION the Public that Pianofortes are being sold

bearing the name of "Erard" which are not of their man-

ufacture. For information as to authenticity apply at 18, Great

Marlborough-st., where new Pianos can be obtained from 50s.

## ERARDS' PIANOS.—COTTAGES, from

50 guineas.

OBLIQUES, from 85 guineas.

GRANDS, from 125 guineas.

Founded, 1838; Rebuilt, 1887.

## MOORE and MOORE.—Pianos from 16½

gs. to 108 gs. Organs from 7 gs. to 80 gs.; Three-Years'

System, from 10s. 6d. per Month, or Cash. Lists free.

104 and 105, Bishopsgate-within, London, E.C.

## J. B. CRAMER and CO., 207 and 209,

Regent-street, London, W., have a choice selection of

upwards of 100 SECOND-HAND GRAND, Oblique, Cottage, and

Square PIANOFORTES and PIANETTES, by the great

Makers, at exceptionally low prices; also Fifty Church,

Chamber, Chancel, and Cabinet Organs, Harmoniums, and

American Organs, either for cash, by easy payments, or on

their Three-Years' System.

## INVENTIONS EXHIBITION.—The

SILVER MEDAL has been awarded to J. B. CRAMER

and CO., for "general good quality and moderate price of

pianos." Price-Lists free on application.—Regent-street, W.,

and Moorgate-street.

## D'ALMAINE and CO.'S PIANOS AND

ORGANS.—Its Senior Partner deceased.—Absolute Sale

previous to New Partnership. Ten years' warranty. Easy

terms. Good Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.

Class 0, 14 guineas. Class 3, 23 guineas. Class 6, 33 guineas.

Class 1, 17 guineas. Class 4, 26 guineas. Class 7, 40 guineas.

Class 2, 20 guineas. Class 5, 30 guineas. Class 8, 45 guineas.

American Organs, by the best Makers, from 45 guineas up to

100 guineas. N.B.—The railway return fare will be refunded to

any purchaser of an Instrument exceeding 16 guineas whose

residence is within 200 miles of London.—91, Finsbury-pave-

ment, E.C. (Established 103 Years).

## 500 SECOND-HAND PIANOS for SALE.

Returned from Hire.

## GREAT PIANO SALE.—END OF LONDON

SEASON.—Second-hand Broadwood, Collard, and Erard

Pianos, very cheap. Illustrated Catalogues and Descriptive

Lists free. Packed free and sent to any part.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, London, W.

## £15 PIANOS; £16 PIANOS; £18 PIANOS.

An early inspection is desirable, as these Pianos are

being rapidly sold. Packed free, and sent to any part of the

Kingdom. Catalogues and Descriptive Lists post-free.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, W.

## £21 BROADWOOD GRAND.—Full Grand

Pianoforte, suitable for a Choral Society. Should be

seen at once. Illustrated Catalogues free; and all Pianos

packed free at THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S Great Sale of

Pianos, 27, Baker-street, London, W.

£25 COLLARD.—Rosewood Cottage Piano.

Incised and gilt panel front, ivory keys, metallic plate,

scissors, &c. Very cheap. Descriptive Lists free of the

Great Piano Sale at

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S, 27, Baker-street, London, W.

£45 ERARD GRAND (cost double), Genuine.

Full-sized Grand Pianoforte, seven octaves, trichord

throughout, and all recent improvements. A remarkably

cheap Piano. Descriptive Lists post-free of the Great Piano

Sale at THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S, 27, Baker-street, W.

£65 BROADWOOD GRAND (well worth

100 guineas).—Boulder Grand Piano, full compass of

seven octaves, patent pin plate, repeater check action, full

trichord. A magnificent instrument. All Pianos packed

free at the Great Piano Sale at

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S, 27, Baker-street, London, W.

PLEYEL, WOLFE, and CO.'S PIANOS.

EVERY DESCRIPTION FOR SALE OR HIRE.

Illustrated Lists Free.

Solo Agency, 170, New Bond-street, W.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT

IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to

CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Painting in heraldic colours,

7s. 6d. Pedigrees traced. The correct colours for liveries.

The arms of husband and wife blended. Crest engraved on

seals and dies, 8s. 6d. Book plates engraved in ancient and

modern styles.—25, Cranbourn-street, W.C.

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX of

STATIONERY.—A Ream of Paper and 500 Envelopes,

stamped with Crest or Address. No charge for engraving

seal dies, Wedding and Invitation Cards. A CARD

PLATE and fifty best Cards, Printed, 2s. 8d., post-free, by

T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of

St. Martin's-lane), W.C.

FLORILINE. For the Teeth and Breath.

Is the best Liquid Dentifrice in the world: it thoroughly

cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living

animalcules, leaving them pearly white, imparting a deli-

cious fragrance to the breath. The Fragrant Floriline removes

instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco

smoke; being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of

sweet herbs and plants, it is perfectly delicious to the taste,

and as harmless as sherry. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers

everywhere, at 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

## M O N T E C A R L O

AS A SUMMER RESORT.

For a summer stay, Monte Carlo, adjacent to Monaco, is one

of the most quiet, charming, and interesting of spots on the

Mediterranean sea-coast. The Principality has a tropical

vegetation, yet the summer heat is always tempered by the

sea-breezes. The beach is covered with the softest sand; the

Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths, and

there are comfortable villas and apartments, replete with

every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort

in England.

Monaco is the only sea-bathing town on the Mediterranean

coast which offers to its visitors the same amusements as the

Establishments on the banks of the Rhine—Theatre, Concerts,

Venetian Fêtes, &c.

There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in

the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special

fascinations and attractions—not only by the favoured climate

and by the inviting scenery, but also by the facilities of every

kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the

restoration of health.

As a WINTER RESORT, Monaco occupies the first place

among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border,

on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the

elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make

it today the rendezvous of the aristocratic world; the spot

most frequented by travellers in Europe; in short, Monaco

and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring. Monte Carlo is

only thirty-two hours from London and forty minutes from

Nice.

## S T. G O T H A R D R A I L W A Y ,

SWITZERLAND.

The most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route to

Italy. Express from Lucerne to Milan in eight hours.

Excursions to the Rigi by Mountain Railway, from Arth

Station, of the Gothard line. Through-going Sleeping-Cars

from Ostend to Milan. Balcony Carriages, Safety Brakes.

Tickets at all corresponding Railway Stations, and at Cook's

and Gaze's Offices.

## A I X - L E S - B A I N S . — Grand Hôtel Europe.

One of the most renowned and best conducted in Europe.

Patronised by Royal Family. 300 sunny chambers. Refined

table. Large gardens; lawn-tennis.—BERNARDON, Proprietor.

## D I E P P E . — Hôtel Royal, facing the sea.

Superior first-class house, worthily recommended.

Nearest the sea, the casino, and bathing establishment. Table

d'hôte. Open all the year.

LARSONNEUX, Propr.

## L U C E R N E . — Hôtels Schweizerhof and

Lucernerhof. An extra floor and two new lifts added to

the Schweizerhof. The electric light is supplied in the 500

rooms; no charge for lighting or service.

HAUSER FRERES, Proprietors.

## W I N T E R R E S I D E N C E in the ENGADINE.

The Maloja Kursaal (6000 ft. above sea-level), open for

the whole Winter. New ice rink and sun gallery. Milanese

hand, snow-shoeing, skating, tobogganing, and sleighing.

Vide "Alpine Winter in its Medical Aspects" (Churchill).

## T H E H I G H L A N D S O F B R A Z I L

SANATORIUM, in one of the finest all-the-year-round

climates known in England, bracing, 2300 ft. above sea-level,

just within the Southern Temperate Zone; good summer

and winter alike; no change of residence forced on the

Invalid by the advance of the seasons. English society,

English church. The voyage from England or the United

States is a favourite fair-weather ocean trip. Terms, 10s. 10

12s. per diem. Circular with further particulars, from

CHARLES WILLIAM JONES, Esq., 39, Drury-buildings, Liver-

pool; or ARTHUR E. JONES, The Sanatorium, S. Paulo, Brazil.

## S H I R T S . — F O R D ' S E U R E K A .

"The most perfect fitting made."—Observer.

Gentlemen desirous of purchasing Shirts of the best quality,

should try FORD'S EUREKA, 30s., 40s., 45s. half-dozen.

## S H I R T S . — F O R D ' S E U R E K A S H I R T S .

Special to Measure.

Illustrated Self-measure post-free.

R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

## O L D S H I R T S R e f r o n t e d , W r i s t and C o l l a r

Banded, fine linen, three for 6s.; Superior, 7s. 6d.; Extra

Pine, 9s. Send three (not less) with cash. Returned ready for

use carriage paid.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

## Æ G I D I U S . — The only FLANNEL SHIRTS

that never shrink in washing, not if washed 100 times;

Elastic, soft as silk, two for 21s.; Extra Quality, two for 27s.

Carriage free. Write for Patterns and Self-measure to

R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

## Æ G I D I U S . — G E N T L E M E N ' S U N D E R

VESTS, summer and winter weight, 32 to 48 inches

chest; Pants to match, 32 to 52 waist. Vests, 4s. 6d. to 6s. 9d.

each; Pants, 8s. 9d. to 10s. 6d.; Half-Hose, 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.,

the half-dozen. Self-measure and patterns free from the Sole

Makers, R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

## A C C I D E N T S all the Year Round.—Provide

against them by Policy of the RAILWAY PASSENGERS'

ASSURANCE COMPANY. Hon. Evelyn Ashley, Chairman.

Annual Income, £249,000. Invested Capital and Reserve Fund,

£275,000. Compensation paid for 126,000 Accidents, £2,500,000.

Moderate Premiums, new concessions. Prompt and Liberal

Settlement of Claims. West-End Office: 8, Grand Hotel Build-

ings, W.C. Head Office, 64, Cornhill, E.C.—WILLIAM J. VIAN, Sec.

C H O C O L A T M E N I E R .

AMSTERDAM

EXHIBITION, 1883.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

The pretty and pathetic story of Lesbia and her sparrow, told originally by the Latin poet Catullus, is not wholly new to the stage. It is certain that Rachel, the great French actress, played in a dramatised version of the tale called "Le Moineau de Lesbie," and it has been thought that Mr. R. Davey has done little more than translate the French play, in order to provide the brief preliminary entertainment for the American artists who are now to be seen at the Lyceum Theatre. But this is not the case. Mr. Davey, in graceful language, has told the story in his own fashion, and when in doubt has gone to the fountain head—namely, the Poet Catullus himself. Lesbia, a wealthy, gifted, and witty courtesan of Rome, has left her exalted station, her position, influence, and innumerable admirers, in order to gratify the ambition and minister to the whims of a fanciful and conceited poet. Poor woman, she has done all that faithful companion can do to make her lover happy. But his ambition must be gratified. He frets under the silken chains of Lesbia's unselfish devotion, so he needs must abandon his mistress, in order to marry a wealthy old widow, whose social influence may improve the fretful poet's position. The news of the desertion of Catullus bids fair to break poor Lesbia's heart; but she determines to win the truant back by woman's artifice. She first pretends, with tears in her eyes, that she does not care a straw for her poet, and then she takes to weeping over the supposed loss of the sparrow that Catullus has presented to her in their love-days. The poet's vanity is tickled, and Catullus promises to abandon the widow, who has been cruelly deserted and left in the lurch at the altar, and return to Lesbia if she will only forgive him. In these days of irreverence, the mention of so humble a bird as a sparrow seemed to tickle the Cockney part of the audience. They had no mind for Catullus or romance, and could not associate a poet's love-gift with the chirpy and cheeky little denizen of our house-tops. But the majority of those assembled to see the little play were grateful for Mr. Davey's clever work, and gave the American artists all credit for excellent intentions. Miss Beatrice Cameron would be an actress of the first consequence if she could adequately convey the various passions and emotions that even so small a drama encompasses. She did her best, however; and gave a pretty, if not a very powerful or convincing, rendering of the loving Lesbia. But, somehow or other, the modern actor and actress seem to be ill at ease when they are engaged in portraying character other than that of the age in which they live. A Catullian conceit of this kind does not appear to harmonise with the American diction. But Mr. Mansfield has done his best to give an entertainment in some way worthy of the stage on which it was produced.

When the playgoing world returns to London again, or when the patrons of the theatre pass through town on their way to country houses and shooting-boxes, they will, no doubt, find time to study, if not admire, that curious modern product

known as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." It was unfortunate for Mr. Mansfield that he was compelled by the action of Bandmann to open at the Lyceum a full month before he originally intended. August is not the best month in the year to produce a play quite out of the ordinary category and that appeals to the more observant and intellectual of sight-seers. However much the mere subject of such a drama may startle or shock the sensitive, it is, unquestionably, a remarkable *tour de force* on the part of a young actor—this dual impersonation. Such a play can never amuse or edify anybody, but the student of acting will find in Mr. Mansfield's realism much to astonish and to provoke admiration. England, so far, has not taken to Mr. Louis Stevenson's morbid psychology so keenly as did our American cousins. They have no taste for the unadulterated horrible in art. But whilst expressing distaste for the play they have not hesitated to award full praise to the actor. Unless there is a sudden rush to see Dr. Jekyll and the ghastly Hyde during the next few weeks Mr. Mansfield will produce his English version of Octave Feuillet's "Roman Parisien," in which he plays with rare art a horrible old man. After that we may have the promised "Nero," or a revival of "Prince Karl," in which Mr. Mansfield shows his powers as a linguist and a vocalist, as well as an actor.

For the first time for many years past several theatres have got the start of Old Drury in the honour of starting the autumn dramatic season. But on Sept. 22, if all be well, Mr. Augustus Harris and Mr. Hamilton will give us their long-promised spectacular drama, founded on incidents connected with "The Armada." According to the programme, there will be several brilliant scenes, in addition to a realisation of the defeat of the Spanish Armada under the celebrated old Admirals of history. Seymour Lucas's Academy picture of the historic game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe will be realised; and we are to see "good Queen Bess" going in procession to St. Paul's, to give thanks after the victory. Mr. Leonard Boyne will make his first appearance at Old Drury, and the cast is otherwise a strong one. This is the first time that Mr. Harris has departed from modern life in connection with his autumn dramas, and it may be hoped that the experiment will prove successful. This would open up a new field for historical drama, that might prove of incalculable service. Mr. Chatterton, it may be remembered, did very well at Drury with the dramas by Andrew Halliday founded on the historical novels of Sir Walter Scott.—Sept. 24 has been fixed for the opening of the New Court Theatre that was to have belonged to the late John Clayton, but will now be identified with the names of Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Arthur Chudleigh. The opening play is to be Mr. Sidney Grundy's version of "Les Surprises du Divorce," called "Mamma." Considering the subject, an even more effective title might have been found in the now popular query "Is Marriage a Failure?" Mr. Hare will play the leading comic character that was so inimitably rendered at the Royalty—in French—by Coquelin, as that popular actor will

not be wanted at his own new theatre, The Garrick, until Christmas time.—On Sept. 24 also the Vaudeville will be reopened by Mr. Thomas Thorne with a revival of Robert Buchanan's popular play "Joseph's Sweetheart." So that in a very few days' time the season will be in full swing again.

Mr. Willie Edouin has made still another attempt to restore the shifting fortunes of the little Strand Theatre. He seems to be a little unwise in his selection of plays, although he commands a clever company, of which his wife, Miss Alice Atherton, is first lieutenant. Mr. Mark Melford's play, called "Kleptomania," has in it a certain cleverness of construction and neatness in form; but if there really be such a form of madness, concerning which many doctors differ, it is a disease that should inspire our pity rather than provoke our laughter. It is always a mistake to ridicule any affliction on the stage, for no one ever knows what pain may be innocently caused to the casual spectator. Madness in any form is not a thing to be laughed at. And surely the well of inspiration from which burlesque writers used to draw so freely is not so dry as to necessitate a revival of H. J. Byron's "Aladdin," that was produced at the old Strand in April, 1861, and performed seven-and-twenty years ago by that merry company consisting of Charlotte Saunders, H. J. Turner, Fanny Josephs, Marie Wilton, John Clarke, Kate Carson, Danvers, Nellie Bufton, and James Rogers. Mr. Edouin is amusing enough as the Widow Twankay, and he receives excellent support from Miss Atherton and Miss Susie Vaughan, a versatile and excellent actress. But the manager of the Strand should call on such veterans as Burnand or Robert Reece, or summon to his aid the twin brethren Richard Henry, or Robert Martin, in order to give us some fun of a newer pattern than "Aladdin." Playgoers will not be put off with old lamps for new, even when they were made originally by such a humourist as H. J. Byron.

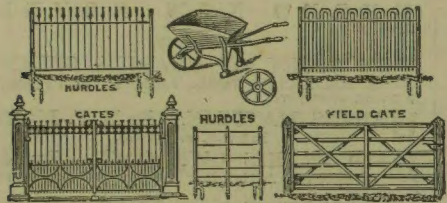
The Queen has presented an engraving of herself bearing a gracious inscription, signed by her Majesty, to Miss Emily Faithfull, who has just completed the thirtieth year of her work in promoting the educational and industrial interests of women.

The marine painter Herr Salzmann, who accompanied the German Emperor on his recent voyage to Russia, has received, in recognition of the merits of his picture at this year's Exhibition, the highest distinction for artists—namely, the great gold medal.

## MARRIAGE.

On Sept. 12, at Christ Church, Wellington, Salop, by the Rev. T. Owen, Vicar, assisted by the Rev. T. L. Butler, M.A., Vicar of Adbaston, the Rev. Dr. Bullinger, Vicar of Walthamstow, the Rev. G. E. Yate, Vicar of Madeley, and the Rev. James Dixon, cousin of the bride, William Parkin, great-nephew and heir of the late George Moore, the philanthropist, to Lucy Josephine Cranage, the only daughter of Dr. Cranage, of Wellington, Salop.

\* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.



Catalogue of all kinds of Iron and Wire Fence, Hurdles, Gates, Tree-Guards, Poultry, Lawn Tennis, and Cricket-ground Fence, Wire Netting, Stable Fittings, &c., free on application.

**BAYLISS, JONES, & BAYLISS,**  
WOLVERHAMPTON.

London Office & Show-Rooms: 139 & 141, CANNON-ST., E.C.

**SWANBILL CORSETS**  
(REGISTERED).

**THIRD TYPE OF FIGURE.**  
WHITE .. 21s. 6d.  
BLACK .. 25s. 6d.

A specially constructed Belt Corset for Ladies inclined to embonpoint.

Corset and Belt-Key, Illustrated by Twelve Types of Figure, sent post-free.

Send Size of Waist, with P.O.O., on Sloane-street.

**ADDLEY BOURNE,**  
Ladies' Warehouse,  
174, SLOANE-STREET,  
BELGRAVIA  
(late of Piccadilly).



On September 26 (Sixpence), New Series, No. 64,  
**THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE** for  
OCTOBER, containing, among other Articles of interest, FRENCH JANE, Chaps. IV.-VI.—THE GREAT AMERICAN LANGUAGE—THE PHANTOM PIQUET—A COACH DRIVE AT THE LAKES, PART II.—SKETCHES OF INDIAN LIFE; and A LIFE'S MORNING, by the Author of "Demos," "Thyrza," Chaps. XIX. and XX.  
London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15, Waterloo-place.

**SCHWEITZER'S**  
**COCOATINA.**

Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.  
GUARANTEED PURE SOLUBLE COCOA.  
Sold in ½ lb., ¾ lb., and 1 lb. Tins.  
BY CHEMISTS, GROCERS, &c.

**MELLIN'S**  
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.  
**FOOD.**

**ADVICE TO MOTHERS.**—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child, suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately; it is perfectly harmless; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain; and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and see that "Cutis and Perkins, New York and London," is on the outside wrapper. No mother should be without it. Sold by all Medicine Dealers, at 1s. 1d.

**VAN HOUTEN'S** PURE  
Soluble  
**BEST AND**  
**GOES FARTHEST. COCOA**  
**EASILY DIGESTED.—MADE INSTANTLY.**

**LANCET.**—"Delicate aroma."—"PURE and unmixed."  
**BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.**—"It is admirable."—"Flavour is perfect" and "so PURE."  
**HEALTH.**—"PURITY is beyond question."  
"ONCE USED, ALWAYS USED."

C. J. VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, WEESP, HOLLAND.



Price 16s. 6d.—with soft Leather Case & Cord

The "LILIPUT" is a very useful, light, but strong vest-pocket Field and Opera Glass. Its particular and newly-invented Perfect Achromatic Combination Glasses are made in accordance with the directions of the Technical Artillery-Commission Office of Poitiers (France), and render the "LILIPUT" equal if not superior to all the large and cumbersome glasses generally used in the Army, Travelling, Theatres, Races, &c. 50,000 in use all over Europe. Thousands of best testimonials.

**E. KRAUSS & CO.,**  
60, HAYMARKET, S.W.  
PARIS—4, AVENUE DE LA REPUBLIQUE.

**ARSENICAL WATER** of great RESTORATIVE PROPERTY  
for weak Children and Diseases of Skin and Bones  
**LA BOURBOULE.**  
Rheumatism—Respiratory Organs—  
Anemia—Diabetes—Intermittent Fevers  
Thermal Season from 25<sup>th</sup> May to 30<sup>th</sup> September.

**VALUABLE DISCOVERY for the HAIR.**  
If your hair is turning grey, or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. "The Mexican Hair Renewer" is sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere, at 3s. 6d. per Bottle.

"O'CONNELL" MONUMENT WHISKY (IRISH).  
"WALLACE" MONUMENT WHISKY (SCOTCH).  
THE "BALLYHOOLEY" WHISKY (IRISH).  
(REGISTERED BRANDS.)  
Wholesale and Export of J. & J. VICKERS & Co., Ltd.,  
LONDON and DUBLIN.

**KINAHAN'S**  
**LL**  
**WHISKY.**

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT.**  
The Pills purify the blood, correct all disorders of the liver, stomach, kidneys, and bowels. The Ointment is unrivalled in the cure of bad legs, old wounds, gout, rheumatism.

Certain | **HARNESS'** | Cure.  
**ELECTROPATHIC BELT**

FOR  
**Ladies' Ailments**

Mrs. CRAWSHAW, 3, Princes' Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W., writes:—"After a fortnight's application of Harness' Electropathic Appliances the effect has been truly marvellous. For eight months my life was a terrible burden. I am now quite well again."

Guaranteed to generate a mild continuous current of Electricity, which speedily cures all Disorders of the Nerves, Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Thousands of Testimonials. Pamphlet & Advice free on application to Mr. C. B. Harness, Consulting Electrician, the Medical Battery Co., Ltd.

Only Address.  
**52, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.**  
(Corner of Rathbone Place)  
Call to-day, if possible, or write at once

**HEALTH-STRENGTH**  
**VIGOUR**  
**LONG-LIFE.**

Guaranteed by the use of HUNT'S FAMILY PILLS. Large numbers of people in robust health can testify to the truth of this assertion, having regulated themselves entirely by these Pills for over 50 years. One pill will invariably relieve, and a little perseverance radically cure, either a Torpid Liver, Costiveness, Indigestion, Pains in the Back or Head, Influenza or Feverish Cold, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Flatulency, or Giddiness. THEY RESTORE BRIGHTNESS TO THE EYE, CLEARNESS TO THE COMPLEXION, SHARPNESS TO THE INTELLECT, AND ENERGY TO BOTH MIND AND BODY. To Ladies they are invaluable. Sold everywhere, in boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 8d. Wholesale Agents, WILCOX and Co., 239, Oxford-street, London. Post-free.

**BORAX**  
**EXTRACT OF**  
**SOAP.**

QUEEN'S PATENT FOR UTILITY.

"The Great Dirt Extractor—Perfection."

Packets, One Penny each and upwards.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS AND SOAP DEALERS.

**PATENT BORAX COMPANY,**

Manufacturers. Works: BIRMINGHAM.



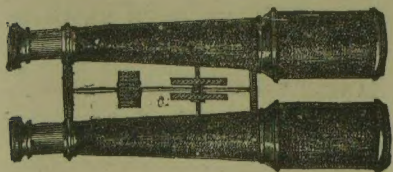
**NUBIAN**  
LIQUID WATERPROOF BLACKING  
No brushes required. Applied with sponge attached to the cork. Gives a brilliant polish, equal to patent leather, to Boots, Shoes, Harness and Leather articles, which lasts a week in all weathers. Mud can be washed off and polish remains. Sold everywhere.

**CORPULENCY.**

Recipe and notes how to harmlessly, effectually, and rapidly cure Obesity without semi-starvation dietary, &c. "Sunday Times" says:—"Mr. Russell's aim is to eradicate, to cure the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes does not lower but builds up and tones the system." Book, 116 pages (8 stamps).

F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House, 27, Store-street, Bedford-square, London, W.C.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S  
BINOCULAR TELESCOPES.



FOR  
**MILITARY SERVICE,  
DEER-STALKING, or YACHTING.**  
Mounted in Aluminium or Bronze Metal.  
Long Range, with High Magnifying Power and  
Perfect Definition.

By a new combination of lenses, Negretti and Zambra have  
produced a glass eight inches in length, possessing all the  
advantages of the larger size binocular telescope.

Illustrated Price-Lists posted free to all parts of the World.

**NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA,**  
SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT MAKERS AND OPTICIANS  
TO THE QUEEN,  
**HOLBORN VIADUCT.**

BRANCHES:

45, Cornhill; 122, Regent-street; Negretti and Zambra's  
Photographic Studio, Crystal Palace.

Illustrated Catalogue, 1200 Engravings, 5s. 6d.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

**E P P S'S**  
(GRATEFUL-COMFORTING)

**C O C O A**

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.



**ROBINSON and CLEAVER'S  
CAMBRIC POCKET  
HANDKERCHIEFS.**

Samples and Price-Lists, post-free.

Children's .. 1/2 Hemstitched  
Ladies' .. 2/4 Ladies' .. 2/11 Per Doz.  
Gent's .. 3/6 Gent's .. 4/11

**ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.**

**FAULKNER'S CELEBRATED DIAMONDS. SPANISH CRYSTALS.**  
DETECTION IMPOSSIBLE.

**KNOWN all over the WORLD as the FINEST STONES ever Produced.**



21s.



25s.



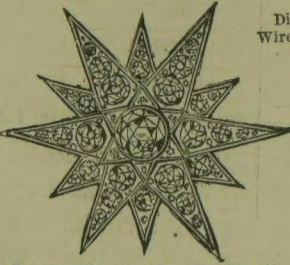
20s.



Solid, 40s.



BEE BROOCH, 14s.  
Size Smaller, 10s.



BROOCH, 30s. Smaller, 25s. 21s., 15s.

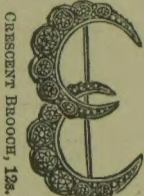


SCREW EAR-  
RING, 21s., 25s.  
Smaller, 10s.,  
16s.

Ditto, with  
Wires, at same  
Price.



SCARF PIN,  
12s.  
Smaller, 10s.  
Stud to  
Match,  
8s. and 10s.



CRESCENT BROOCH, 12s.

COMET BROOCH,  
8s. 6d.

These Magnificent Stones are set  
in GOLD, HALL-MARKED, and  
made by most experienced work-  
men; detection impossible; and I  
Defy the BEST JUDGES to tell  
them from DIAMONDS. The bril-  
liancy and lustre are most marvel-  
lous, and equal to BRILLIANTS.

**WORTH TWENTY GUINEAS,**  
The Stones being real Crystals, and  
splendidly faceted. They will resist  
acids, alkalis, and intense heat. All  
stones set by diamond-setters, and  
beautifully finished.

Single-stone Earrings, from 10s.  
per pair; Scarf Pins, Shirt Studs,  
Pendants, Necklets, &c., 30s. to £20.  
Much worn for Court and other  
occasions. Testimonials from all  
parts of the World. These stones  
are daily gaining great reputation  
throughout the World, and have  
been awarded Three Prize Medals  
from the Great Exhibitions.

The Public are earnestly invited  
to INSPECT our marvellous selec-  
tion now on view, which astonishes  
all Visitors. Catalogues post-free.

NOTICE.—These stones cannot  
possibly be had elsewhere at any  
price, and are only to be obtained  
of the **SOLE IMPORTER and  
MANUFACTURER,**

**ARTHUR O. FAULKNER,**  
167, REGENT-STREET,  
LONDON, W.

Established 1860.  
Two Doors from Burlington-street.



**DR. OX'S ELIXIR DENTIFRICE,** composed  
only of Vegetable and Balsamic Ingredients, is the  
best Tooth-Wash extant. It removes tartar, and  
its constant use contributes greatly to the pre-  
servation of the Teeth. It is invaluable to smokers.  
Of Chemists, 2s. 9d. per Bottle; or post-free for 3s.  
from the Agents, **F. NEWBURY and SONS,**  
1, King Edward-street, E.C.

**UNEQUALLED FOR  
INFANTS, CHILDREN, & INVALIDS.**

**SCOTT'S**  
Midlothian  
**OAT-FLOUR**

EIGHT First-Class Exhibition Awards.

Highly Recommended by the Medical Profession.

Sold by all Grocers and Chemists.

Sole Makers: A. & R. Scott, Glasgow, Manchester, & London.

**GOLDEN HAIR.**—Robare's **AUREOLINE**  
produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired.  
Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all  
principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world.  
Agents, **R. HOVENDE and SONS,** 31 and 33, Berners-st., W.

**NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE to July, 1888, now ready  
"THE GUN OF THE PERIOD."**



Price from 15 guineas;  
or with B.A. Locks, from  
10 guineas.

**THIS Gun,** wherever shown, has always  
taken honours. Why buy from Dealers when you can  
buy at half the price from the Maker? Any gun sent on  
approval on receipt of P.O.O., and remittance returned if, on  
receipt, it is not satisfactory. Target trial allowed. A choice  
of 2000 Guns, Rifles, and Revolvers, embracing every novelty  
in the trade. B.-L. Guns, from 50s. to 50 guineas; B.-L. Re-  
volvers, from 6s. 6d. to 100s. Send six stamps for New Illus-  
trated Catalogue for season 1888, now ready, embracing every  
Gun, Rifle, and Revolver up to date; also Air-Cane, and  
Implement Sheets. For conversions, new barrels, P.-F. to  
C.-F., M.-L. to B.-L., re-stocking, &c., we have a staff of men  
second to none in the trade.

**SPECIAL.**—We sell Guns, &c., at one profit on first-cost of  
manufacture; Re-stocking from 15s.; Pin Fires altered to  
Central Fires, from 30s.; New Barrels, from £2 to £10; M.-L.  
altered to C.-F. B.-L., from 60s., with B.A. Locks; and from  
80s. with Bar Locks, including new hammers, and making up  
as new; Altering Locks to Rebound, 12s.

**G. E. LEWIS,**  
32 & 33, Lower Loveday-street, BIRMINGHAM.  
Established 1850.

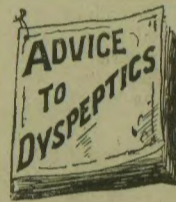


"They fit perfectly, and are far  
superior to all the other Corsets I  
have tried."—Signed, **MARIE ROZE.**

**THE Y & N**  
PATENT

**DIAGONAL SEAM CORSET.**

Will not split in the Seams nor tear  
in the Fabric. Exquisite Model,  
Perfect Comfort, Guaranteed Wear.  
Beware of worthless imitations.  
Every genuine Y & N Corset is  
stamped "Y & N Patent Diagonal  
Seam Corset, No. 116," in oval. **THREE GOLD MEDALS!**  
Sold by all Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.



Now Ready. Tenth Edition.

**CONTENTS:**—Symptoms of Dys-  
pepsia and Indigestion; Special  
Advice as to Diet and Regimen;  
Diseases Sympathetic; Notes for  
Dyspeptics; Beverages, Air,  
and Ventilation; Particulars of  
numerous Dyspeptic Cases. Sent  
for one stamp.

Address: Publisher, 46, Holborn  
Viaduct, London, E.C.

**FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.**



**PETER ROBINSON'S COURT and FAMILY  
MOURNING WAREHOUSE.**  
256 to 262, REGENT-STREET, LONDON.

**ON RECEIPT of LETTER or TELEGRAM**  
Mourning Goods will be forwarded to any part of England on  
approval—no matter the distance—with an excellent fitting  
Dressmaker (if desired), without any extra charge whatever.  
Address—**PETER ROBINSON,** Mourning Warehouse, Regent-st.

**INEXPENSIVE MOURNING,** as well as the  
Richest Qualities, can be supplied by **PETER ROBINSON,**  
upon advantageous terms, to Families. Good fitting Dressmakers  
are sent to all parts of England with a full assortment of goods,  
and to take orders, immediately on receipt of letter or telegram.  
Regent-street, Nos. 256 to 262.

**FRENCH and ENGLISH DRESSMAKING** at  
very moderate charges.

**SILKS, VELVETS, BROCADES,** an immense  
Stock of New Goods, the latest productions, for Mantles and  
Dresses. Patterns free.

**OUR SPECIAL "Good-Wearing" MAKES OF**  
**BLACK SILKS.** A fresh delivery from "Como," 3s. 11d.,  
4s. 6d., 5s. 9d., to 10s. 6d. Patterns free.

**EVENING and DINNER DRESSES.** A superior  
and superb variety, all very moderate in price, varying  
from 1 to 10 guineas.

**NEW BLACK MATERIAL COSTUMES.** A  
beautiful variety of New Designs from 1½ to 6 guineas.

**BEAUTIFUL FRENCH MILLINERY,** entirely  
New and Novel.

**PETER ROBINSON, the COURT and GENERAL  
MOURNING WAREHOUSE,**  
256 to 262, REGENT-STREET.

**PETER ROBINSON** { **MOURNING WAREHOUSE,**  
REGENT-STREET, LONDON.

**The "WHIPPET" CYCLES.**



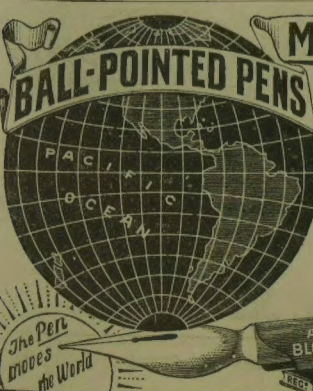
In designing our Cycles for this season, we have devoted our attention to per-  
fecting those styles which have been so successful in the past. We have also  
added several new designs which we have thoroughly tested ourselves before  
placing them on the Market, and we are able, therefore, to submit them to the  
approval of our patrons without hesitation.

We removed the one great inconvenience which interfered with the  
pleasures of cycling—viz., the vibration communicated by every inequality  
of the road through handle, saddle, and pedals to the rider. This great  
inconvenience has long been patiently submitted to, because it was  
supposed to be inevitable.

The success of the "WHIPPET" Spring Frame has caused nearly the whole  
of the Cycle Trade to imitate our specialty—**NON-VIBRATING  
CYCLES.** Intending purchasers should remember that "**THE  
WHIPPET**" stands out clearly as **THE ONLY MACHINE** upon which  
**THE RIDER IS COMPLETELY INSULATED FROM ALL VIBRATION.**

SOLE MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTEES,

**LINLEY & BIGGS,**  
29, Clerkenwell-road, London, E.C.



**MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD**

THE BALL-POINTED PENS never scratch nor  
spurt; they hold more ink and last longer.  
Six sorts—fine, medium, broad—6d. and 1s. per box.

The "FEDERATION" Holders not only  
prevent the pen from blotting, but give a  
firm grip. Price 2d., 4d., and 6d.

Assorted Box of 30 Pens for 1s. 1d., or with  
ebony Holder for 1s. 6d.—of all Stationers,  
or post-free from



**ORMISTON & GLASS  
EDINBURGH**

**CHERRY  
BLOSSOM**

**PERFUME  
TOILET  
POWDER  
& SOAP**

**NUN NICER**

**IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.**—Gosnell v. Durrant—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice  
Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs, restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant  
from Infringing Messrs. John Gosnell and Co.'s Registered Trade Mark, **CHERRY BLOSSOM.**

# THE CHANCERY LANE SAFE DEPOSIT.

|                             |                             |                             |                             |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| A GREAT NATIONAL SAFEGUARD. | A GREAT NATIONAL SAFEGUARD. | A GREAT NATIONAL SAFEGUARD. | A GREAT NATIONAL SAFEGUARD. |
| CHANCERY-LANE SAFE DEPOSIT. | CHANCERY-LANE SAFE DEPOSIT. | CHANCERY-LANE SAFE DEPOSIT. | CHANCERY-LANE SAFE DEPOSIT. |
| A NECESSITY OF THE TIME.    | A NECESSITY OF THE TIME.    | A NECESSITY OF THE TIME.    | A NECESSITY OF THE TIME.    |
| CHANCERY-LANE SAFE DEPOSIT. | CHANCERY-LANE SAFE DEPOSIT. | CHANCERY-LANE SAFE DEPOSIT. | CHANCERY-LANE SAFE DEPOSIT. |

Annual Rent of Safe, 1 to 5 Guineas; Annual Rent of Strong Rooms, from 8 Guineas.

|                                                  |                                        |                                      |                              |
|--------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| THE CHANCERY-LANE SAFE DEPOSIT OFFERS FACILITIES | FULL CONFIDENCE of its ABILITY to      | ROADS of THIEVES, and from           | PEOPLE are now COMPELLED to  |
| SECOND to NONE as                                | SERVE ITS PATRONS in all ITS           | DESTRUCTION by FIRE, was             | SEEK OTHER MEANS of          |
| REGARDS SAFETY and                               | DEPARTMENTS with the BEST of its KIND. | OBLIGED TO LAY OUT                   | PROTECTION for their WEALTH. |
| CONVENIENCE, and HAS the                         | BEFORE the ERA of                      | LARGE SUMS OF MONEY in so-called     | THE TIME HAS GONE BY WHEN    |
| ADVANTAGE of BEING                               | SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANIES,                | BURGLAR-PROOF SAFES.                 | PRIVATE SAFES IN ONE'S       |
| LOCALLY SITUATED.                                | EVERY PERSON SEEKING a                 | IT WAS NOT LONG, however, before the | OWN HOUSE or                 |
| IT PLACES ITSELF BEFORE the                      | PLACE WHERE HIS                        | EXPERIENCED THIEF FOUND the way to   | OFFICE can be CONSIDERED     |
| PUBLIC with the                                  | VALUABLES WOULD BE SAFE from the       | ENTER THESE STRONG-BOXES, and        | ABSOLUTELY TRUSTWORTHY.      |

Prospectus and Card to View post-free on application. Writing, Waiting, and Telephone Rooms Free of Charge.

61 and 62, CHANCERY-LANE, LONDON, W.C.

SALT REGAL is a grateful cup all times. Refreshing—Agreeable—Recuperative—Health-giving—Health-preserving—Quite distinct from all other Salts and Saline Preparations—An entirely New Saline.



## Salt Regal,

Protected by H.M. Royal Letters Patent.  
Over Fifty Patents, Registrations, and Trade-Marks.

Instantly destroys impurities in the system, and fortifies the body against the attacks of disease.

IT must be distinctly understood that SALT REGAL is not a copy of or an imitation of any previously existing Saline preparation or Salt, but an entirely new invention, in which principles hitherto unknown to science have been applied in the formation of a perfect Saline.

"SALT REGAL will cleanse the Mouth, Throat, and Stomach, at one operation, dispersing Sick-Headache like a charm, and speedily eradicating Flatulence, Feverishness, Acidity, and all kindred troubles, imparting to the system a vigorous tone of exhilaration. No depressing influences attend the use of SALT REGAL. There is nothing deleterious, or anything whatever in the nature of incipient Diarrhœa, so common with the old-fashioned Salines.

"The ordinary old-fashioned Salts and Salines may be imitated with impunity, as they present no marked feature in effervescence, being all colourless; SALT REGAL, on the contrary, changes to a ROSE colour during effervescence, and develops an antiseptic, thus possessing a distinct individuality. SALT REGAL cannot be successfully imitated. Should anyone at any time be able to buy a colour-changing powder which does not bear the name 'SALT REGAL,' they are invited to communicate with Messrs. FRITZ & Co., who will pay handsomely for satisfactory evidence of infringement of either their Patents or Trade-Marks.

"SALT REGAL is not only a delightful drink for the hot weather, but for all seasons, all climes, all the year round.

"SALT REGAL is now taking the place of old-fashioned ordinary Salines."

Sold in Bottles (hermetically sealed), 2s. 6d., and can be obtained through any Chemist, as all the London and Provincial Wholesale Houses regularly stock it. Remember SALT REGAL is a Royal Patent, and any attempt at imitation is a felony. You cannot be deceived if you observe that the white powder turns rose-coloured in water, no other Saline having this property. If any difficulty in obtaining it, the Proprietors will forward direct on receipt of Postal Order.

Patentees and Sole Proprietors, **FRITZ & CO., SALT REGAL WORKS, LIVERPOOL.**

SALT REGAL has made hosts of friends in the Colonies and Foreign Countries, and its increasing Sale and growing popularity are bywords among those who sell it. NO TRAVELLER OR VOYAGER SHOULD BE WITHOUT SALT REGAL.

Needham's

"THE FAVOURITE."

Polishing

DAZZLING MIRROR FINISH.

Paste

USED BY HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.  
Gold Medals and Diplomas of Merit at all Exhibitions.

The reputation of nearly a Century as the most reliable preparation for Cleaning and Brilliantly Polishing BRASS, COPPER, TIN, BRITANNIA METAL, PLATINOID, &c.

Sold Everywhere, in 6d. and 1s. Pots, 2d. and 1d. Tins, and 1d. Cardboard Boxes.

Inventors and Sole Manufacturers, **JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, Sheffield.**  
London Wholesale Dépôt—ST. GEORGE'S HOUSE, EASTCHEAP, E.C.

NESTLE'S FOOD

AN ENTIRE DIET FOR INFANTS.

Supplies all the elements necessary for the complete nourishment and growth of the human frame.

Nestle's Food, being partly composed of milk, is complete and entire in itself, and requires simply the addition of water to make it instantly ready for use. It is not merely an auxiliary, like other Infants' Foods, which require milk to be added in preparing for use.

Recommended by the highest medical authorities as the nearest equivalent to Mother's Milk.

Pamphlet, with Medical Testimonials, sent, post-free, on application to H. NESTLE, 9, Snow-hill, London, E.C.

## CRÊPE IMPERIAL

REGISTERED

"It is All Wool, and yet looks exactly like crepe, as it has the crinkled or crimped surface which is inseparable from that fabric. It is solid and most durable, being free from the elasticity of the more perishable silk crepe, which it so closely resembles. It is made up effectively into costumes for deep mourning, when it is not compulsory to trim with crepe, and will wear as long as the mourner elects to use it."—Extract from "The Queen, the Lady's Newspaper."

JAY'S, REGENT-STREET, LONDON.